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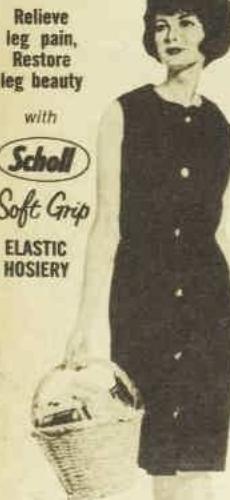
## The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY



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SEPTEMBER 20, 1967  
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#### OUR COVER

• English pop singer Adam Faith (27) and his bride — dancer Jackie Irving (24) — after their marriage at Caxton Hall, London, last month. Jackie wore an ankle-length caftan coat with gold flower embroidery round the cuffs and knee-high slits. The coat topped silk-flowered trousers (matching the coat lining), and Jackie replaced the traditional bouquet with a garland of tiny white orchids round one wrist. Adam was the conventional groom in a sober blue suit.

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# The millionaire patron and the musical prodigy



PATRON W. Clement Stone, American philanthropist and multi-millionaire benefactor of Rita Reichman and her family, of Melbourne.



MUSIC PRODIGY Rita Reichman waves one arm commanding to her brother, David, while giving him the A to tune his violin. She started doing this aged nine months.

A NINE-YEAR-OLD Australian girl and her family, living last week in modest circumstances in suburban Melbourne, are today living in the heart of America's foremost musical academy at Interlochen, a favored family with a multi-millionaire patron.

The musical genius of the little girl, Rita Reichman, was the magic wand that transported the family to America: her patron is W. Clement Stone, American philanthropist and multi-millionaire president of the Combined Insurance Company of America.

The story of Rita's gift, Mr. Stone's awareness of it, and his takeover of the whole family has all the elements of a fairytale. Mr. Stone has never seen Rita or any member of her family. To them he is simply a signature on a series of incredible letters.

I found it hard to believe that in 1967 "once upon a time" stories blossom behind the steel and glass towers of commerce.

"I keep looking for the catch in all this," I told Mrs. Reichman.

"At first I was like that," Mrs. Reichman said. "I would wake up in the night and say to myself, 'What is behind it?'

"I found nothing but a tremendous appreciation of music and Rita's gift, and a desire to bring it to its full artistic development."

Rita began playing the piano soon after she was two. Before she was three she could play anything she heard by ear.

She was also writing musical compositions, correctly annotated, although she could not read, did not know her alphabet, and had never had a music lesson.

Her compositions today total more than 60. Three very special ones were published on her ninth birthday, August 16, 1967. One, "Appassionata," is dedicated to Mr. Stone and his wife.

Rita's musical precocity staggered her mother. "She was six months old," Mrs. Reichman said, "sitting

Toward the end of 1965,

in her pram near the piano where her brother, David, and sister, Shirley, were practising.

"I couldn't believe my ears. She was sitting there clicking her little tongue like a metronome, keeping perfect time."

"At nine months she used to help David tune his violin. Perched on the high chair she would give him the A. If he did not tune his violin perfectly she would cry."

"It was amazing to watch her help David tune. She would hit the A with one hand and point with her other little hand at the violin. She couldn't talk, but she made it an imperious demand."

When Rita was about 30 months old, she could play by ear anything she had heard, including part of a Beethoven sonata. Mrs. Reichman decided then that she must learn formal music immediately or she would never bother to learn to read music.

Shortly before she was three, Rita's music lessons began. Mrs. Reichman took her to them in her pusher.

Her teacher, elderly Jascha Spivakovsky, was amazed. Sometimes during the lesson she would offer him something she had composed.

"At first I was like that," Mrs. Reichman said. "I would wake up in the night and say to myself, 'What is behind it?'

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Toward the end of 1965,

a neighbor of the Reichmans sent Clement Stone a story about Rita in an Australian paper. His representatives here investigated.

Eventually, through the W. Clement and Jessie V. Stone Foundation which Mr. Stone and his wife had established, support was found to provide money and education facilities to develop Rita's talent.

The background to the family's present happy days is dark.

The refugee Reichmans arrived in Australia from Poland in 1951. Shirley was four, and David a baby in

pianist Van Cliburn; director of the Institute of American Music, Howard Hanson; Music Director of the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy; Dean of the School of Music, University of Michigan, James B. Wallace.

Believing she would never develop fully without a happy family environment, their offer also embraced the other Reichmans.

Shirley is to do a university course, David also, with music dominant in both cases.

Mrs. Reichman, an accomplished linguist, has accepted a job as a language teacher at Interlochen Academy, and a home on the campus completely furnished and free of all cost for the whole family.

But although Mrs. Reichman accepted the offer in early 1965, working visas for Australians in America take time to arrange. The time was trebled because of Mrs. Reichman's Russian background.

The Stone Foundation, aware of the delays, began financing Rita's education immediately their offer was accepted.

They paid Mrs. Reichman a weekly \$50, later increasing it to \$112. This enabled her to cut her working time, be home with Rita after school, supervise her piano practice.

Gradually the Australian representatives of the Stone Foundation, men rich in thoughtfulness, took over the family's financial and emotional problems.

One of the first things they did was to give the whole family subscriptions to the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra concerts, a luxury they had never been able to afford. Next came the piano. Their old one was renovated, another piano appeared.

The Reichmans are definitely a two-piano family. As soon as Shirley matriculated she began to help the family finances by giving piano lessons, and had a string of pupils. Rita practised three to four hours a day.

The Stone Foundation offered to educate Rita academically and musically at the Interlochen Arts Academy in Michigan, U.S.A.

Trustees of the Academy include, as well as W. Clement Stone, concert

Two years later, when the vis

visas finally appeared, the Reichmans, with only five

Page 2

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 20, 1967

# the music prodigy

● Story of the adoption of an entire Australian family by a U.S. benefactor, to further the youngest child's career, is a modern fairytale.

days' notice, flew to America for the start of Interlochen's academic year.

Musical talent awes me. The Reichmans were lunching when I arrived to meet them and I was seated between Mrs. Reichman and Rita. I talked to Mrs. Reichman, taking an occasional sidelong look at this almost supernatural youngster.

Rita has rather angelic-looking big blue eyes. I was admiring them as I ordered a soft drink. Suddenly she dug me in the ribs: "Hey," she said, "why did Lurch give Thing a bottle of coke?"

"Give up?" she asked. "Because things go better with coke, of course."

I made a mental note that, like all children, Rita loves TV. Then came her struggle with a big decision — what to have for pudding. She settled for banana fritters and ice-cream, demolished it, and disappeared while I talked to her mother.

Opposite was Shirley, pianist-cellist-dancer, a tiny sprite with reddish-gold hair, and David, who has sad, wise eyes that make him look much older than 16.

All the family looked sad. I soon found out why. Left behind with friends in Melbourne was Puffy, their black French poodle.

## Longing for dog

"It was like leaving a child," Mrs. Reichman said. "And he, too, was so musical. If the children or I were not playing, I had to put a record on for him. And he always brought Rita to me whenever I asked him."

"Maybe we will come back one day to our Puffy."

The Reichmans are naturalised Australians,

tremendously proud that Rita is a dinkum Aussie.

Mrs. Reichman is attractive, blonde, with beautiful skin, and a store of wisdom and philosophy.

She wasn't worried about Rita's disappearance to explore the huge hotel — children get restless with adults she told me soothingly.

Rita is a very normal little girl. She wants to explore the place. She loves to play with her dolls, she's fabulous with a hula hoop. One of the big things at present in her life is athletics. She has found she can run fast, and won some races at the school sports."

Rita soon raced back across the now deserted restaurant. She'd been riding the lifts. Suddenly she pointed across into a darkened corner. "Mum, Mum," she said, "look, a piano."

She reacted to that mute piano as the average child reacts to the approaching music of the ice-cream van.

"Please, Mum, please," she pleaded. Minutes later, with permission granted, Rita was at the piano.

She became part of the piano immediately she opened it. She has large hands for a nine-year-old, already the same size as mine, and I wear a 6½ glove.

I thought they were a bit big for her age, but when she plays they become instruments of ineffable grace, moving enchantingly.

She played me all the pieces in her ninth birthday book, one she had written about raindrops, and other things, too. Rita's music was mostly gay, excited, but sometimes a sad passage crept in—for Puffy, the poodle who waits in Melbourne, perhaps?

## Child's riddles

We were left together in the car while the family transacted some business. Rita said to me: "Carrots are good for the eyes. Prove it."

We were off on another riddle kick. "You've never seen a rabbit wearing glasses, have you?"

Rita soon exhausted my riddle repertoire and started a game of "I spy." In between bouts she quizzed me. Did I like Mozart?

She hummed a bit and said: "It's not fair David is so lucky. He can take his violin with him wherever he goes, but I can't take my piano." But we went back to "I spy" after we'd had a giggle at the thought of Rita on the plane with a baby grand in her handbag.

The family arrived back then. It would be hard to find a nicer group, a more intelligent or interesting lot. Their good fortune is a happy-making thing, it doesn't excite envy.

I am sure some of the glow they must feel will eventually spill out; that everyone will share their good fortune through the wealth of their music.

David talked about it. "I can't really believe it's happening," he said, "I might even get to play at Carnegie Hall. I might have lessons from Jascha Heifetz. Some day I might even play with the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra and Eugene Ormandy."

Then he smiled at me, and as I turned to his mother I'm sure he echoed what was in the hearts of all the Reichmans when he said: "It's good to be alive."

RITA helps elder brother, David, with his parfait. Rita (brilliant at demolishing ice-cream, too) is a completely natural, unspoiled child.

Color pictures by staff photographer RON BERG



RITA REICHMAN, 9, whom musicians describe as "a brilliant musical prodigy." At nine, Rita has completed her education to fifth class; she draws well, paints in oils and watercolors, is good at athletics — a wizard with a hula hoop.

BETWEEN: Reichman family, from left, Mrs. Mara Reichman, 41, Shirley, 20, Rita, and David, 16. Besides being an accomplished pianist, Shirley is a Borovansky-trained dancer. She was a regular with the TV Kommotion group.



## NEXT WEEK

★ There are cheese cakes that are baked, and unbaked, too... there are cheese cake slices... fruity, spicy... in our



Sixteen-page lift-out

## THE WORLD'S 50 BEST CHEESECAKES

★ In color, we look at a delightful (and bizarre) new book for children...

Max was naughty, and sent to bed. So he stepped into fantasy, and sailed to



## "WHERE THE WILD THINGS ARE"



For gardeners:  
★ Our expert talks about the dazzling

### DAHLIAS

★ In color, you'll see pictures of the new rage in Paris: stepping back into the past with a...

### PERSONALITY WIG



★ Some of the miracles of bird and animal behaviour (and also of plant adaptation) are described in "Wild Australia," a superbly illustrated book compiled by Michael K. Morcombe...



...our book review is color-illustrated.

★ In color: Eight-page pattern parade supplement



### SUN FUN FASHIONS

...featuring swinging new styles for summer.

# EVIE AND WILL —THE HAPPY PARTNERS

• Laughter, they said, was one of the vital things in their 28-year-old life together on and off the stage



• Evie today with Yorkshire terrier Butch. Evie says she is "just coasting along quietly for a while." Will died seven months ago.



• Just before their marriage in England in 1938, Evie with Shirley, the first of a long line of the Mahoneys' toy terrier pets.

By BERENICE CRAIG

SCORCHED along by one of Melbourne's notorious summer north-westerlies, the temperature was racing toward the century when I called to see Evie Hayes and Will Mahoney one November morning last year.

In their delightful, cool, riverside house, sheltered by tall elms, we drank coffee and laughed a great deal as they tried to explain why they thought their marriage and on-and-off stage partnership had survived so successfully for 28 years.

Laughter, they told me, was one of the vital things that kept them together in a showbusiness world where partnerships of any kind tended to be short-lived.

"We've always been each other's greatest audiences," Evie said. "Will thinks I'm amusing and funny and I think he's a scream."

That night, scorning the idea that it might be unwise for a 73-year-old to go through strenuous dance routines in a heatwave, Will collapsed during a performance of the musical "Funny Girl," in which he and Evie were appearing.

He died in February, and when I came again to the little house by the river it was midwinter. The elm trees were bare, the wind was cold, and there was only the memory of laughter as Evie and I talked together.

On Evie's lap was Butch, the tiny Yorkshire terrier who had been Will's constant companion and who fretted so much he nearly died after his master's death.

Evie had finished out the run of "Funny Girl" — as Will would have expected her — and was home to "coast along quietly for a while."

"You know, whenever I was a bit down, Will would say, 'There's nothing wrong with you, my girl, that a good job wouldn't cure,'" she said.

"I was fortunate I had to finish out 'Funny Girl,' I guess, but now I feel my motor has run right down and I'm going to need a little time to recharge the generator.

"Will and I had great understanding and he was a wonderful bulwark and back-

stop. I always felt he was a real cockeyed optimist — he never got into a morass or very low in his feelings.

"I can hit very high highs and very low lows, but he gave a balance and feeling of great security."

"I used to say that when we married, I'd promise to 'love, honor, and take second billing.' You know, I realise now I was always content to do that where Will was concerned."

As Evie talked, the real reasons for that long, successful partnership became crystal clear.

#### Size people up

The difference of 20 years in their ages, totally different temperaments, and long separations which work forced upon them couldn't shake the foundations of deep affection, respect, and professional integrity on which they built their lives.

The laughs they shared together and those they won from delighted audiences cemented it all.

"We didn't go through all those years without drama."

Evie said, "In fact, we had a couple of very large dramatic happenings, but we sorted them out.

"I've had admirers who wanted me to divorce Will and rush off and marry them, but when the chips were down, and Will and I faced facts, we stayed together."

"He had a tremendous insight into human nature and could size people up. The assessment he made was always the right one."

The story of how it began was one Will loved to tell.

"I was in Lindy's theatre-restaurant in New York, back, in 1934, when this lovely, long-legged girl swept in with Maurey Ritter, Irving Berlin's manager.

"I said, 'My word, that's a big, tall doll you've got there, Maurey. Is she yours or can I ask her to a show?'"

At that time, Will was already a ranking star in American vaudeville and young Miss Hayes had just rated her own radio program on NBC.

Will was off to England, with appearances at the London Palladium among the goodies in his swag of future engagements. When he asked Evie if she'd sign a contract



● Their last show together  
—Evie as Mrs. Brice and Will  
Mahoney as Mr. Keeney in  
the musical "Funny Girl."



● In his early  
twenties, Will  
Mahoney (left)  
was already a  
headliner in  
American variety.  
A teenage Will  
(below) with older  
brother Frank as  
"The Mahoney  
Brothers and  
Daisy." Daisy was  
a performing dog.



and go along as his leading lady, she said she'd have to go home and ask her mother.

"But she signed for four years, and then I took up the option for life. We were married in Caxton Hall, in London, in 1938," Will always finished triumphantly.

When he died, newspapers from all over the world paid tribute to Will Mahoney. The little Irish-American pixie with the laughing blue eyes, bowler hat, and magic dancing feet (which were comedians in their own right) had held his place in countless hearts for more than 50 years.

Audience guide

"I'd told her the audience would guide her. They always let you know what they want. If you offer under that — you miss out. If you try and force — you overact."

"Before she started to sing 'You Can't Get a Man With a Gun,' I was all tension and I knew she was, too."

"But when she came to the second punch line, I could see her face. She knew she'd got the audience and I knew it, too. I thought, This is it! She's okay from here on."

"You know, when she finished the song I found all my evening-shirt buttons were in my hands and I'd never even realised I was twisting them off."

Evie admits her early

for the £500,000 they raised in War Loan appeals.

Evie's record-breaking run in "Annie Get Your Gun" began in 1947. On her opening night Will was more nervous than she was.

"It was one of the biggest thrills I ever had," he said. "We'd gone through her songs together a million times, working out where to stress the funny points.

years in England with Will were some of her hardest-worked, but most valuable.

"Will had his own company. As leading lady, I had

to do show blackouts with him and comedy sketches and also sing a bracket of songs. It was fine training.

"We played a week in each town. We'd close after the Saturday show and take the train to the next city to rehearse Sunday and open Monday."

The knowledge that the great days of vaudeville were gone saddened Will.

Born on a farm in a place called Prickly Pear Valley, 18 miles from Helena, in Montana, he faced his first

act. When he was a baby his father was killed in a horse-riding accident and his mother went cooking in logging camps to feed her three small children.

Will and his half-brother, Frank, who was five years older, began singing in saloons. They were billed as "The Mahoney Brothers and Daisy." Daisy was their performing dog.

At first they played for pennies before graduating to the heights where the number of bows they took determined their pay.

This is how Will insisted he built up his phenomenal ability to assess audience reaction.

By the time he was a top-ranking single-act comedian with a salary of \$5000 a week ("and that was a lot of dough in those days," he'd add), he knew what his audience wanted before they did.

After "Annie," Evie and Will went to America and back into vaudeville together. But Australia summoned Evie again, first for revivals of "Annie" and then for "Kiss Me Kate" and "Call Me Madam."

Will stayed in the States and Evie commuted when she could.

Evie signed a TV contract with GTV9 in 1958 and 1960. Will came out to do a Tivoli season. He was closely followed by Evie's mother, Mrs. Eva Hayes. The Mahoneys' bought their house by the river, converted part of it into a flat for Mrs. Hayes, and began to call Melbourne "home."

"We love it here," Will once told me. "We wouldn't be here if we didn't. It's a lovely country and a person would have to be bone lazy not to make a living in it."

America thought Will

Mahoney had decided to retire in Australia, but that was one word he didn't bother to learn. All he would say about his age was that he'd entered his second childhood and was enjoying it a darn sight better than his first.

When people told him to ease up and not work so hard at his dances in "Funny Girl," Will thought they were off their heads.

"I can dance as well as ever I did," he said on that heatwave morning. "When I get too old to perform, I'll pass on my training to younger ones. I'm not ready to retire yet. When you get ready to retire, you get ready to die."

Talent school

Will had already begun a talent school in Melbourne. When the run of "Funny Girl" was over, he hoped he might enlarge it and persuade Evie to do some coaching, too. Unless, of course, a new show called one or both of them back to the boards.

"Will and I were strolling players like most showbiz people," Evie said. "We lived out of suitcases. But it became important to have a house to come back to and

our own beds to sleep in, especially as we got older."

Evie has come back to the house now. She is trying not to listen for the happy yell of "Everlyn," which always heralded Will's homecoming.

"He always called me Evelyn (pronounced Everlyn) because he said that was the name he married me under and he wasn't going to be cheated out of it.

"I only changed to Evie because Evelyn was too long for lights."

Now that she is alone—her mother died 18 months ago—Evie is inclined to "play the future by ear."

She has appeared as a judge in a TV talent show on GTV9—and was deeply touched when the floor crew presented her with a big bunch of "welcome back" flowers—and is considering offers of another TV panel show and a radio show.

"I wouldn't mind joining all those other garrulous ladies who have interview programs on radio and, like any other actress, if I were offered a good stage role I'd stand still and listen."

But, for now, Mrs. Will Mahoney feels she has a lot of adjusting to do before Evie Hayes is ready to step into the full limelight again.

# **REVOLUTION. REVELATION!! IN COLOUR. IN LINEN.**

# THE LOOK



Just look at yourself, young woman.  
Lovely? — lovely. In linen. Cool crisp  
Moygashel linens, superbly cut by Sportscraft.  
And who would ever have dreamed of such  
pulse-stopping colours in well bred linen?  
Sportscraft did. Succulent pinks, luscious  
limes. Beautiful Sportscraft, beautiful  
you. Whole new dimensions open up for  
those simple summer dresses. Then  
there's you in a quiet mood. Sporting sub-  
dued pink and lime. Quietly overchecked  
on a bashful natural background. Cool  
Sportscraft linens for all summer long.  
Whatever your mood, things happen.  
nice things. To you.

The image is a vintage fashion advertisement. At the top left, the brand name "MOYGASHEL" is written in blue, with "IRISH LINEN" underneath it and a circular logo containing a stylized four-leaf clover. The main headline "THE LOOK OF SPORTSCRAFT" is repeated in large, dark letters along the top and bottom edges of the frame. In the center, three women are modeling dresses. The woman in the foreground is the most prominent, wearing a bright green sleeveless dress with a belt and textured stockings. Behind her, two other women are shown from the side or back; one wears a pink sleeveless dress and the other a light green checkered dress. Small price tags are visible near their feet: "Dress \$26.00" for the pink dress, "Dress \$27.00" for the checkered dress, and "Dress \$25.00" for the green dress. The background is plain white.



JACQUELINE KATE SPEED, pictured at 5 months.

## THANK YOU, AUSTRALIA!

AUSTRALIANS in general dislike receiving compliments and tend to get embarrassed if too much gratitude is expressed. Therefore, I should like to say thank you to the Australian people through the impersonal medium of a magazine page.

My husband, Bob, and I came here to spend a working honeymoon travelling around Australia and then return to England. Now, two and a half years later, we have fallen in love with our holiday land and have decided to stay and make Australia our home.

This change in plan is due not merely to the good climate and great potential for financial gain here, but in the main to the Australians themselves, whom we found very open-hearted and always prepared to "give you a go."

First, a thank you to the farmers who took us on their potato, onion, tomato, and fruit crops when we were beginners, and were good-natured in overlooking our initial blunders in seasonal work;

To the farmers' wives who frequently invited us in to evening meals and lent essential things like washing machines;

Also to the farmer in Cobram, Victoria, who took us into his house for as long as we needed to stay when our caravan blew over in a cyclone earlier this year.

Secondly, I wish to extend my gratitude to the many people who have stopped and offered assistance when we have been stuck on the road, often miles from anywhere.

Our car and caravan, on which we spent most of our savings in Sydney, were both second-hand, and quite frequently either one or the

other needed seeing to, especially on the outback roads.

On the way to Alice Springs a nut bumped off the suspension of the car and the whole front collapsed.

A group of lads stopped, in a vehicle which looked in a much worse shape than ours, and in the desert heat they and Bob crawled around in the red dust underneath the car, alternately banging and cursing.

Some two hours later things were sufficiently mended to get us to Alice Springs, and the lads took off in a cloud of oil fumes, waving our bottle of wine.

This was the only thing

bush camp and finally found the appropriate part.

He would accept no more than a tin of tobacco for his help.

The West Coast Road seemed to be an unlucky one for us. A hundred miles from Broome we stuck again, and for a long time we tinkered with the car, trying all advice given both by passing motorists and a car manual.

Finally, in desperation, as our water was very low, we were about to rig up a petrol can on the bumper and siphon fuel into the engine, when a semi-trailer stopped.

The driver was a mechanic, and within two

his name was Jim, his wife's was Glenys, they had three children, their house was close by the garage, and they would be delighted if we would camp in their back garden.

Before we knew it we were comfortably installed and made to feel welcome guests.

They showed us round Perth and its environs and took us to meet their friends, who also made us feel welcome in their homes.

Although many kindnesses have been shown to us since coming to Australia, the one which I appreciated most was that shown by the staff of the hospital in Laidley, Queensland, where I had my daughter, Jacqueline Kate.

Naturally, at a time like that, I deeply missed my family, but the hospital staff were so helpful and pleasant that what could have been a rather miserable experience became, instead, an extremely happy one.

Also people, some of whom we only vaguely knew, visited me and brought presents for the baby.

After leaving the hospital I had trouble with Jacqueline's feeding, and she lost weight.

Knowing very little about babies and finding nothing in the books I'd been given on the subject, I returned to the hospital for advice.

The matron took the baby back into the hospital to get her feeding straightened out again and had me there also to see exactly what was done.

Two days later I went home with a much happier baby and more confidence to cope with looking after her.

I took her back each week so that they could check on her progress until they were satisfied that all was well.

We hear and read a lot about dissatisfied English migrants, but I hope that Australians will not judge us by the words of a minority.

Let this article, in some degree, make up for the detrimental ones and serve to express my appreciation of the people and country of our adoption.



THE AUTHOR, her dog Geordie, and the caravan during the tour.

By DIANNA SPEED

we had to thank them with, and it had been given to us by an Italian farmer.

In Halls Creek, right in the far north-west of Australia, we had trouble with the caravan wheel and were unable to move from the high street where we had parked.

We were three days waiting for parts to be flown up from Perth, and if it hadn't been for the kindness of the officials in the shire offices giving us the use of their showers and toilets, things would have been very difficult.

Unfortunately, when the part arrived it was the wrong one. However, by this time we had got to know an old gold prospector who had a pile of car pieces collected from wrecks abandoned on the road.

He and Bob went to his



CAMPED for the night on the West Coast Road, W.A., is the Speeds' caravan in a chosen spot.

## World's smallest First-Aid Kit

Accidents won't wait. Be prepared with BAND-AID Brand Dressings. Next time a hurt happens, cover it quick!

**BAND-AID**  
BRAND  
strips·patches·spots



Johnson & Johnson

BAKERSVIL

## RUGBY LEAGUE GRAND FINALISTS

• Here are the two top teams who will fight out the Sydney Rugby League grand final at the Sydney Cricket Ground next Saturday, September 16.

*Pictures by staff photographer KEITH BARLOW*



O'Neill K. Longbottom R. McCarthy I. Jones M. Cleary D. James R. Coote R. Moses

## South Sydney

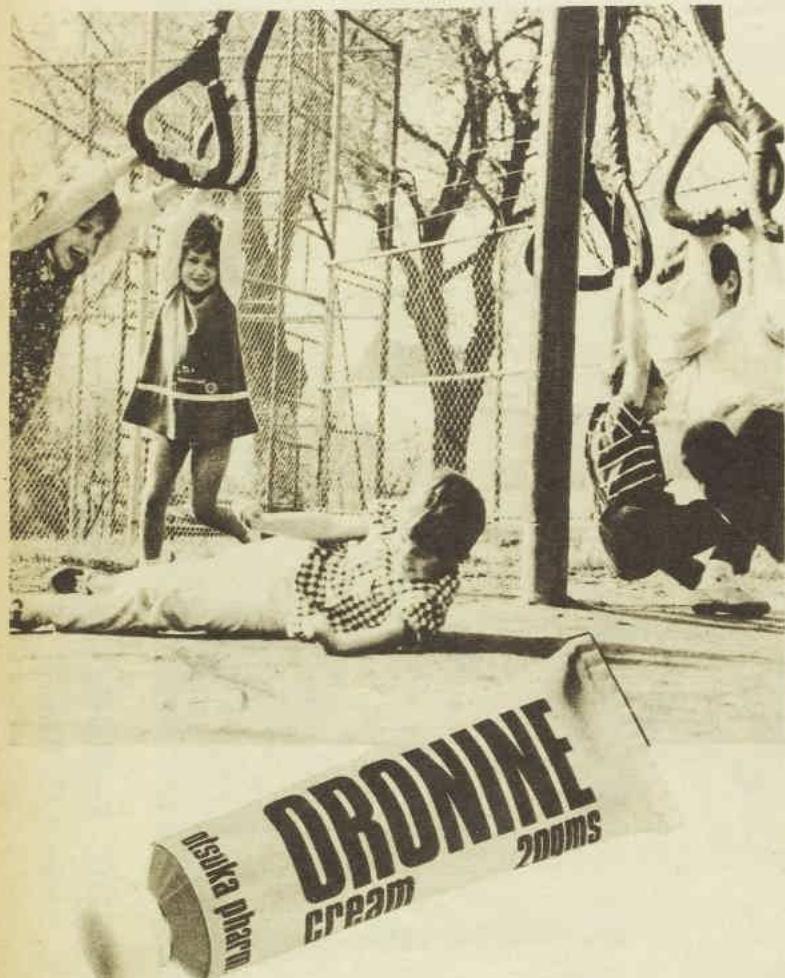
J. O'Neill K. Longbottom R. McCarthy I. Jones M. Cleary B. James R. Coote R. Moses  
E. Walters E. Simms J. Sattler (captain) J. Lisle A. Scott



## Canterbury

K. Goldspink R. Hagan G. Taylforth M. Hicks K. Ryan (captain) R. Raper R. Doyle R. Kidd  
L. Johns C. Brown J. Greaves B. Reynolds C. Gartner

There's danger ahead  
... but there's safety  
in the medicine chest!



## antiseptic healing cream —a tube full of healing for a house full of hurts!

For all your children's cuts, burns, grazes, rashes and bites—Oronine heals them all quickly, effectively and with gentle care. Oronine is wonderful for teenagers with pimples, too! Show your family you care—keep a tube of Oronine handy, in your medicine chest (and give your husband a tube for the office). You'll wonder how you ever did without it—just a little Oronine does such a lot of good.

### NAPPY RASH

Oronine is wonderful for baby, too—it heals nappy rash and assures your baby's comfort.

AT CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

**Otsuka ph**

**ORONINE**  
cream 20gms

75 cents

DISTRIBUTED BY SCOTT & BOWNE A/ASIA, LTD.



MARRIED. Mr. and Mrs. Brian Boardman leaving St. Xavier's Church, Lavender Bay, after their marriage, with their attendants, left to right, Mr. Tony Patch, Miss Christine Boardman, Mr. Scott Todd, Miss Margaret Makim, Mr. and Mrs. Ian Miles, Miss Sue Knight, and Mr. Tim Patch. The bride was Miss Terry Patch, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Patch, of "Boomerang," North Star. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Boardman, of French's Forest.

## SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By  
Mollie Lyons

HOW sad to lose yet another two of our nicest members of the diplomatic corps. Mrs. Martin Marshall, wife of the British Deputy High Commissioner, has already left, and Mr. Marshall leaves at the end of the month. They are both going the long way home and spending some time with their daughters, Mrs. William Dodge, in Toronto, and Claire, who is doing an Arts course at McGill University in Montreal. Mr. Marshall will stop over in New Zealand for two weeks before travelling on to Canada.

★ ★ ★  
WHAT a magnificent store of party tales Sue Du Val brought back with her from a three-week stay in New Guinea, where she went for the Mt. Hagen Show. One of the funniest was her story of the tribesmen in full tribal gear (feathers, nose-pieces, etc.) trying to eat huge balls of fairy floss. This week she entertained Melburnians Mr. and Mrs. Jim Gatehouse (whom she met in Madang when she was up there) at a cocktail party in her charming house at Woollahra. Third guest-of-honor was Kathleen Newton, from the Museum of Modern Art in New York, who came out to install the recent exhibition of American paintings at the Art Gallery.

★ ★ ★  
MRS. G. EVISTON read me an extract from the letter she received this week from her daughter, Mrs. John Despres, the former Gina Eviston, who, with her husband and small daughter, is living in Taiwan for 12 months. John and Gina are both studying Oriental Languages at the National University, and seven-month-old Sarah stays at home with an amah while her parents go to "school" each day. They were just about to leave for a holiday in Tokyo, and at the end of their 12 months plan to spend six months in Hong Kong before returning to America. John is a Doctor of Philosophy from Berkeley University; Gina a Bachelor of Arts from Stanford.

★ ★ ★  
THRILLED to hear of the engagement of pretty, fair-haired Prue Ryrie, who has said "yes" to Tony Keulemans and has set the date for April next year. Prue, who is the daughter of Brigadier A. Ryrie and Mrs. Neville Gruzman, and Tony will be guests-of-honor at a party Prue's mother will give at her home at Darling Point on September 23.

★ ★ ★  
RANG country girl Alison Bragg, of "Karoopa," Crowther, when I heard of her engagement to Colin Brett and she told me she has fixed November 1 for her marriage at her old school chapel at PLC at Pymble. Colin, who is a beef-cattle adviser with the Department of Agriculture, and Alison have been having a busy time visiting country shows, where Colin often judges. Cattle talk is not new to Alison, who was brought up on a poll hereford stud.

ENGAGEMENTS must be in the air, for I was told of yet another two. That of Sue Maree Ewin and Michael Nott was the first. Sue Maree is the daughter of Squadron-Leader and Mrs. Ronald Ewin, of the RAAF Base at Richmond. And the second, that of Sylvia Gill, of "Tallisker," Murrurundi, and Leonard Harrison, who plan to wed in November.

★ ★ ★  
DATE for your diary . . . the very first annual Outward Bound Ball to be held at Menzies Hotel on September 21. Proceeds will go toward sponsoring students to future Outward Bound courses.

★ ★ ★  
HOW thrilled Mr. and Mrs. David Godfrey Smith were to see their son-in-law and daughter, Geoffrey and Gillian Hughes, during their recent visit to America. Geoffrey, an agricultural scientist, formerly of Grafton, and Gillian left Australia two years ago and have been living in Urbana, Illinois, where Geoffrey is studying for his Ph.D. at the Illinois University. The Godfrey Smiths flew back to Sydney on September 3 after 11 weeks overseas, including an eight-day stay in Jamaica with relatives of Mr. Godfrey Smith.

★ ★ ★  
WITHOUT a doubt the largest pie ever made in Sydney (and surely the most unusual) must be the one the Rum Runners are having for their "Big Night" on September 23. The two-foot-square pie will have a mock lid which, when opened, will reveal many small pies and, of course, a few blackbirds. Appropriately, the party will be held alongside Harry's Cafe de Wheels, at Woolloomooloo, in a huge empty "barn" (actually a warehouse). Decorations will be gum trees and stuffed kangaroos, with Australian bush ballads for music and country-style dress. Proceeds will go toward the cost of resuscitation equipment for the Worrell Theatre at Sydney Hospital.

★ ★ ★  
NEWS of Mrs. Neils Giddings and her daughter, Meredith, who have arrived in London after stopovers in Manila, Hong Kong, and Athens since they left Sydney on August 28. Meredith will spend one month in London before leaving for Paris in October to spend a year at Les Ambassadrices finishing school there. Mrs. Giddings will stay a little longer in London to visit relatives there and in Ireland before returning home to Sydney.

★ ★ ★  
SPEAKING with Mrs. John Maude, I learned that once again it is almost time for the annual spring mannequin parade which the Peter Pan Kindergarten Committee members stage at the Royal Blind Society. I always enjoy these twice-yearly parades when committee members act as models. This year it's on September 21 and Mrs. Beth Churchill, Mrs. John Street, Mrs. Patti Edwards, and Mrs. Hugh Birch will be among the models.



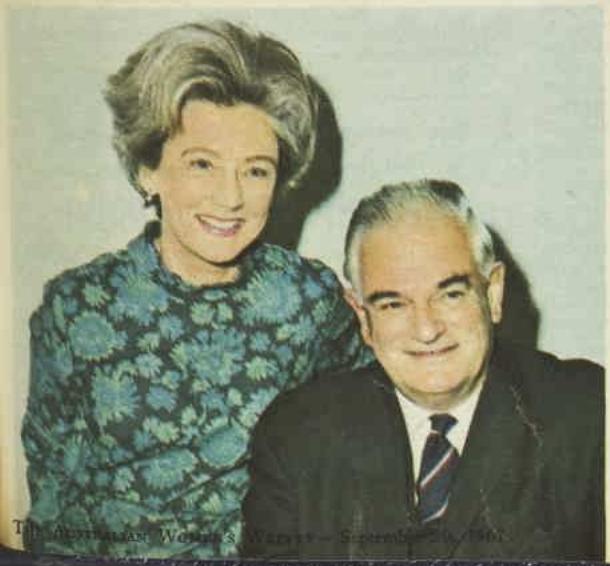
ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Ronald McHardy were piped out of St. John's Church, Darlinghurst, by Pipe Major Jim Jackson, following their marriage. Behind them are matron-of-honor, Mrs. R. Ritchie, and best man, Mr. H. G. Edmunds. The bride was Miss Diane Boyd, daughter of Mrs. Diana Boyd, of South Coogee, and Squadron-Leader R. J. Boyd. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. W. F. McHardy, of Moorebank, and of the late Mrs. McHardy.



AT LUNCHEON. Mr. Sam Richardson, president of The American Society, with Mrs. Richardson (at right) and Mrs. Gavin Waite, vice-president of the American Women's Club, at a luncheon at the Australia Hotel, which was held to celebrate the Club's twenty-first birthday.



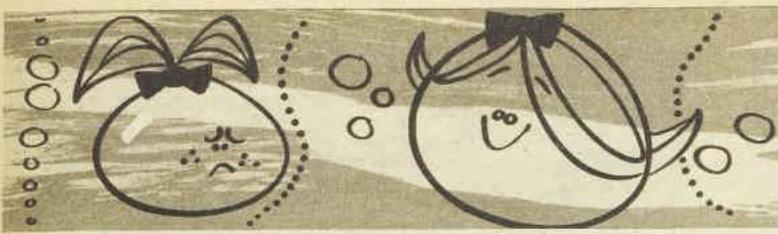
AT RIGHT: Flowergirl Francesca Hall and pageboy Mark Fischer had such a lot to tell newlyweds Mr. and Mrs. John Discusso after their marriage at St. Joseph's Church, Enfield. The bride was Miss Maria Curro, daughter of Mr. R. Curro, of Burwood, and of the late Mrs. Curro. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. V. Discusso, of Brisbane.



AT LEFT: Mrs. Dulcie Scott and Sir Walter Michelmore, of Exmouth, Devon, who will marry at a quiet ceremony at the Registry Office on September 15 and leave immediately afterwards by air for a honeymoon overseas. When they return they will give a reception for their friends.

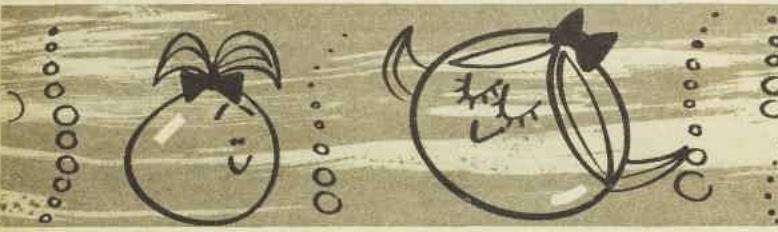


AT LEFT: Miss Suzanne Sharp and Mr. Peter Bennett, who have announced their engagement, plan to marry in August, 1968. Suzanne, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Syd Sharp, of Mosman, is wearing a solitaire diamond engagement ring. Peter is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Bennett, formerly of Bexley.



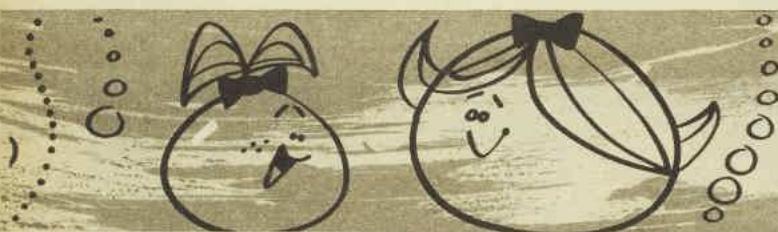
I just met another little bubble who was rude to me.

Don't worry darling, they're only jealous of us. Just be your natural self.



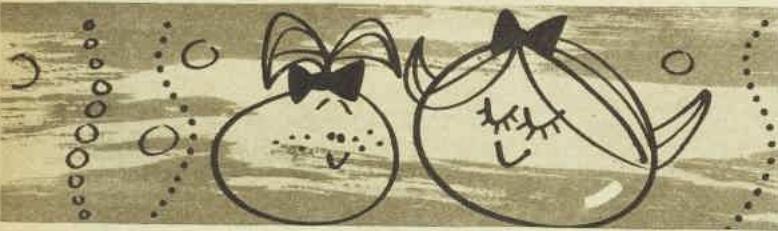
But why are they jealous?

Because we're the most popular bubbles in Australia.



Does that mean everyone really loves us, then?

Yes, darling. Because we're **natural** bubbles - not carbonated. We're the product of pure grapes - there's no cane sugar in the family!



Is that very important?

Oh dear, of course it is: It means we taste better than the others, and that's why we're so popular. Now run along and bubble, there's a good girl.



## ORLANDO Barossa Pearl

Most popular, naturally sparkling wine in Australia.

Made only by Orlando.

3640/2



• Vanessa Redgrave as Queen Guinevere in the Warner Brothers film about King Arthur and the gallant Knights of the Round Table.

### Who was YOUR Sir Galahad?

## OUR "CAMELOT" CONTEST

- Despite what they say about gallantry being dead, most women and girls at some time in their lives had cause to think of a man as their knight in shining armor.

PERHAPS your knight wore a city suit, jeans, a fireman's uniform, dirty old work clothes, even a tuxedo. He might have been old, young, your husband, a total stranger, or the boy next door.

Knights no longer come in suits of chain-mail, but truly knightly actions still go on. Look back over your life and think of the occasion when you most had reason to think of a man as your Sir Galahad.

Nor is the knight in your life likely to have come riding upon a white charger. Few do these days. But that makes his knightly action no less knightly or meritorious.

It could have been homely, grand, funny, near-tragic. What matters is that, like knights of old, he came to the rescue of a lady in distress.

Like the deeds performed in "Camelot" by the Knights of the Round Table, it may have been one of bravery, self-sacrifice, generosity, or simple human kindness.

It doesn't matter at what stage of your life your own Sir Galahad performed his good deed, and he may never have known just what it meant to you. In fact, our "Camelot" Contest could provide you with a means of expressing your gratitude.

Write and tell us about the incident, in not more

than 500 words. Entries close on October 16.

Prizes are:

FIRST PRIZE, \$100.  
SECOND PRIZE, \$50.

THIRD PRIZE, \$25.

Plus six "Camelot" wardrobes — one for the best entry from each State.

Each wardrobe consists of one negligee, one nightie, two slips, and two panties in a special range created from the "Camelot" designs in "Camelot" colors.

In addition, each State winner will be sent tickets for the opening night of "Camelot" in that State.

Write clearly, giving full address, including State, and send your entries to "Camelot Contest," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney 2001.

The Editor's decision will

be final. No correspondence will be entered into.

Employees of Australian Consolidated Press and allied companies and Warner Brothers and members of their families are not eligible to enter. Nor are the employees of other newspapers or members of their families.

Stars whom State winners will see in Warner Brothers' lavish screen version of the Lerner and Loewe musical are Richard Harris, Vanessa Redgrave, Franco Nero, David Hemmings, and Lionel Jeffries. It is directed by noted Broadway director Joshua Logan.

"Camelot" is based on T. H. White's historical novel "The Once and Future King." See color pictures pages 18, 19.

See the exciting fashion supplement  
in the centre of this issue

### ELEGANT LINENS IN PRINT

- Don't miss the parades of the dashing spring linens illustrated in the Elegant Linens in Print supplement in this issue. They will be modelled at four David Jones' Stores at these times:

**City (Elizabeth Street): Monday, September 18, to Friday, September 22, 11 a.m., 12 noon, 2 and 3 p.m. Saturday, September 23, 10 a.m.**

**Parramatta, Brookvale, and Bankstown: Thursday, September 28, Friday, September 29, 11 a.m., 12 noon, 1, 2, and 3 p.m. Saturday, September 30, 10 a.m.**

# ONE OF "THE LOST TRIBE" TRAPPED IN THE SUEZ CANAL

• Mrs. Thelma Farrell, of Lidcombe, N.S.W., was a stewardess on the Swedish ship Killara, one of the 14 trapped in the Suez Canal when it was closed during the Middle East war.

The Killara arrived at Suez on its way to Sweden from Australia on June 4, the day before the Arab-Israeli war broke out.

Most of its crew stayed with it for eight weeks until July 30, when a relief crew was sent from Sweden to release them. (Crews of some ships were not relieved until late August.)

When told that letters sent from Suez would be censored by Arab authorities, Mrs. Farrell, who has two daughters and six grandchildren, decided to write them a letter in diary form and post it when she was allowed to leave the country.

Slim, dark-haired, and vivacious, Mrs. Farrell has been "at sea" for four years. She will sign on again as soon as she has had a holiday. Here is her diary . . .



Mrs. Thelma Farrell

WELL, here we are, 14 ships anchored in a lake inside the Suez Canal — a forlorn bunch in the middle of a war.

Most of the crew are restless, finding fault with everything. I don't blame them. After experiencing the bitter winter, they are anxious to be home for summer, which is all too short in their country.

Of course, we expected trouble. On our way here, Israel started appearing in our daily Press telegrams from Sweden and we heard the ship had been told to radio a listing of its cargo to Suez.

**Thrilling show**

We prepared lunch, in between dashing in and out on deck, all so excited. We felt we were watching a thrilling TV show and we didn't want to miss anything.

Then we discovered that instead of the usual eight Arabs on board we had 16, which meant more food had to be provided. Our only news was coming from Cairo and with each newscast the Arabs got more insolent and demanding, pestering the crew for smokes — and no one dare refuse them because they can hold the ship up on any pretext.

The Arab we christened "Lord Haw-Haw" told us that 45 Israeli planes had been shot down, that Syria had captured one Israeli city, that half of Tel Aviv was occupied by Egypt.

JUNE 5: A peaceful morning as the convoy started moving at 8 a.m. An Egyptian ship at anchor with the crew wearing life-belts, small parties of armed Arabs, and a number of steel-helmeted men entrenched at intervals along the canal shorelines drew no comment as, for days, the bulletins had declared both sides were in readiness.

Everything was serene and peaceful as we cruised along

at a snail's pace and then, suddenly, loud explosions hit the air and a huge, black cloud rose in front of us. It was an oil tank on an airfield which was a shambles, with planes burnt out and some still burning. A sobering sight.

The canal was closed at noon. There were ships everywhere, and planes appeared and disappeared so fast as they seemed to fly about 12ft. over the sea. This was war, yet the radio was playing "Colonel Bogey" and "Scotland the Brave." Good military morale stuff!

## Thrilling show

We prepared lunch, in between dashing in and out on deck, all so excited. We felt we were watching a thrilling TV show and we didn't want to miss anything.

JUNE 6: I awoke at 6 a.m. to witness a dog-fight between two planes.

The watch told me they had seen fires all round during the night. There is not much work being done, I am afraid.

JUNE 7: Surprised to find we were still here when I woke — the rumors yesterday said we could be leaving during the night. The Arabs on board are restless and we have a feeling all is not going too well for them.

JUNE 8: A very quiet day. At 8 p.m. the sun dropped out of sight like a giant egg-yolk and the air-conditioner hummed like the roar of planes. Everything sounds like a plane and the birds all look like them. It is difficult to think of anything else. Although we are not on target, that doesn't rule out the possibility of a "wild one" or crossfire or a damaged plane falling on us.

Somewhere along the day, Annagrete (a stewardess) asked me if I was nervous. Although I gave an honest "no," I noticed that every time a plane streaked overhead I would get horribly dry in the throat and the skin on my lips would dis-

appear. Then I found myself nervously humming "Ask Me How Do I Feel?" I still can not associate what we are witnessing with war.

One young boy asked me if I thought it fun. I just looked at him. "No," I said, "I do not think it fun. It is war."

Was I trying to convince him or myself? Suddenly I felt very old, righteous, and ashamed. Why should I deprive him of the satisfaction I felt at his age of running miles to see a house burn to ground level with never a thought for those involved?

JUNE 6: I awoke at 6 a.m. to witness a dog-fight between two planes.

We were surprised to hear a "cease-fire" order come through this afternoon and, following that, the news that President Nasser had resigned. The war is over, but there is still no mention of us, the lost tribe.

JUNE 7: Sunday, and a busy morning on the lake as the defeated Arabs started appearing on the edge of the desert to be picked up in small boats. This evacuation went on all day. The poor beggars had been without food and water for up to four, five days. It is 100 degrees on the ship, so what must it have been out there!

JUNE 8: I'm getting mad with the Cairo propaganda against America and Britain. There are four British ships and one American here with us and, although short of food and water, they have sent their lifeboats to assist the evacuees. The Arab withdrawal is so slow they must be in a tragic condition.

The Arab we christened "Lord Haw-Haw" told us that 45 Israeli planes had been shot down, that Syria had captured one Israeli city, that half of Tel Aviv was occupied by Egypt.

Late in the afternoon there was great action on the Sinai Desert, which borders the lake. Tanks and armored cars were racing toward Suez. For the first time

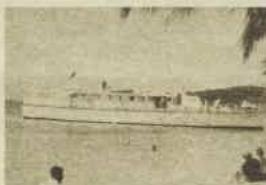
Continued on page 40

# Be there in hours! \*fascinating\* Fiji

300 HOLIDAY ISLANDS IN THE SUN



Smiling people, palm-fringed beaches, lazy blue lagoons, fabulous food, duty free shopping . . . all welcome you to friendly Fiji — only hours away by air, a few sunny days by sea!



Welcome to a tropic islands cruise!  
Cruise for a day . . .  
Cruise for two. Cruise for three, or longer. See the real Fiji, the idyllic outer islands, the people — friendly, smiling, relaxed. You'll find your island in the sun in Fiji.



Welcome to fascination!  
See the native dances.  
Take part in the age-old ceremonies. Share a traditional "kava" bowl of welcome with your new-found Fiji friends. You'll never stop being fascinated by Fiji. And by the Fijians.



Welcome to duty-free shopping!  
Call at a duty-free shop. Inspect the transistor radios, cameras, tape recorders, watches, perfumes, jewellery or silks at prices about as low as you can go. No such thing as sales tax in Fiji!

HERE'S HOW YOU FIND IT! Ask your Travel Agent for further information — or mail this coupon to RUSS GRIBBLE, FIJI VISITORS BUREAU, 38-40 Martin Place, Sydney, N.S.W.

I am looking forward to my Fiji holiday. Please tell me more about things to see, things to do in Fiji.	
MY NAME _____	
MY ADDRESS _____	
	
F/1521	

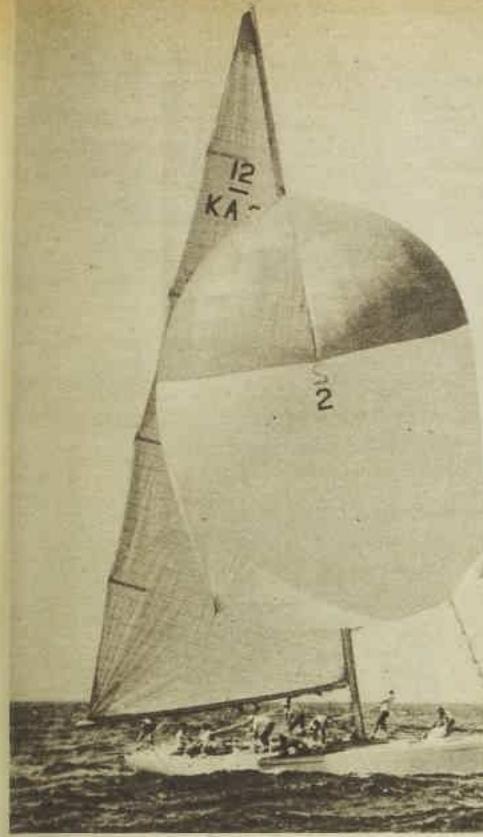
# Crunch scrunch



What a mouth-watering way to stay slim!

Forget about starvation diets! Stay slim this delicious way, with crisp, fresh Ryvita crispbread. Crunch! Eat hearty—there's lots more where this came from. Low on calories, high on nourishment and satisfaction.

Crunch! Eat as much as you like, without waistline worries. Enjoy Ryvita crispbread with any of these stay-slim toppings, or maybe with just a dab of butter. It's so tasty! **RYVITA CRISP RYE BREAD**



Television

## Viewers get direct film of Cup duel

• Australia's housewives and enthusiasts who can arrange to skip work early can be armchair sailors for the exciting America's Cup duel between America's Intrepid and Australia's Dame Pattie, pictured here.

EACH day of the sailing duel — from Wednesday, September 13, at 5 p.m. — TCN9 will telecast, direct from America by satellite, films of the day's racing.

America's giant network, CBS, is doing a big film coverage of the races for Australian commercial TV and the ABC, with commentary by Australian Ian Finlay, who lives in New York.

Right after each race, film will be rushed ashore, processed, edited, and beamed to Australia by satellite.

Because commercial satellites are not yet available between Australia and North America, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration have agreed to Australian channels using their ATS 1 satellite — part of their moon-blast communication system.

The picture will be beamed into Australia at NASA's ground station at Cooby Creek, Queensland, when the PMG takes over, and beams the picture round Australia's national and commercial networks.

Remember "Our World"? The same system applies for the satellite telecast of the America's Cup.

### TOMMY HANLON'S

#### Thought for the week

Momma once said, "Why is it that each year our driving manners become cruder as our petrol becomes more refined? People seem to lose their patience as soon as they get behind the wheel of a car. If your car stalls in traffic, does anyone get out and help you get it started again? No, they honk and honk — as if that would help you. Perhaps you've heard the story of the lady whose car stalled in traffic and the fellow in the car behind her kept honking his horn. So she got out and went back to his car and sweetly said, 'If you would go and have a look at my car and see why it won't start, I'll sit in your car and blow your horn for you! Don't you wish you had said that?'"

**MOMMA'S MORAL:** In the early days cars were started with cranks... now they are driven by them.

By  
NAN MUSGROVE

It was also explained to me, excitingly, that if the races (the Cup goes to the winner of the best of seven races) got to the stage of three-all, with one deciding race to go, it is practically certain that CBS would put a blimp (a small airship) over the course and film a blow by blow of the finale.

• Times for the direct 30-minute telecast from TCN9 are 5 p.m. each day of sailing. Highlights will be shown in the 6.30 news and the whole film repeated again much later in the night.

A NEW pronunciation of "Communist" is now very voguish on TV.

To be In, you must say the word "common-ist" not in the old style with the "u" dominant.

The first person I heard say "common-ist" was Malcolm Muggeridge when it seemed to me to be merely one of his acceptable, mild eccentricities. Now everyone has latched on to it, and you hear "common-ist" from documentary makers and commentators all over.

**A fab night  
for the young**

RATINGS rise and ratings fall, but give the kids a free go at the TV and what do they watch?

A family of three that I know, aged 15, 14, and 11, were left one Saturday night recently to mind themselves, while Mum and Dad gallivanted.

Bed at 10.30 was the all-round instruction, but when the parents got home just before midnight the three were still huddled in front of the box, completely unaware of the time, the day, or the world around them.

The chosen program? "Lost In Space," "I'm Alright Now," TCN9's movie, then "The Awful Movie," and starting at 11.15, "The Twilight Zone."

A fab night, I was told, and very shuddery, which apparently makes it fabber than ever.

**WALTER BRENNAN**, who occasionally feuds with Edward Everett Horton over which of them is the oldest actor on TV, is making a series called "The Guns of Will Sonnett."

Walter, who talks slightly of being "only 77," was asked by a brash reporter if he had ever played young leading-man roles. His answer gave evidence of his perfect adjustment to life:

"I was never a young man," he said matter-of-factly.

**Gimmicks spoil  
this quiz show**

I CAN never understand why comperees of good quiz shows suddenly decide to fancy them up with gimmicks.

The latest to get this treatment is "Coles \$6000 Question," my favorite, in which State contestants vie for honors.

I think a quiz should be a question, answer, prize, a short sharp affair, and the more questions asked the better. This is the general rule Roland Strong follows. But not in the national hook-up.

They also have something I doubt I saw; Melbourne TV personality Danny Webb standing alongside the Victorian woman contestant, like a keeper.

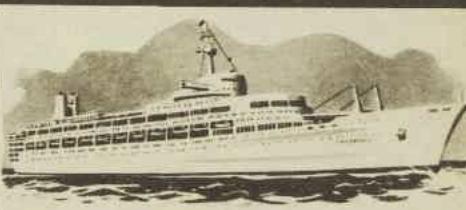
The blurb describes him as "supporting" her.

He stood there, looking as though cut out of cardboard, with an ersatz smile painted on, completely silent, a kind of TV mute.

It's a shame to spoil a good quiz.

**READ TV TIMES FOR  
FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS**

# 1968



## A GREAT YEAR FOR TRAVEL

make it your year

1968 will be a wonderful year for travel. World Travel Headquarters has scheduled the best ever programme of Trans-World and Lisind Tours . . . Tours to make it easy for you to see the world comfortably and leisurely.

Make your decision — right now — to make 1968 your year for travel!

Whichever way you want to go — via U.S.A. or Canada; via Japan or the Mediterranean — there's a Tour planned specially for you. Remember too, these tours have guaranteed departures. Booklets giving full details and day-by-day itineraries of all tours are yours — free for the asking.

Here are just a few of the exciting Lisind and Trans-World Tours from which you may choose.

DEPART	RETURN	MIN. COST
ARCADIA March 5	ORSOVA September 10	\$2563
ORIANA March 10	ARCADIA August 18	\$2736
ORONSAY March 10	ORSOVA September 10	\$2735
CANBERRA April 2	CHUSAN September 16	\$2741
HIMALAYA May 1	ORIANA September 21	\$2845
ORCADES May 14	ARCADIA October 14	\$2816
IBERIA May 26	ORIANA November 21	\$2935
ARCADIA May 28	CANBERRA October 14	\$2440

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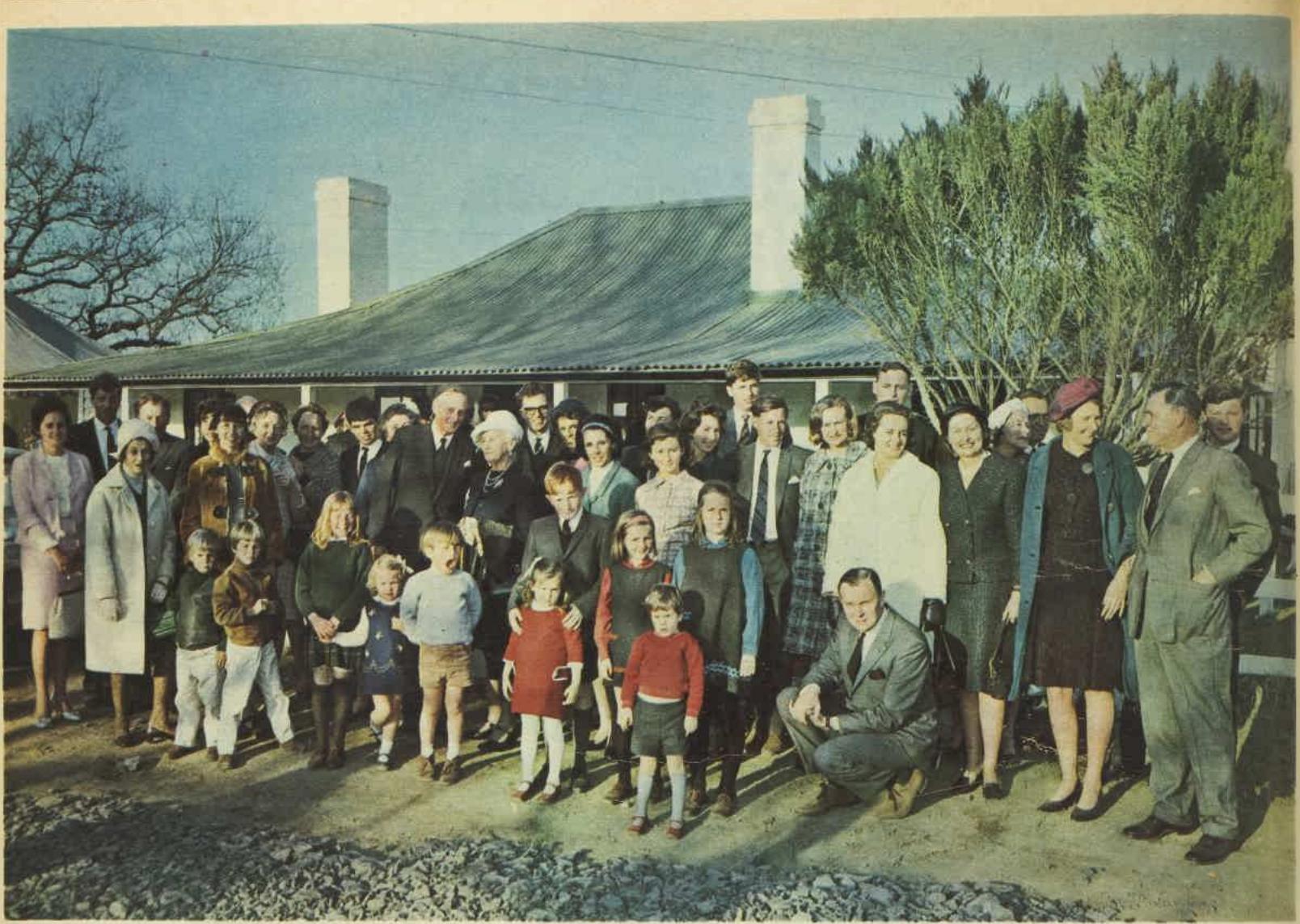
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**Everybody's**

Page 15



# Macarthur-Onslow Reunion

Family and friends celebrated 200th birthday of Australian pastoralist

• "We called at 'Ben-kennie' on Mrs. Macarthur, with whom we sat for a while in a small, miserable hut."

This simple line, taken from Governor Macquarie's journal, November 19, 1810, was chosen as the inscription on a stone cairn erected to commemorate the spot of the bark hut built in 1806 at Camden by Captain John Macarthur, founder of the Australian merino wool industry.

Macarthur, his wife, Elizabeth, and their family lived in "the small miserable hut" until 1820, when a substantial cottage, known as "Belgenny," was built.

The hut, like all those built by the early pioneers, was made of slabs, roofed with bark, and lined with canvas.

The cairn's dedication was celebrated during the weekend of September 3-4. More

than 50 members of the Macarthur-Onslow family gathered, together with 75 employees, their wives and friends, at Australia's oldest pastoral property, Camden Park Estate, to celebrate the 200th anniversary of Captain Macarthur's birth.

On the Saturday, the children of the family and the Estate's employees were presented with pottery commemoration mugs, after which they attended a monster barbecue and dance.

Celebrating Macarthur's birthday was suggested to the family four years ago by the woollen manufacturers of Yorkshire.

"I don't think any of us had really thought about it before that," said Mrs. John Davenport, one of the weekend's organisers and sister of Major-General Sir Denzil Macarthur-Onslow.

"A good idea. I have never seen so many of the family under one roof before."

• Macarthur-Onslow family outside the old cottage in which their forebear, John Macarthur, lived for many years. The cottage was restored recently and used for an official luncheon held on the Sunday of the weekend anniversary. The Governor-General, Lord Casey, was a guest. Standing together, left of centre, are Major-Gen. Sir Denzil Macarthur-Onslow and senior family member, Mrs. George Macarthur-Onslow (in a white hat).

Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.



• On the way to the unveiling of a cairn marking the spot of the hut that was Macarthur's first home in Camden. The rams are direct descendants of the first merinos imported by Macarthur in 1795.



Elizabeth Arden

## VENETIAN SUN TONES



### capture the sparkle of sunlight

Comes the dawn of an altogether new look drawn from the sun-drenched city of Venice. Begin with the beautifully semi-matt foundation Perfect Finish in a new glowing shade of Peach. Lips are gilded with the ripe gold tint of Venetian Coral Lipstick, and cheeks and brow alike glimmer with gold dust—Venetian Glow Color Veil. Finally, night becomes Venetian with Elizabeth Arden's new Frosted Evening Powder. The whole idea is slightly dazzling!

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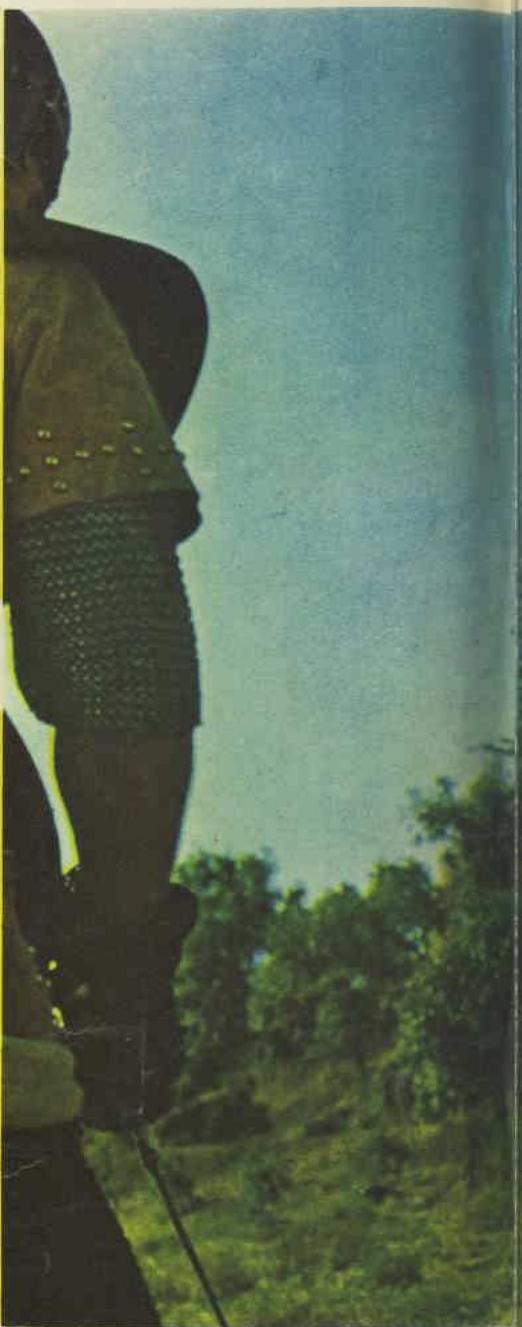
## The filmed splendor of

VANESSA REDGRAVE, member of the distinguished English family of actors and actresses, is a tall, willowy Queen Guinevere — decked out at right for the "Now is the Lusty Month of May" sequence. Below, with King Arthur (Irish-born 6ft. 3in. Richard Harris) in the Great Hall at the Castle of Camelot, she moves with stately grace under the burden of her 90lb. bronze royal robe.



SIR LANCELOT DU LAC, a model of chivalry from France, is ceremonially received into the Order of the Knights of the Round Table. He becomes the king's closest friend, but falls in love with the vivid, headstrong Guinevere.

AT RIGHT: A gay scene of rural merrymaking. "Camelot" retains all the well-known Lerner-Loewe songs from the Broadway version. Three castle exteriors, battlefields, and a jousting field were made for the film.



# "CAMELOT"

● The Warner Bros. musical romance is lavishly derived from the Broadway musical "Camelot," which came from T. H. White's "The Once and Future King," which was adapted from Sir Thomas Malory's 15th-century "Morte d'Arthur," derived from ancient lore about a vanished realm of peace and honor. It is filmed in Panavision 70mm. and Technicolor.



ABOVE: Franco Nero, who plays Sir Lancelot, is a virile 26-year-old who has starred in Italian films. He came under American notice when playing Abel in "The Bible." He knew very little English, and for the role in "Camelot" had to learn to speak it with a French accent.

AT LEFT: The Knights of the Round Table in session. All were sworn to succor the weak and to right injustice. "Camelot" was produced by Jack L. Warner (who produced "My Fair Lady") and was directed by Joshua Logan ("South Pacific").



## Bond's Cottontails:



### 2 ounces of freedom.

So light and white, so soft and sleek—you're fresh and free in "Cottontails". Two tiny ounces of absorbent cotton styled to fit smooth under today's fashions. And styled for freedom with 'action' gusset and 'nylo-rib' legbands that keep their place. Bond's quality cotton boils fresh and white. Sizes SSW to OS. Breezeweighting 75c. Interlock 79c. Coral Island 89c.

**BOND'S**

# DASH AND PRETTINESS in SPRING FASHIONS



● One of the most beautiful flings of formal elegance is the handkerchief dress. The silhouette has a fluid grace and is stunningly made in a floating sheer. It's the kind of after-dark prettiness men will adore. Example (left) is made in spring green. The dress, by Nina Ricci, has soft handkerchief points and long floating chiffon scarves.

● Numbers of suits on the spring circuit have a young, swingy look, and one of the newest shapes is the tent silhouette divided in two. What makes these new suits look even newer are the fabrics printed in kicky, colorful flower mixes. This suit, designed by Scherrer, is made in crepe printed in orange, green, and pink.

● Here and overleaf are designs that take top priority on the spring-summer fashion front. The clothes set the style in shapes, colors, and fabrics. Don't overlook the new spring green and all the wonderful colorful prints. Watch the tent, it's the swingiest silhouette for spring, '67. And please take note: Paris has lent her fashion authority to the tunic pants-dress; it's right up front in fashion.

—BETTY KEEP

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## RED BOOK ARTISTRY

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### RED BOOK ARTISTRY

SUPER AXMINSTER  
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But I thought Red Book were Axminster specialists.  
That's correct Madam.

Ah. So these are Axminster and yet  
they're made out of Acrilan. That's a  
big advance isn't it. Wasn't that Acrilan  
on telly with all those odd people  
at a party and they keep...

### RED BOOK ARTISTRY

SUPER AXMINSTER  
100% ACRILAN PILE



Spilling things on the carpet but because it's Acrilan it  
won't stain. Yes Madam, that's the Acrilan ad.

People are so careless at parties.  
I'm dying to get one of these modern carpets  
into the house. The people before us  
put down our present carpet and really,  
I don't think they had much of a clue.

### RED BOOK ARTISTRY

SUPER AXMINSTER  
100% ACRILAN PILE



Still it takes all kinds doesn't it.

Yes Madam,  
Varying tastes are something we all must live with.

You're quite right of course.

### RED BOOK ARTISTRY

SUPER AXMINSTER  
100% ACRILAN PILE



Hmm, doesn't it a thick pile like this run  
you into expensive carpets.

Not with the man made fibre Madam.  
You get superior quality at a very reasonable price  
and they wear much longer too.

Really?

### RED BOOK ARTISTRY

SUPER AXMINSTER  
100% ACRILAN PILE



We have come a long way haven't we.  
Even this Red Book idea of grouping all the  
patterns together is quite new isn't it.  
It does save such a lot of bother.

### RED BOOK ARTISTRY

SUPER AXMINSTER  
100% ACRILAN PILE



My word,  
they're really doing things with  
Axminster these days too with all these new  
patterns and designs.

### RED BOOK ARTISTRY

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100% ACRILAN PILE



I adore the blue and this abstract in the...  
horror!!  
Madam surely not, why that's our most popular...

No, no I love the carpet. I just  
remembered. I forgot to put kitty out.

### RED BOOK ARTISTRY

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Now about the stain resistant  
qualities of Acrilan Madam.

#### LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENING TO AXMINSTER.

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Designs to sing the  
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 20, 1967



## Four new looks for a new season

(Spring fashions  
continued . . .)

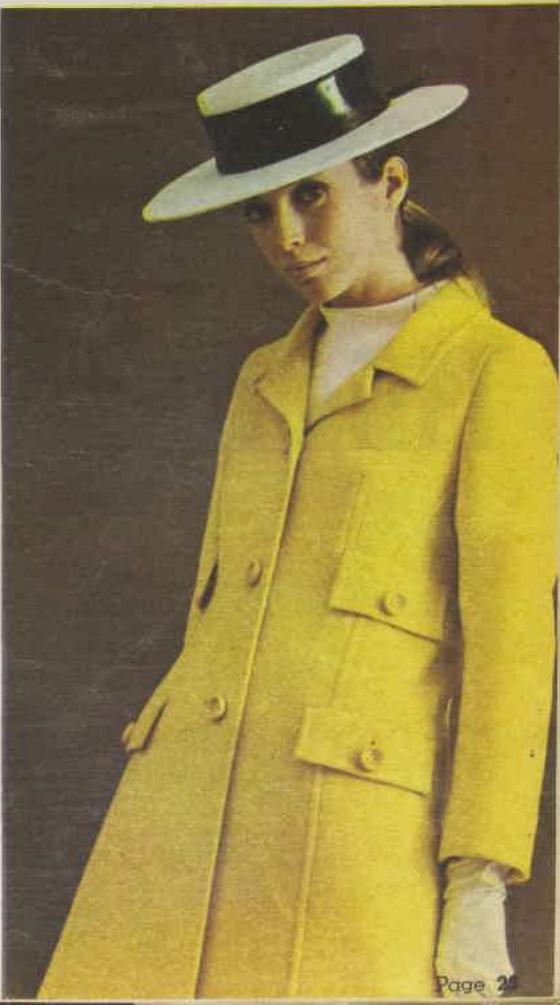


● The tent dress is a real fashion plum for spring and summer — it can be made in almost any type of fabric and can be worn day or evening, depending on fabric choice. The silhouette is narrow at the top, then spreads at the hemline. Design by Patou.

● The Paris tunic pants dress is right out in front for spring and summer and it will continue into autumn. The one above is designed by Ungaro and is superbly tailored with no angular lines. The two-tone tunic is made in yellow-and-white broadcloth and is worn over brief white pants.



● The smooth line of the Courreges spring silhouette makes chic fashion news. These modern baby-girl designs are all worn with white nursery-type accessories. The trio of Courreges designs, right, are (from left) a dress in pink-and-white check with a white collar and pockets, an all-white dress, and a red dress with a white trim.



● The color coat is high fashion and big business in spring-summer fashion. The coat, right, is my choice for spring in Australia. It is made in orange wool and for summer would be equally chic in linen or linen-like rayon. Note ribbon-trimmed boater. It's spring millinery news.



## This neat mini case.....

Valise by Lady Sunbeam is a beautiful new idea in hairdryers. So small, light and glamorous it's more like a chic handbag. Yet Valise holds *everything* you need for perfect hairdressing. You spring a catch and out pops three feet of hose. Snap open the special compartment and nestling neatly inside is a generous coil of cord. Reach inside and you'll find a bonnet big enough to take your largest rollers. And Valise has a full-size motor that dries your hair as quickly and evenly as ordinary jumbo-size dryers. Valise, by Lady Sunbeam, is complete in every sense. Yet everything packs away in a neat mini-case no heavier than a handbag. So small you can store it on a bookshelf. Or in a vanity drawer. Or pop it in a holiday suitcase and still have oodles of space to spare. Look for the new Valise Hairdryer by Lady Sunbeam at your favourite appliance store. It's very neat, very chic. And it costs only about half what you'd expect to pay for a Sunbeam hairdryer!

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 20, 1967



.....holds a full size hairdryer



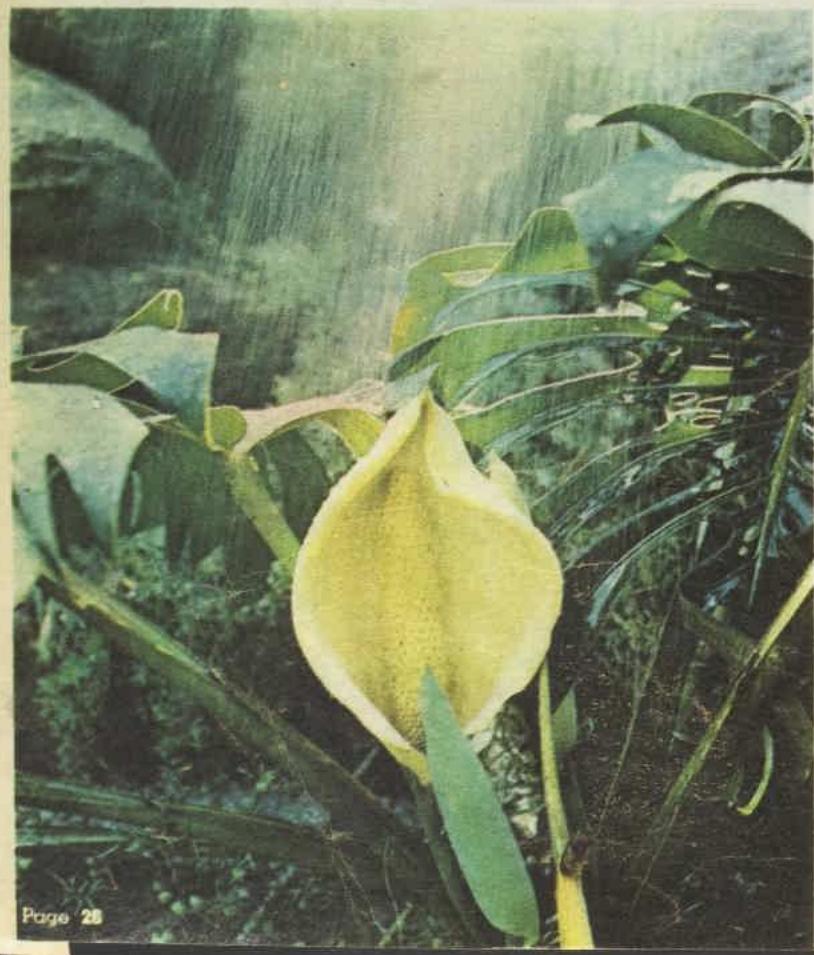
*new Lady Sunbeam* **Valise**  
HAIRDRYER

• After noticing a rainbow in a wet garden, Mr. Eric Ray, of Sydney, began to investigate what rain does to the flowers. He took these pictures and tells what he saw.

# A GARDEN IN THE RAIN



GREEN FROG dries out on a toadstool after a shower. Maidenhair fern is seen in the foreground.



SLOWLY opening hood of the *Monstera deliciosa* shelters its fruit.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 20, 1967

• Late one afternoon last summer I was hurrying through a garden to escape a sudden shower when the sun, which had been blotted out by a raincloud, suddenly shone through the raindrops in front of me and made a little rainbow backed by masses of dark green foliage.

IT so surprised me that I stopped and, despite the soaking I was getting, crouched down to see it more clearly from a lower angle.

Have you ever watched, from a very close viewing point, a garden come to life during rain?

I dare say very few people have. Usually, they admire flowers and plants during dry sunshine and spend the rainy periods under cover.

So have I in the past, but this little rainbow so intrigued me that, on later rainy days, I spent a lot of time under an umbrella with a camera, watching and photographing a garden coming to life.

On the sun-shower days, a garden glistens and glows with colors never seen in dry weather. Red berries and green leaves are washed free of dust, and raindrops sparkle on their surfaces like diamonds.

During rain without sunshine the colors of a garden may be subdued, but they are so refreshingly clean and soft. If you come very close, down to plant level, you see that every part of the plant is softly beautiful.

The sounds of a garden during rain are quite different, too. They're busy, purposeful sounds: the steady

beat of rain on leaves, the dripping on to soft, wet earth, and the gurgle of water soaking away to root level. Perhaps you can't hear the plants drinking, but if you watch closely enough you will imagine you can.

And even lovelier is the time of sunshine which comes just as the rain tapers off. This is photographically perfect. Spider webs hold raindrops which are unseen without the backlight of the sun. Soft green nasturtium leaves glow as if freshly painted, and drops of shining water cling to small blue forget-me-nots.

One of the big surprises came from the common dandelion seed fluff, which held hundreds of sparkling drops of water, each one refracting colors like minute beads of crystal.

By ERIC RAY

But you must come very close to see them. Try it some time, preferably with a magnifying glass.

But don't let your neighbors see you. How would you explain why you were kneeling on a lawn, under an umbrella, peering at weeds during a rainstorm?

As I have made pictures, however, of what I can claim to be a garden's most beautiful moments, perhaps I can be believed without anyone having to suffer the trickle of water down the back of his neck.

But if you love gardens, see for yourself; for during rain is the time when gardens come to life.



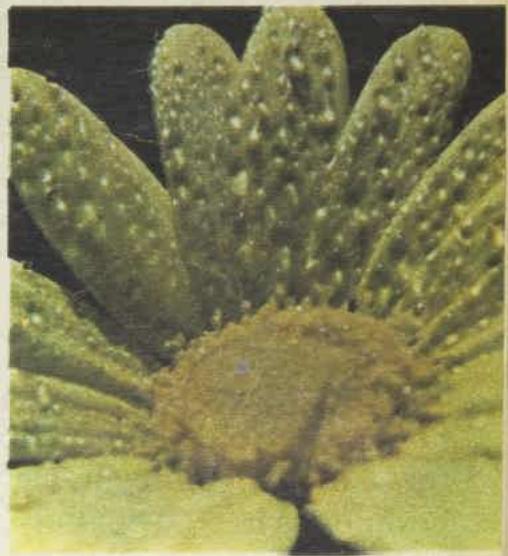
A RAINBOW has formed in the garden between a banana tree and "elephant ears" lily plants.



RAIN fills a ball of dandelion fluff.



BEGONIAS and wet maidenhair fern.



RAINDROPS on the petals of a daisy.



## Think now. Are you 'cleansing' away your young, good looks?

When you cleanse and tone the 'Moon Drops' way, you actually 'feed' your skin youth-giving moisture! (Some preparations age your skin by stripping it dry—and giving nothing back. And that's the naked truth!)

'Moon Drops' Moisturizing Cleanser not only removes every trace of make-up and deep-down dirt—it moisturizes within-the-skin.

'Moon Drops' Toning Lotion (non-stinging!) refines the pores after cleansing. Firms the skin. Invigorates it. Never, never dries it.

Used together, morning and



night, this famous duo can keep your skin looking marvelously young. And pristine clean. But don't stop there. Use the complete 'Moon Drops' treatment program. It keeps your skin misty-soft. And ends dry skin forever!

With 'Moon Drops' Under Make-up Moisture Base, make-up glides on...and stays

on with perfect even-ness. At night, 'Moon Drops' Moisture Balm never stops moisturizing and silkening your skin! (In the morning, you'll wonder where those tiny lines went!) Don't lose time if you want to keep time from showing on your face. Use 'Moon Drops' from the new...



### 'Renaissance Treatment Collection' by Revlon

From the renowned Revlon Research Laboratories.

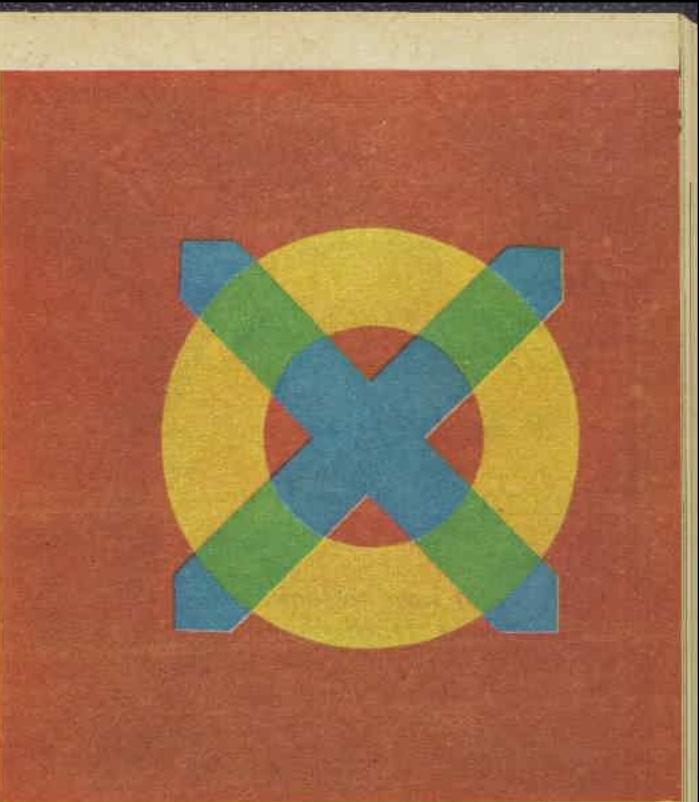
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 20, 1967

# U.S. ART EXHIBITION COMING TO AUSTRALIA



"CROSS CURRENTS No. 2," by Perle Fine.

Perle Fine is the only woman represented in the "U.S.A. Today" exhibition. Her works are mostly painted wood constructions or collages in plexiglass boxes. Born in Boston, U.S.A., she studied with Hans Hofman and in Paris.



"HEX No. 4," right,  
by William Walton.

William Walton is represented in the "U.S.A. Today" exhibition by four works, all taking their inspiration from hex signs placed on barns by Pennsylvania Dutch farmers to ward off evil spirits. Walton has been painting seriously for the past ten years and was art adviser to Jacqueline Kennedy.

- An exhibition of 40 paintings by America's most promising painters will be part of "U.S.A. Today," an American promotion fortnight which opens at Georges, Melbourne, on October 23, and later at David Jones' stores in Canberra, Wollongong, and Sydney. Pictured here are some of the exciting contemporary works included in the exhibition arranged by Richard Madigan for the U.S. Government.

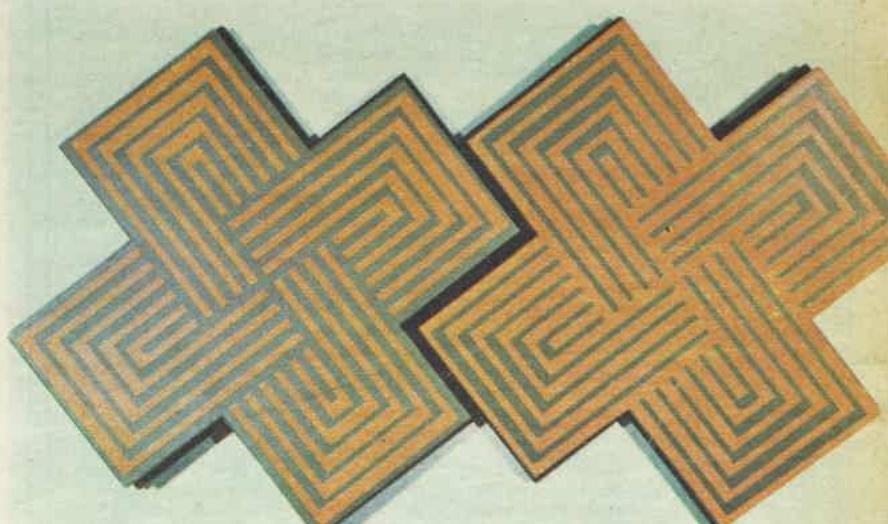


"BLUE ALGO," by Mario Yrisarry.

Born in Manila, Mario Yrisarry is now an American citizen. "Blue Algo" is one of a series of three "Algo" works in the Australian exhibition. All contain areas of color proceeding through a ground of another color throughout the canvas.

"TWO-STAR INTERLOCK," below, by John W. Davis.

This "op" artist specialises in strong geometric designs with colors of full intensity forming interlocking shapes. John W. Davis, of Sacramento, California, is a former architect who now paints full-time. He has three paintings in the exhibition.



Overleaf are further details of the "U.S.A. Today" highlights.

## How to Achieve the Wonderful Bloom of Youth

*Thinking of ways to look younger and lovelier — ways to keep those "growing-older" signs at bay?*

DON'T allow facial expression lines too much liberty. Do something about the first hint of tiny crinkles forming around your eyes. Care diligently for your neck and pay attention to the slightest slackening of pores on your cheeks. Preserve your complexion clarity and keep that youthful, velvety bloom on your skin. Here are some suggestions to help you become younger and lovelier every day.

### Give your skin a milky bloom

CONTRIBUTE to the youthful beauty of your complexion by nourishing your skin every day with a tropical moist oil which will assist nature in maintaining the natural oil and moisture balance on the complexion surface and counteract the gradual loss suffered due to temperature extremes, sun, wind, and time itself. Stroke the moist oil of Ulan in an upward direction from the neck until the entire complexion is covered with a soft, dew-like film. Used as a powder-base, you will find that Ulan oil not only beautifies and protects the skin against drying, wrinkle-making effects of the weather, but ensures that your make-up smooths on evenly and has a remarkable finer finish.



### Defeat that dry skin

PREVENT skin dryness and flakiness from adding years to your complexion. Bring a soft, velvety loveliness to the skin by using this excellent oil mask once a week. Cut a mask from a piece of ordinary cotton fabric, leaving

holes for your eyes, mouth, and nostrils. Now soak the cotton in a little oil of Ulan and place it in position over your face. Relax on your bed for twenty minutes with feet propped higher than your head. Saturation of the complexion with this moist beauty fluid gives your complexion a youthful, fresh, satin-smooth beauty.



American art, fashion, and merchandise in the stores

# "U.S.A. TODAY"

● An art exhibition and spectacular fashion parades are highlights of "U.S.A. Today," an enterprise that has the blessing of the U.S. Government, the sponsorship of Georges', Melbourne, and David Jones' stores in Sydney, Canberra, Wollongong.

AMERICAN commercial travellers in foreign lands have stopped peddling trinkets to the natives. Now their stock in trade is nothing less than culture and the American way of life at its best.

With the U.S. exporting more pocketbooks than pig iron, more couture than coal, overseas trade promotion has taken on new dignity.

There is no old-time spruiking. Today America sells with quiet confidence, saying, in effect, "This is America, this is the way we live at home. Do you like it?"

The American traders are expecting sales totalling more than two million dollars during the Georges/David Jones' promotion fortnight. But they are giving something away, too.

Dozens of priceless fashions, which are not for sale but depict spectacular clothes

President Johnson set up a special sub-cabinet Department of International Commerce to handle the promotions.

While "U.S.A. Today" is on in Melbourne and Sydney, for instance, there will be similar promotions in Dublin and Tel Aviv. In Australia goods will be offered in numerous categories: fashion, both men's and women's; gift items; domestics, such as piece goods, linens, and towels; costume jewellery, leather pocketbooks, novelties, occasional furniture — and even such innovations as scented and colored candles.

When an American promotion was held in Denmark recently, so great was the Danes' enthusiasm for American merchandise that, following the official "American Week," a store in Copenhagen had to set up a special department to handle sales of co-ordinated candles — the color matched to other table accessories such as table napkins and tablecloths.

There was nothing wrong with the Danish candle industry — but it was the Americans

By ROBERT FELDMAN, of our New York staff

for the American way of life, will be paraded by two New York models brought to Australia specially for the occasion. Ten Australian girls will join the two from America as mannequins for the parades.

In addition, a survey of contemporary art (see page 29) will be provided in a compact exhibition of 40 works by some of America's most promising painters.

Later, this art exhibition will tour other Australian States under official U.S. Government sponsorship.

Just as a beginning, more than 500,000 dollars' worth of American goods have been shipped to each of the stores involved in the "U.S.A. Today" promotion.

U.S. entrepreneurs on the retail level used to be left pretty much on their own abroad, but in 1965 Congress began appropriating funds to be used for some elegant "drum beating" overseas.

In European cities, a large and resourceful department store is usually selected as the focus of trade, and asked to guarantee purchases of a minimum of 100,000 dollars of American goods.

But sales of U.S. merchandise during and after a promotion "week" have mostly totalled more than 1,000,000 dollars in affluent European capitals.

So successful has the program been that

who thought of matching colors and scents to the table napery.

Another recent U.S. bathroom innovation: toilet paper with printed patterns.

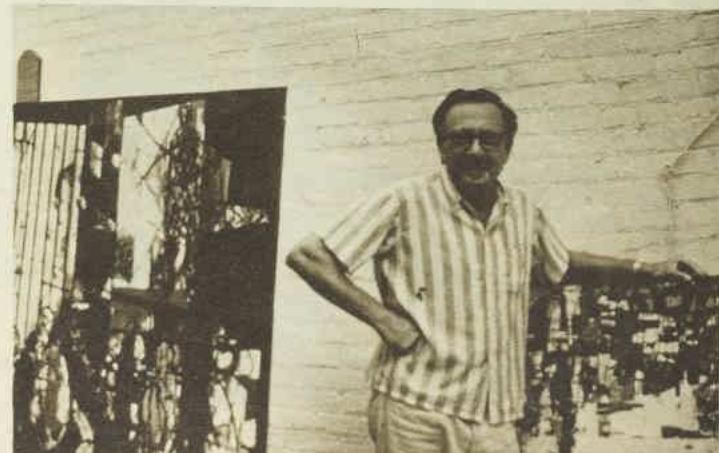
The art exhibition will avoid the usual classics in favor of "contemporary significance," according to Richard Madigan, who collected it for the U.S. Government.

Madigan is director of the North Texas Museums Resources Council at Fort Worth. In Australia last year, he purchased a 300,000-dollar collection of original Australian art for millionaire Harold Mertz, of Port Washington, New York. The exhibition, consisting of 155 works by artists ranging from Dobell, Nolan, Tucker, and other less known artists, is now on tour in the U.S.

In compiling the American works to be shown in Australia, Madigan steered clear equally of traditionalism and such vogue artists as Andy Warhol.

"Why send a picture of a soup can?" he said. "I shouldn't think Australia is interested in the U.S. soup industry. And I've tried to avoid propaganda — pictures of ball bearings are out — in favor of the truly significant."

The group will include figuratives (including one rather striking nude), as well as geometrics, abstract expressionists, and collages.



JACK PERLMUTTER, one of America's most prominent artists and teachers of art, will be represented in the Australian exhibition by three paintings. His work has been shown in hundreds of national and international exhibitions and is included in collections of most American art galleries and museums.





A galaxy of co-ordinated under-fashions in printed Lycra powernet.



Style 7537: S.M.L.XL. \$3.95



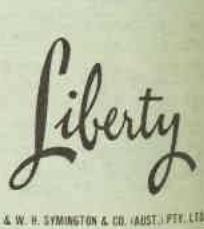
Style 7535: S.M.L.XL. \$3.75



Style 7538: 5" leg S.M.L.XL. \$4.95

Pictured left:  
Style 728: 'Tandem'  
Brief with mini-slip  
S.M.L.XL. \$4.89  
Style 235: Contour Bra  
A. 32-36. B.C. 32-38 \$3.00

Not illustrated:  
Style 735: Dance Belt  
22"-28" \$2.00  
Style 335: Br. Slip  
A.B. 32"-36" \$4.95  
Style 135: 1/2 Contour Bra  
A.B.C. 32"-36" \$3.50



# THE U.S.A. ON \$10 A DAY

An Australian itemises her living costs, and shows that 61 wonderful days in the U.S.A. took only 625 precious American dollars

CAN a tourist travelling around the United States live on ten dollars a day?

Superior types on expense accounts would laugh the idea to scorn, but it can be done, and I did it. Nor, being a woman with notions of comfort and propriety, did I descend to any hardship or squalor.

In 61 days (of which 20, not consecutive, were in New York), I spent \$U.S.625 (\$A.550).

This went on:

1. Transport	\$143.45
(Greyhound ticket, 99 days)	\$99
Other buses	\$17.30
Taxis	\$27.15
2. Bed (45 nights averaging \$4.40)	\$196.75
3. Food and drink (45 days av. \$2.80)	\$126.00
4. Papers, books, magazines	\$45.55
5. Color slides	\$20.10
6. Presents, enter- tainment	\$43.85
7. Amusements, en- trance fees	\$20.00
8. Miscellaneous	\$29.30

1. Transport. The bus ticket, which has to be bought outside the States, is great value. The buses are clean, comfortable, swift, and reliable. The drivers are beyond praise.

At night an individual light shines on one's own book and no one else's face; there is no piped music (one can hire a separate transistor radio).

Travelling as they do at speed over super highways, the buses do not go through towns and cities, and their bus stations are on the outskirts.

They give a wonderful view of the countryside, which I saw in all the red-and-gold magnificence of autumn.

In Washington, the YWCA Strong House, also very well situated (17th and K), is a more comfortable residence, with a good restaurant, and costs less — \$3.80 without shower and toilet, \$4.50 with.

In other cities I stayed at hotels, always on recommendation from the YWCA, from friends, from travelling companions.

My most expensive was Manger's in Savannah, Georgia, where a charming room overlooking one of that city's pleasant green squares cost \$6.50.

The very cheapest was in Richmond, Virginia. There in a quiet little hotel I had better not name for fear the manager should be inundated with Australians, that dear man gave me a double apartment for \$3.50, because he had no vacant single and he liked Australia when he was here during World War II.

3. Food and drink. For "drink," read "milk." I drank an amazing quantity of milk in the U.S. Is it the air-conditioning that makes one so parched or the exercise? (One evening in New York I lay in bed wondering why I was so tired, and then worked out that I had walked 84 city blocks that day, plus shop visits.)

#### Dearer at night

Wine — and even beer — throws the budget out and must be kept for special occasions.

In meals I tried to keep to breakfast, a light snack lunch, and a solid evening dinner. (Purposely, it would be better to have the main meal at midday, as American restaurants, like Australian, charge more for the same food after dark.)

For breakfast you can go to the cafeteria under the roof where you are staying, or have a much wider choice at an automat.

In New York I went to Horn and Hardart's on 42nd, opposite Central Station. Not that the wider choice meant much — I had a craze for hotcakes and maple

syrup, and blueberry muffins with bacon, and great cups of milky coffee, choosing one or the other day after day. This cost 55 cents, and lunch much the same; lunch sometimes on a bright day was just apples, cheese, and bread roll, \$4.50 with.

But dinner was an important part of my day and I enjoyed the heartiest of hearty meals — great grilled steaks, beautiful beef stew, chicken, fish, corned beef and onion sauce — and elaborately.

orate delicately flavored sweets.

(An invaluable guide to good eating is that down-to-earth volume "New York on \$5 a Day".)

I like to be fairly close to home, so mostly stuck to the Lexington Avenue area up to 42nd and down to 28th — Stouffer's, on 42nd, House in Italy and Au Petit Paris, on Lexington, were good, providing an attractive meal for about \$2.50.

Before a play a good place is Tod's Steak House, on West 50th, where the steak deserves its reputation, and costs only \$2.

I liked Paddy's Clam House also, on West 34th — famed for clams naturally, but a wonderful place for every kind of fish.

Dearer but charming was the Maison Blanc, on West 23rd, that has French cooking and a tree growing up amid the tables.

Two interesting and inexpensive places for lunch are the restaurant of the Museum of Modern Art — a beautiful setting, with graceful bronze figures disporting among the spray of its fountains; and the Armory (Lexington and 25th), where one eats excellent army food in the huge training hall to which the soldiers return for their evening meal.

Servings in American restaurants and hotels are always good and big, no miserable semi-transparent

CENTRAL PARK, New York, and backdrop of skyscrapers. The park, a haven for both New Yorkers and tourists, has one of the world's foremost art galleries on its Fifth Avenue border.

slivers lurking under lettuce. Salad is always crisp and varied. Always iced water. Always spotless linen and cutlery.

I was taken out to some notable hotels, the Americana, in New York, the Mayflower, in Washington, the Shamrock, in Houston, the Williamsburg Inn, in that delightful 18th-century museum town. Gorgeous food—but it has no place in this story.

4. Papers, magazines, books. Looking back it does seem absurd to have spent 75 cents a day on news and views. Another time I must curb this predilection for the printed word.

5. Color slides. This is money well spent in the pleasure the slides later give oneself — though not invariably the captive audience.

6. Presents, entertainment. I fear \$44 is not a very handsome sum spent in return for very warm-hearted hospitality. Perhaps I may be able some day to welcome some of my friends here.

I think Americans must be the most hospitable people in the world. Not only relatives (though they had never set eyes on me before) and people to whom I had introductions but complete and utter strangers showed me a kindness I blush to own I have never shown to strangers here.

Filene's, according to the story, halve their prices daily in their basement. My bag had reached \$3.75.

Michael's sell second-hand clothing of the frightfully fashionable to the financially floundering. My dress, looking like new, cost \$30.

In Washington, D.C., for instance, on the night of my arrival at Strong House, I met a girl member of the Peace Corps home on leave, who straight away offered to drive me round the city. What an unforgettable first impression of floodlit marble monuments and bare November trees!

7. Amusements, entrance fees. Amusements, mainly the theatre; entrance fees very



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BROWN	LIGHT	MID	DARK
BLONDE	LIGHT	MID	DARK
AUBURN	LIGHT	MID	DARK
GREY	HAZE	ROSE	SMOKEY
BLACK			

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4-6 Weeks  
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My usual chemist is \_\_\_\_\_



# AUSTRALIAN ALMANAC

• A weekly series

by BILL BEATTY

## SEPTEMBER 17

**1802** First reference to Freemasonry on the Australian mainland. A document with this date, now in the Mitchell Library, Sydney, purports to admit Anthony Kemp into ancient masonry in a gathering of Knights of the Rose Croix, Master Masons, and Companions of the same order in lodge . . .

This is the earliest-known record of the existence of members of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite in the Southern Hemisphere.

The following year, Sir Henry Brown Hayes and other Sydney residents attempted to establish British Freemasonry, but were prohibited from doing so. The first Masonic lodge in Australia was established at Norfolk Island in 1800, but it is not known to have been properly constituted; August 12, 1820, is recognised as the date of the founding of Australian Freemasonry with the formation of the Australian Social Lodge.

**1879** First International Exhibition held in the Garden Palace, Sydney.

The Garden Palace, erected to house the exhibition, was near the site of the present N.S.W. Conservatorium of Music.

After the exhibition closed, the next year, the building was used for concerts and various entertainments and it housed the first mining and technological museum. The basement was used to store records and Government documents.

The building was destroyed by fire on September 22, 1882. Cause of the outbreak was not known, but many believed it was deliberately started to destroy convict records and evidence concerning some of the families of Sydney.

## SEPTEMBER 18

**1816** First free migrants arrived in Hobart. By this time, Hobart had developed considerably. Three years earlier, the first ship built in Tasmania was completed in Hobart, and Governor Macquarie, making his second visit, was impressed by the improvements made. Flour-milling, brewing, and saw-milling developed steadily during and after the 1820s.

**1843** Australia's oddest duel took place in an open space at the corner of Lonsdale and Spencer Streets, Melbourne. Duellists were the Hon. Gilbert Kennedy and George Demoulin. By an arrangement between seconds, Demoulin's pistol was loaded only with powder and Kennedy's with powder and raspberry jam.

When the command was given and both pistols fired, Demoulin's face was so spattered with a dreadful-looking scarlet mess that he cried out, imagining that he was being blinded by his own brains. Later, both principals joined in the laugh against themselves.

**1918** Capture of the Hindenburg Line on the Western Front in World War I.

The 4th and 1st Australian Divisions attacked in the centre of the British Fourth Army. The attack was successful and on the Australian front was remarkable for the skill and boldness with which troops poured past enemy posts in fog thickened by smoke shells. Many prisoners were taken and the first of the old German lines, the Hindenburg Outpost Line, was captured.

## SEPTEMBER 19

**1797** Coal discovered at Newcastle ten days after Lieutenant John Shortland discovered the estuary of the Hunter River. In his part in the discovery of coal, Shortland gave Australia more than a new



● This photograph of tapping steel from a blast furnace by Ron Morrison is from "Newcastle, The Second City," to be published by Rigby Ltd. in November. Coal was discovered in Newcastle in 1797.

industry; his early discoveries were instrumental in creating the vast industrial area known today as Newcastle.

On the fields of the original seam of coal, which ever since has been the life-blood of Australian progress, now stand the huge steel mills and other heavy industries which play so vital a role in the healthy economic growth of this nation.

In spite of the discovery of oil and uranium, coal provides more than 80 percent of all fuel and power consumed in the Commonwealth, and scientists estimate it has more than 200,000 byproducts, including many key chemicals.

## SEPTEMBER 20

**1824** Captain Bremer landed at Port Essington, in the Northern Territory, to take formal possession of the northern coast of Australia. However, no fresh water was to be found and the party proceeded to Melville Island, where a fortification surrounded by a ditch was started.

This was the first of several abortive attempts to establish defensive and trading posts in the Northern Territory during the first half of the 19th century. The Melville Island settlement was abandoned five years after its establishment.

**1893** First Sydney electric tram service opened at Military Road, North Sydney.

The first tramway in Sydney was opened in Pitt Street from Circular Quay to the Devonshire Street railway station in 1861 and was worked by horses. Because of the opposition of shopkeepers and drivers of vehicles, it was closed five years later.

When the first electric tram was tried out in Sydney, there were no overhead wires; the power was in a storage battery on the tram. Also the lines were the ordinary ones on which the old steam trams ran.

After a trial of about two weeks, the tram was taken off. An extraordinary reason was given for its discontinuance; tramway authorities stated that the tram had proved unsatisfactory because the electricity affected the passengers' watches.

## SEPTEMBER 21

**1851** First Victorian licence to dig for gold issued. For a time, the New South Wales goldfields attracted large numbers of Victorians, but this drift was stopped by the first rumors of riches at Ballarat, Bendigo; and elsewhere in Victoria.

**1918** First direct wireless message from England to Australia received.

Ernest (later Sir Ernest) Fisk was successful in picking up the message at his home at Wahroonga, a Sydney suburb, from the Marconi Transatlantic station at Carnarvon, Wales.

## SEPTEMBER 23

**1818** John Oxley viewed the ocean from Mount Seaview.

In June, 1818, Oxley had set out with a party, which included explorer George Evans, down the Macquarie River, sent Evans on a short tour in which he discovered the Castlereagh River, and then made his way over the Warrumbungle Ranges and the Liverpool Plains, crossed the Great Divide near the head of the Hastings River, and reached the coast at Port Macquarie.

Although Oxley's work as an explorer was important, sometimes his judgment of the country was unsound.

Reporting on his expedition of 1817, he said much of the country was "uninhabitable and useless for all purposes of civilised men." On his 1819 expedition to the fertile Illawarra and Jervis Bay district, he reported that he "saw no place on which even a cabbage might be planted with a prospect of success."

**1829** Public whipping in Sydney.

A man, found guilty of stealing a pair of ears, was sentenced to prison for one calendar month, and on the last day of his imprisonment to be publicly whipped throughout the length of King Street — from the law courts at Macquarie Street down to the King Street wharf.

**1936** The steamer Goondi, three miles off the North Queensland coast near Cairns, received a shower of frogs.

Casino, N.S.W., had a similar experience in 1917, and Ewingdale, N.S.W., also reported a shower of rain bringing down hundreds of small frogs from the skies.

Probably the most remarkable shower occurred at Roma, Qld. Although Roma is more than 300 miles from the coast, it received a downpour of deep-sea whiting.

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the time it is 26 years old”

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# Dearest Clarissa

By Elizabeth Walter

Dearest Clarissa,  
I'm sorry I didn't write to you last night, but I was too tired. Anyway, Jim will have told you we arrived safely. At least, I suppose he will; I asked him to ring you and he said he would when he got back to London. I feel terribly cut off down here.

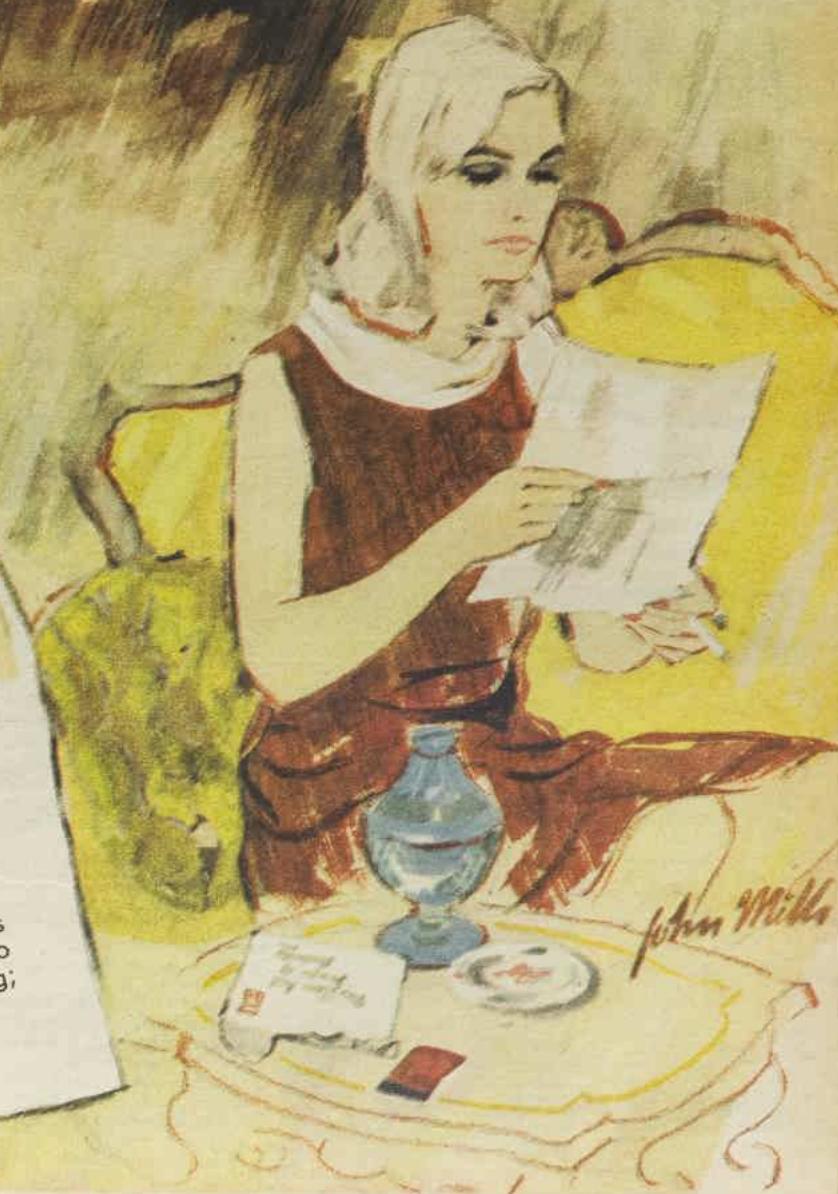
Of course, I know that's silly. I agreed to come here and I can leave again any time I want to, just as if it were an ordinary hotel. You've explained that very carefully and I quite understand. And I'm determined to be sensible and not leave — or not until they say I can. I've got to get better for Jim's sake. You've all explained that, too.

The journey down was perfectly easy. After we left the A4 at Oxford, there wasn't much traffic about. Jim said the countryside was very beautiful, but I wasn't in the mood for noticing much. It was dark by the time we arrived here, so I saw only the sweep of gravel in front of the house and a border of clipped yew hedges and glimpses of a high brick wall. I haven't been out of my room yet this morning, so I can't tell you very much more, except that the house was built about 1680 — it says that on the portico of the front door.

They brought me breakfast in bed this morning. I must say they're terribly kind. And no one wears nurses' uniform or anything frightening;

To page 56

Combe Tracy,  
Tuesday, 19th April



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find the same problem  
with the very next cotton  
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# Blind, but Doreen has recipes for happiness

## COMPACT

■ Twenty years ago, Doreen Baker—then a 17-year-old just out of school—lost her sight. Since then she has not only come to terms with her blindness but has achieved so much that she has won the admiration of the people of Gunnedah, N.S.W., where she lives.

This month she is having a book published—a cookery book, naturally, for cooking and baking have been her chief pastimes for years.

If she hears an interesting new recipe from a friend, she will memorise it, try it out, then write it out in braille on thick brown paper. This alone is quite a laborious business, as each word has to be picked out on the paper using a steel frame and pin.

In addition she has, by trial and error, devised dozens of recipes of her own.

To see Doreen at work in the kitchen, one would hardly suspect that she can't see what she is doing. She weighs all her ingredients on a pair of scales of the type where the weights are stacked on one side to balance the ingredients on the other.

### ● Feels weight.

She selects the right weights, and holds her hand under the ingredient tray (as she pours the flour or the sugar in) until she feels it give a little.

The Bakers have a cooker with grooved switches marking the different temperatures so Doreen can use it. It also has automatic ther-

mostat controls—bought when Mrs. Baker came home one day to find the oven had reached 600 degrees when Doreen was baking.

In fact, Doreen is so good a cook that she has won many awards in open competitions at State level, and is a regular winner in several baking sections at the annual Gunnedah Show.

### ● Needs funds

The idea that she should collect all her recipes into a book for sighted people came to her when the Gunnedah branch of the Country Women's Association, of which she is a member, had a new hall built but needed to raise a final amount of money to pay for it. Doreen wanted to help raise the money and the book was the most practical way she could.

Local businessmen were approached and all, without hesitation, agreed each to contribute the publishing cost of a page in the book.

Doreen then set to work, taught herself typing and slowly transcribed her favorite recipes—well over 100 of them, many her own creations—from braille.

The book has a first edition of 2000 copies, priced at 60c. All profits go to the CWA hall fund.

By the way, versatile Doreen's other hobbies include weaving, knitting, and basket-making—and she has won prizes in these fields at shows.

## A HARD BLOW FOR DROVERS

★ Lean, leathery, and tough he may be—but not every Australian outback stockman can whistle! That is, whistle well enough to work his kelpie dog with sheep, when a distinctive note is needed for every command.

Nor can he fall back on the substitute of a policeman's or referee's whistle, for they, too, lack the tones.

What most sheep-country non-whistlers do is make their own rustic whistle by bending over an old tobacco-tin lid and piercing two holes in it opposite each other.

To blow this do-it-yourself whistle, you place it underneath the tongue.

This minor shattering of a national image resulted from a reading of "Kelpie and Cattle Dog," written by Monty Hamilton - Wilkes, with photographs by David Cumming (Angus and Robertson, \$4.25).

The kelpie's image comes off better. Yarding or mustering, he will do the work of six men. With the help of

one good dog, a stockman can muster every sheep off thousands of acres of fairly clear country in one day. There are about 8000 kelpies working in Australia at the present time.

It is generally agreed that the kelpie originated from the sheepdogs along the Scotland-England border. Kelpie, which is Gaelic for water-sprite, was a favorite name among Scots sheepherders.

## A BLACK OUTLOOK

SPEAKING of the fashion, a member of our staff tells us of her sister, who—meaning to say she was going to buy a caftan—reported her interest in getting a catafalque—a stage for displaying a coffin at a funeral!



● The tablecloth caftan made on tiny Nauru, in the Pacific, is modelled by former air hostess Mrs. Art De Groot.

## She turned out cupboards to turn out a dress!

■ No one can say the caftan hasn't "gone places" since Paris designers adapted it from the loose-flowing robe worn for centuries in Eastern countries.

And now it has even become the centre of attraction on a tiny island in the Pacific.

Falling in love with a Paris caftan pictured in The Australian Women's Weekly (January 25 issue), Mrs. G. Lax, of Nauru Island, Central Pacific, decided to make one.

But, because fashion is a "vague thing" on Nauru, it was impossible to buy the necessary fabric and trimmings.

So Mrs. Lax, who has lived on the island for three-and-a-half years, turned out all her

### ● Tablecloth

The rich, damask fabric was a discarded tablecloth, which Mrs. Lax criss-crossed all over with gold lurex thread. Then, using fabric paints bought in Melbourne last year, she covered the caftan with bright, Eastern-inspired emblems.

Finally, Mrs. Lax embroidered the centre panel with anything she could find—beads, light metal motifs, Christmas wrapping ribbon, braids, and sequins—and finished the sleeves with a loomed bead trim.

# Be happy! Go lively in 'Bri-Nylon'

(Easy-care clothes you  
don't have to fuss over)\*

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It's Mellow Yellow, a smooth swinging sports shirt for carefree days from **Crestknit style 478HJ**. The style is perfect. The fit, great. Now check the label. It says 'Bri-Nylon'? Go ahead — you're assured of the quality. 'Bri-Nylon' means easy-care clothes you don't have to fuss over. 'Bri-Nylon' means value for the price you pay. 'Bri-Nylon' puts the fun back into shopping for clothes. Be happy! Go lively in 'Bri-Nylon'!

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This label\*  
looks after  
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Page 39

**SAVE**

...look for  
the economy  
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## NO MESSY FINGERS WITH BLUO

BE MODERN—JUST SQUEEZE THE AMOUNT YOU NEED!



**It's concentrated!**

Bluo is all pure blue—ready to measure out drop by drop. No messy bag with Bluo. Just squeeze Bluo's modern plastic pack for the exact amount you need. Add blue into your rinse the modern way. See your washing come out whiter.

**BLUO**  
CONCENTRATED  
TO LAST LONGER  
WHITEN WHITER

## TRAPPED IN SUEZ CANAL

Continued from page 13

**JUNE 13:** The British Government, we heard, is making every effort to get its ships out of the canal. So is Sweden. The weather gets hotter and the flies, the bush type that stick to everything, are terrible. A Polish lifeboat called to exchange movies, but we couldn't oblige—we haven't any.

**JUNE 14:** Floor-washing day as usual. The agent called at noon and said we would be here for a month or more as the canal was blocked each end with sunken ships. He said we could send letters, but cautioned that they would be censored. What can one say in a censored letter?

**JUNE 18:** We celebrated Annagrete's birthday at 6.30 a.m. with coffee and cream cake. The boys have been swimming around the ships, which has given the day quite a carnival atmosphere.

An Arab boat brought over some provisions. They ask a terrific price for rotten stuff. Their boat was filthy and Australian flour trickled out of water-stained bags.

Our work finished, we gathered in the provision-room and Annagrete brought us all drinks. Then we were invited to see a movie on the Scottish Star. It was wonderful. I met a few Aussies and felt homesick.

### Who will stay?

Gunnel (a stewardess) is sick and has signed off, which means that now I have her work to do as well. The two engineers' wives and a passenger—a sick crewman from another ship—are to be taken off and flown home from Cairo. Gunnel will go with them.

**JUNE 21:** There is an air of depression as we see the departees waiting for the boat to take them off the ship. We wonder what is planned for those of us who are left. Will some go home? Who will stay? The crew is very restless, with little to do, but that's not so for me. Appetites never slacken and that means continual work.

Wasn't feeling very well today, so I limped through my work, went to my cabin, took a shower, washed and set my hair, and was just starting to paint my nails when the door opened and there was a letter from good old friend Amy. A letter! Christmas belis! Oh, my dear friend, I could kiss her right now. I will never forget this night.

**JUNE 22:** A lot of movement on Sinai. Army transports, cars, even a long silver bus. We were advised the departees' boat would arrive at 10 a.m. It came at 11.50 and took off with 30 people from the Nippon and our five. The Nippon boys, mostly kid cadets, had a conglomeration of luggage, including guitars. I did not envy them their journey to Cairo in this terrible heat, and one of the wives is pregnant.

**JULY 2:** Late this afternoon, a boatload of Arab military arrived and sealed our radio-room. Now we cannot contact other ships. Fighting resumed last night south of here.

**JUNE 23:** Midsummer Eve and a Swedish holiday. Well, the crew are free from noon today till 7 a.m., three days hence. How I envy

them. Just one free day or even one sleep-in. But now there is no let up and today was worse, as dinner was a feast with drinks laid on by the company, which means all those glasses and more washing up.

**JUNE 25:** Everyone but our department enjoying their holiday, swimming, boating—and eating! We hear from Sweden that we have been awarded 200 percent war risk for six days while under fire.

**JUNE 26:** All back to work. Anna washed the linen, I cleaned and scrubbed floors, the stewards punched dough, and Vincent (a young assistant steward) baked. Then at 12.30 p.m. we were advised there would be seven extra for lunch. Anna and I are both at breaking point.

One Australian was among the seven guests, but I didn't give a damn where any of them came from—they now all spell WORK to me.

The agent arrived with mail and there were three lovely letters for me from Sylvia, Maureen, and Phyl. They will never know what their hours of writing meant to me, stuck here with strangers in a hostile country.

**JUNE 29:** The agent called to say that the Arabs have forbidden all lifeboats to use the lake, which means no more visiting and no more visitors. It was very sad, as we had all been invited to a movie on one of the ships.

One Polish ship dressed in bunting all day sounded its leaving siren at 7 p.m. Guess its people are going home. They have declared themselves against Israel and have blacklisted Israeli ports.

**JULY 1:** When we were warned against using lifeboats, we were told if we needed anything to signal the pilot station and we would get prompt attention. Well, out of oil for a day and a half, no recognition of our signals, the captain decided to take action. We would take the ship alongside the Scottish Star.

It was tense as our engines started revving with the Arab spy boats standing by. Our nerves were at fever pitch as we started to move, so slowly, alongside the Scottish Star, bumping it gently. In no time, the lifeline pumps were working and the crew from both ships were visiting.

We went aboard and the two chief stewards had a good time exchanging provisions. We got newly baked bread, sugar, 2000 tea bags, and other sundries. We gave tinned fruits, soups, pulped tomatoes, apple pies, and coffee. Tonight the captain sent down an order for eight extra steaks—more visitors!

At least the chief engineer was happy. He had been having nightmares about oil. If we had had to close the engines down, it would have been goodnight to refrigerated cargo.

**JULY 2:** Late this afternoon, a boatload of Arab military arrived and sealed our radio-room. Now we cannot contact other ships. Fighting resumed last night south of here.

**JULY 4:** Can now use boats during the day, so

visited the Nippon, taking frozen meat and a lamb. We got fly-spray, cockroach powder, and an assortment of confectionery. Funny how you appreciate sweets when they are not available.

**JULY 7:** Received our paybooks today, so everyone is very happy with their six days' 200 percent war risk pay. Also in our department we have received extra payment for guests served.

**JULY 10:** At lunchtime a Scottish Star lifeboat—they have been banned from the lake again—was on its way to visit another ship when it was arrested. There seems to be fighting every day, and now we have guards on the ship.

Captain Wood, of the Scottish Star, is the rebel of the lake. He disarmed his Arab guards and told them the ship was his and, while they were quite welcome aboard, their guns must be locked up.

**JULY 15:** All day there has been heavy fighting and bombing and fires and I thought the war had started again. Two planes were shot down over the lake. Oh, for some fresh fruit, flowers, and vegetables and a haircut. I had a "Mia Farrow" in Melbourne before we left, but now it is shaggy and hot.

**JULY 18:** Guards have been taken off, and there are United Nations observers on each side of the canal. Israel has ten boats on the canal, and the Arabs have warned her that if she launches them they will take action and accept no responsibility for the foreign ships.

At 4 p.m. the Swedish radio announced that plans were being made to take us to Sweden. At 7 p.m. the radio operator called with a list of names to check those who want to leave. Now it will be a frantic business of trying to cope with the job and pack—for when?

### No one talks

I sorted out the things I could take and the things I would have to leave behind and hope to pick up on the ship's next call to Australia. No time to pack as the captain is entertaining for lunch, afternoon drinks, and dinner.

**JULY 22:** Finished work at 2.30 and hoped to do packing. But, no, we had to prepare for a barbecue being given tonight to the officers of the British ships.

**JULY 26:** We move in a dream and no one talks of leaving any more—in fact, no one talks. A boat arrives flying a Canal flag and there is not a flutter of excitement. Suddenly, we are told it is the agent and we are to leave at 4 p.m. on Saturday.

**JULY 27:** Couldn't sleep last night, so after tossing and turning, got up at 2 a.m. and scrubbed all my floors to be free to pack today. Foiled, as seven visitors came in for afternoon coffee and food and five more for drinks in the officers' mess.

**JULY 28:** Today we heard our relief crew had left Sweden. Now we know it is true.

**FOOTNOTE:** Mrs. Farrell was flown to Sweden and later to Australia.

## How to keep your hands soft & smooth

is always a problem, especially if they are often in water. Soaps and detergents remove the natural oils and make your hands dry, hard and cracked and sometimes even cause detergent dermatitis. The effective answer to this problem is SKIN REPAIR from your family Chemist, at only 69c per tube, or 95c for a jar. SKIN REPAIR acts in a combination of ways to restore your hands to a soft, healthy condition. Firstly, the unique blend of rich oils and emollients soften and moisturize the skin and aid healing. In addition, SKIN REPAIR contains Activated Silicone to create a barrier against water, to prevent further damage and to allow the emollients to do their work undisturbed. Finally, hexachlorophene, the wonder antiseptic, is included to prevent infection in cracks and promote healing. Use SKIN REPAIR regularly to keep your hands soft and smooth. You will find it is economical—a little goes a long way, and a handy economy-size dispenser is available at a cost of \$2.25. If you tend to have dry and peeling skin on your face, body or legs—SKIN REPAIR applied regularly will also remedy these conditions.

## If your child misbehaves...

Try this for overnight recovery

There are days when even the most placid children become almost impossible to handle. Wise mothers suspect childhood constipation. It's usually Mother Nature's job to keep your children regular. But, when Nature forgets, remember Laxettes. Each milk chocolate square contains an exact dose of a mild laxative. Laxettes, given at bedtime, work gently to correct irregularity while your kiddie sleeps. Next day the constipation attack is over. Always keep Laxettes handy.

Only 35 cents (3/6).

Advertisement

## Lemons for Beauty

TO keep your skin clear and fair you need the natural cleansing and bleaching tonic of lemons. Ask your chemist for a bottle of lemon Delph, the latest type skin freshener used by beautiful women throughout the world. Lemon Delph makes the complexion, neck and shoulders fair and lovely as it melts out plugged pores, closes them to a beautifully fine texture. Lemon Delph freshener is excellent for a quick cleanse or to quell a greasy nose. A little brushed on the hair after your shampoo will give it the glamour of sparkling diamonds. This is a luxury skin freshener, cleanser and tonic.

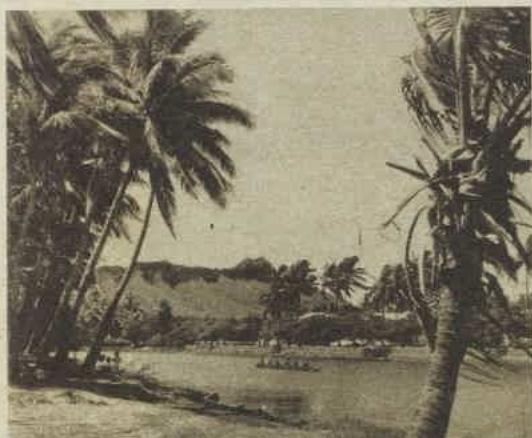
LOOK ALIVE with

## The Bulletin

POLITICAL COMMENT,  
NEWS, and VIEWS  
EVERY WEEK • ONLY 20c

# All aboard for adventure!

Countdown begins for our world tourists' thrilling departure day



DIAMOND HEAD (centre) pictured from only a few blocks beyond Waikiki Beach, Hawaii. Glamorous Honolulu is one of the ports of call for our World Tourists on the voyage to England.

EXCITEMENT is running high as people from all over Australia and New Zealand—members of our forthcoming World Discovery Tour—begin the countdown for their departure.

In a few months they will be aboard the P & O liner Orcades when she sails from Sydney on February 4 for the holiday of a lifetime.

Travelling by ship and coach these lucky tourists will visit 22 countries in just over five months.

So far, people from all walks of life, married couples, single men and women, widows and widowers, and families have availed themselves of this wonderful travel offer.

For as little as \$1780 (\$N.Z.1432) per person you, too, could be a member of this prearranged group holiday.

Here's what you get: For the basic price of \$1708 (\$N.Z. 1432) per person you receive shipboard accommodation in four-berth cabins in the one-class Orcades to England and four-berth cabins in the tourist section of the Canberra for the return trip.

After arrival in London—where you have a total of 13 nights' accommodation at well-situated hotels—you have a 23-day tour of eight European countries.

On return from Europe you set off again on an interest-packed seven-day tour of England and Scotland.

On both sea voyages you have the services of your own Tour Director, who accompanies you and who is resident in London to see that the tour's operation is a complete success.

The basic price also covers London sightseeing excursions as well as free portage of two average-

sized suitcases on your initial arrival and departure from London and one average-sized suitcase on your European and U.K. tours.

Despite recent shipping fare increases the price of our World Discovery Tour remains unchanged, making it better value than ever.

The most important thing to remember when considering a holiday such as this is that you know exactly how much it's going to cost you because it's all pre-paid and prearranged before you leave.

You know what you are getting and so eliminate the worries and disappointments about forward bookings and those tedious chores which

independent travellers always have to face.

As with our previous two World Discovery Tours the planning and itinerary has been done for us by World Travel Headquarters, who are the recognised leaders of group travel in Australia.

A fascinating itinerary has been mapped out by their experts, who have been over and over the course to ensure the highest standard of service.

The tour begins from Sydney on February 4 when the Orcades sails. (Special arrangements have been made to enable Western Australians, Victorians, and New Zealanders to join the tour in their own ports. South Australians will travel to Melbourne for embarkation.)

Each of the 1400 members in our party will have the complete run of the Orcades—a comfortable one-class ship with lounges, decks, libraries, and swimming-pools.

On your return from Europe you have yet another few days in which to sightsee round London (a number of city excursions are already paid for in your basic tour price) before you begin a tour of England and Scotland.

Calls are later made at Kobe and Yokohama (port for Tokyo) in Japan before the cross-Pacific run to Hawaii.

After Honolulu, the ports en route to England are Los Angeles, Acapulco in Mexico, Panama Canal, Cristobal, Miami, and Portuguese Madeira.

Some months later the return voyage is made in the tourist section of the P & O

## HOW TO BOOK

New South Wales—A.C.T.: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd. (member of AFTA), 33-35 Bligh Street, Sydney. Telephone 28-4841.

Northern N.S.W.: Jayes Travel Service Pty. Ltd., 285 Hunter Street, Newcastle. Telephone 2-5191.

Victoria—Tasmania: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., C.M.L. Building, 330 Collins Street, Melbourne. Telephone 67-7481.

Queensland—Northern Territory—New Guinea: Universal Travel Company, 371 Queen Street, Brisbane. Telephone 2-3008.

South Australia: King's Travel Agency Pty. Ltd., 30 Currie Street, Adelaide. Telephone 51-2146.

Western Australia: Westfarmers Travel Service, 569 Wellington Street and 14 Terrace Arcade, Perth. Telephone 21-0191.

New Zealand: Russell & Somers Limited, 83 Customs Street East, Auckland. Telephone 2-0959.

London Offices: Milbanke House, 104 New Bond Street, London W.1, England. Telephone HYDe Park 8494, GROsvenor 7221.

—OR SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT.

## CHOICE OF EARLY RETURN

If you can't spare the time for the 23-day "at leisure" period in London and would like to return home earlier than in the Canberra in June, accommodation has been reserved in the Oriana, sailing from England on April 26, 1968, calling at Piraeus (Athens' port), Port Said, Aden, Singapore, Fremantle (May 17), Melbourne (May 20), Sydney (May 21).

New Zealand passengers may fly on from Sydney at a small extra cost, or wait for

the Oriana, which leaves on June 4 for Auckland.

To compensate for the reduced time in London, a reduction of \$A40 (£N.Z.16—\$N.Z.32) will apply to extra charges for improved cabin accommodation on the return sailing.

If you take advantage of this alternative return, you must advise your travel agent when making your tour reservation.



## Kemphorne will plan your home lighting, absolutely free.

How can light help you entertain?

How to stop working in your own shadow in the kitchen. Let Kemphorne answer all your questions. Just send us an approximate floor plan, ceiling height and colour scheme of your home. You will receive, free of cost, a complete home lighting plan. Kemphorne fittings are displayed in the showrooms listed.

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Brisbane: K. H. Dore & Sons, 273 Boundary Street. No sales are made from these showrooms. Mail the coupon below and receive the glamorous Kemphorne Book of Lighting.

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Kemphorne Pty. Ltd., Box 133, P.O., Clayton, Vic.

**OVERNIGHT! A RICH GOLDEN TAN FOR YOUR LEGS (ALL-OVER TOO!)**

So easy...so glamorous...to have golden tan legs without sun (face and body too) from the very first time you wear your new-season's frocks and swimsuit. That's the promise of Napro Golden Tan—the only one that's specially tinted. You see where you apply it and never leave a streak or patch.

Golden TAN by Napro





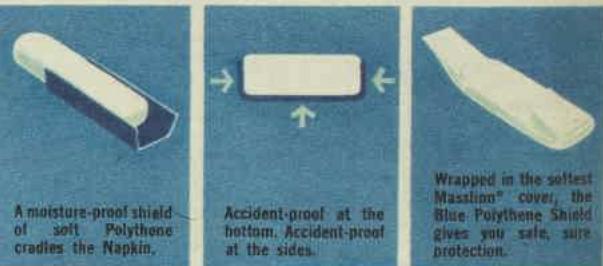
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*because*

## A new Blue Shield of protection

Today you have the choice  
of a New Modess...

New "Blue Polythene Shield"  
Modess with an exclusive  
accident-proof barrier of  
Blue Polythene on three sides



Your choice of Modess Napkins includes Modess Regular (green pack), Modess SUPER (pink pack) for extra absorbency and VEE-FORM\* by Modess, the slimmer, form-fitting style.

*Johnson & Johnson*

\*Trade Marks

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 20, 1967

## Golden gift of friendship

MY sentiments are expressed in the old verse: "Make new friends but keep the old. One is silver, the other gold." My school-friends are perhaps dearest to me because I have been able to follow their ways through the years, and they mine. New friends see only the person I have become, and know little of what has gone before to make me what I am. So here is a tribute to friends of 30 years ago, for being so constant and true. I appreciate the golden gift of their friendship.

\$2 to Mrs. P. Stewart, Midland, W.A.

LASTING friendships from schooldays are rare. School friendships are mostly nebulous things which fluctuate from class to class or year to year on whim and fancy. The process of growing-up, working, being married, and moving away all contribute to breaking the threads of good intentions and causing a rift. Different phases of our lives demand different friends around us, until at last we gather our own circle of permanent friends and grow old together.

\$2 to Mrs. O. Tewkesbury, Old Bar, N.S.W.

BEING now in my eightieth year, and still corresponding with my school-friend and room-mate there, my happiest days are those when the postman calls out to me, "Well, I've done the right thing today." That school friendship has given us happiness all these years.

\$2 to "Mid" (name supplied), Hobart.

THE people we meet throughout life are just extensions of the school-friends we made in childhood. There will always be the loving ones, the ones with integrity, and the charming ones to whom we give our hearts because they tell us just what we want to hear — that we are wonderful.

\$2 to Mrs. Elizabeth Ainsworth, Garden City, Vic.

A CHILDHOOD friendship is the best. I am not saying it is always a long-lasting friendship, for children tend to grow apart. But a child gives his friendship wholly and freely, with no hidden motives or desires. An adult offers only part of himself, and often with intentions of gaining something. A childhood friendship is the most innocent, undemanding, and most memorable friendship.

\$2 to "One Who Knows" (name supplied), Tweed Heads, N.S.W.

I BEGAN school at four years of age and on my first day met another new girl. That was 62 years ago. We were the closest dear friends with never a quarrel or harsh word. Last week my friend had a stroke and died. Oh, how sad I feel. But what wonderful, happy memories I have of a life-long friend.

\$2 to Mrs. F. Hill, Hill End, Qld.



## LETTER BOX

### "People before things"

MY mother used to say, "Put people before things," and for the third time in 12 months I have proved how wise such advice is. NOW I can do my neglected cupboards, having just returned from a hurried trip to attend the funeral service of one of the very dear friends for whom I have been neglecting them. My last letter arrived in time. How terrible it would be to have regrets for a letter that should have been written but was not.

\$2 to Mrs. Phyl Chaplin, Nambucca Heads, N.S.W.

### Weighty matter

WHY are most people careful not to make hurtful remarks to overweight people yet seem to think it's perfectly all right to do so to those who are underweight?

I cannot count the number of times I have been told I'm too skinny, yet no one would dream of telling an overweight person she was too fat. Surely the boot should be on the other foot if people HAVE to make such remarks! After all, being overweight is mainly due to overindulgence and lack of willpower. Being underweight, however, is a problem which even doctors find difficulty in solving.

\$2 to "Fed Up" (name supplied), Rose Bay, N.S.W.

### Behind his success

HOW true it is that "Wherever you find a really successful man, in the background you'll find an ambitious woman." A bachelor may plod along for years, neither liking nor disliking his job as long as it provides for his needs. But if he marries an ambitious woman it is a different story. By an astute mixture of push and diplomacy, she persuades him to study to qualify for a better position. In the background she does everything in her power to further his career. And when he finally arrives at the summit — he probably thinks he did it all himself!

\$2 to "Mother" (name supplied), Mentone, Vic.

### The full circle

HOW inconsistent we are! At four to five years old, upon the prospect of going to school for the first time — oh, those shining eyes full of joyous anticipation. At 16? "School! Ugh. I'm starting work. Isn't life wonderful?" At 22, after three years of marriage and still at work: "How I loathe the office. I'm going to have a baby and be a real housewife." Twelve years later, with the last of four children beginning kindergarten: "I've got a job. Oh, won't it be heaven to really live again!"

\$2 to Mrs. M. (name supplied), Mark's Point, N.S.W.

- We pay \$2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.



## HANDY TO STATION

• The Railway Hotel in Dubbo has had its name changed to the Hotel Civic. The licensee told the Dubbo Licensing Court, "No one today wants to stay at a hotel with that name."

*In every town across the land  
The Railway, Royal, and the Grand,  
Oh, yes, and the Commercial, too  
(The pubs were legion, names were few),  
Two-storeyed timber, sometimes bricks,  
All served their dinner sharp at six.  
The rules behind the bedroom door  
Made clear this point and many more.  
You liked it or you lumped it — well,  
Who stayed for fun in a hotel?  
The Royals and the Grands survive,  
Commercials, Civics, too, contrive  
To alter images, adjust  
To changing times, because they must.  
It's harder for the Railways, though  
(Where Grandpa stayed, and Uncle Joe,  
Both never failing to declare  
They liked to save a taxi fare).  
The name, it's said, their progress cramps,  
Despite soft music, bedside lamps,  
Room service, phones, and inner springs  
And other pleasant modern things...  
Despite all these, the memory sticks  
With dinners grimly served at six.*

— Dorothy Drain

### So long unwanted

THE woman in the small shop looked worried. "I know I've got them somewhere," she said, "but I can't remember where. I haven't been asked for them for ages." No, my request wasn't for ten-inch hatpins or tortoiseshell hairpins, or even a wigwam for a goose's bridle. All I wanted was a packet of darning needles.

\$2 to Mrs. I. M. Milutinovic, Albany, W.A.

**Ross Campbell writes...**

**SLEEPY-TIME GAL**

A YOUNG man sitting near us at the football was very critical of the game.

"Where's your seeing-eye dog, Ref?" he shouted.

I glanced in his direction and noticed that there was a girl beside him.

She was a pretty blonde, sitting in a hunched position. Girls are not an unusual sight at football matches, but this one was different — she was asleep.

While I looked at her, her escort turned his attention to the forwards of the home team.

"What an actor! Give him the Academy Award!" scoffed the young man.

His girlfriend half-opened her eyes and gazed drowsily at the field. Then she went back to bye-byes.

The Sleeping Beauty was one of those loyal girls who go with the man of their choice to sporting events in which they have not the faintest interest.

Cartoonists often draw pictures of bored men who are taken by their wives to the opera. They never draw pictures of bored girls who are taken by their boyfriends to the football.

Yet these girls are more numerous,

because we have more football matches than operas.

The young man's wrath was aroused next by a player of the visiting side. This player lay on the ground with every appearance of being injured.

"What an actor! Give him the Academy Award!" scoffed the young man.

This time his beloved did not stir. She was in a deep slumber.

Although interested in the game

myself, I sympathised with Sleeping Beauty.

I have felt exactly the same somnolence when the Whipples were showing their home movies. Also during lectures on social problems and at the office after lunch.

Not enough thought has been given to the problems of girls taken to football matches.

Some of them gradually learn to enjoy the game. A few even become expert barrackers, calling out shrilly: "Oh, you droogo!" and "He's been doing it all day!"

Other girls never quite understand what is going on, but stay awake, quietly watching and wondering.

A few just have this overpowering desire to snooze.

Sleeping Beauty's cavalier, to do him justice, did not try to wake her till full-time. Then he shook her and yelled: "We won!"

She rubbed her eyes, yawned, and said: "I had a funny dream. I thought I was at a football match."

But as they walked away she looked more refreshed than he did.

I should add that this happened at a Rugby League match in Sydney. I have never heard of a girl sleeping through an Australian Rules match in Melbourne. She would have to be heavily drugged.



Who's the Pretty Girl  
You in the elegance of  
'Pretty Girl'  
Fashions



Look for the Pretty Girl's  
Jersey Master label at all  
leading stores and Fashion  
Salons throughout Australia

Betty  
Sydney

EXCITING NEW IDEA!

## Delicious easy-to-make **NUT ROLL MIX**

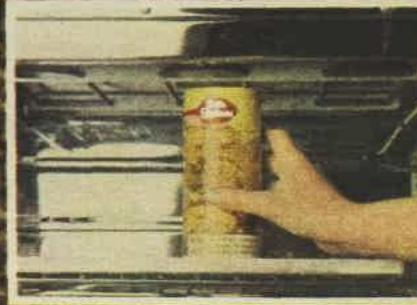
BAKES IN IT'S OWN FREE DISPOSABLE CONTAINER!



1. Just mix as directed with one egg and water.



2. Pour mixture back in the container supplied.



3. Pop the container in the oven and bake it up.

Now you can bake a scrumptious nut roll with so little trouble. Just mix the ingredients . . . pour the mixture back . . . and bake it in the container. No baking tin required. No greasing. Takes only minutes to prepare. And then . . . taste it! Ummm. Would you believe this kind of rich, moist, family size nut roll could be made so easily. Delicious fruity flavour—tantalising aroma—scrumptious! There's Betty Sydney Ginger and Nut or Date and Walnut Roll Mixes in the new "cook-in" containers at your store now. Try one. It's the most delicious new idea in home baking!



**When it comes from the pack with the Red Spoon—it's best!**



8-Page pattern parade supplement of  
**ELEGANT LINENS IN PRINT**  
with frosty make-up and colored hose

● This fashion feature shows MOYGASHEL spring linens for young elegants made up in VOGUE Patterns (using VILENE), worn with KOLO-TEX colored stockings, and REVOLN'S new frosty make-up. We have arranged parades in stores throughout Australia to show you these up - to - the - minute fashion trends of the new season.

ON the accessory side, the spring fling of colored stockings worn by our models deserves notice. There's not a leg worth a glance in any part of the fashion world that isn't sheathed with a colorful stocking. These are Kolotex Clings—the color range is sizzling and there's beige as well.

Finally, there's the pretty feminine face of spring. As Revlon sees it (in fact, decrees it), now's the time to wear Frostling Mothling make-up — born beautifiers that set glowing eyes in a frame of soft, smoky color (see pictures, page 5) and give an all-over frosting to colorful skin and bow-shaped lips.

### PARADES AT LEADING STORES

● Fashions in this supplement will be paraded at:

MELBOURNE: Buckleys, August 14-17.  
BRISBANE: Two David Jones Stores, August 21-26.

PERTH: David Jones Terrace Store, August 21-24.

ADELAIDE: David Jones, August 28-September 1.

SYDNEY: David Jones, City, September 18-23. David Jones, Parramatta, Brookvale, and Bankstown, September 28-30.



#### HOW TO ORDER

● Patterns are available from Pattern Service, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132, also leading stores throughout Australia and New Zealand.

7045.—Dress and coat. A-line, double-breasted coat (centre) has welt pockets and  $\frac{3}{4}$ th sleeves. Sleeveless A-line dress (left) has welt pockets. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. 7045 Vogue Pattern, price 95c incl. postage. 7053.—Semi-fitted jacket, pants, and overblouse (right). Ankle-length pants have elasticised waistband. Same pattern includes shorts and midriff top. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. 7053 Vogue Pattern, price 95c includes postage.

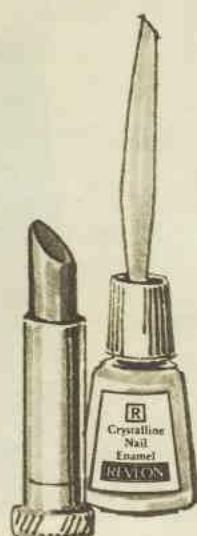
# Revlon ignites The Elegant Woman with color

Revlon believes in colorful elegance.

Starts by putting an end to the plain jane mouth with 'Fiery Frostlings' . . . lipstick shockful of frosted fire-and-icy color.

Dazzling the daylights out of a nightimed look. Shining just as sweetly by the silvery noon. Then Revlon streaks color to your very fingertips with matching Crystalline Nail Enamel.

Finishes with a brushful of colors to make your eyes look inescapable. It's color, Revlon color, that ignites the elegant woman.



The Australian Women's Weekly

# NEW SHAPES—young, elegant



6996.—Semi-fitted dress (left) has double-breasted jacket, martingale belt sewn into seams. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16 for 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. 6996 Vogue Pattern, 85c incl. postage.

1756.—Semi-fitted dress with cutaway armholes (centre), bias turnover collar. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. 1756 Vogue Pattern, price 85c includes postage. 1695.—Semi-fitted blazer, same sizes and bust fittings, price 75c includes postage.

7074.—Semi-fitted, full-length dress (right) has front button and loop closing, sleeve interest. Pattern also includes tunic, overblouse, pants, and shorts. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. 7074 Vogue Pattern, price 95c includes postage.

KOLOTEX

Clings

STAY-UPS

TRIKOLON



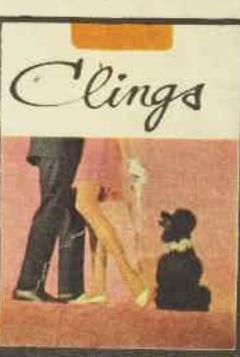
*no suspenders!  
no garters!  
no girdles!  
they stay up like magic!*

TWO-WAY CLING FROM TOP TO TOE

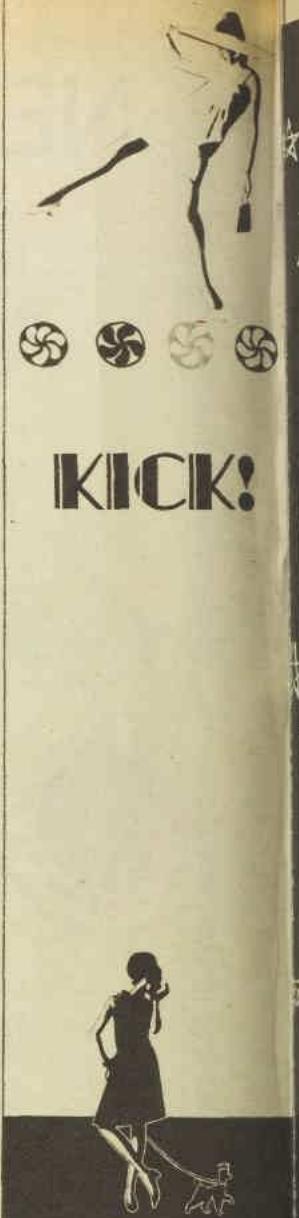
CLINGS: No wrinkles! No sags! 2-way cling from top-to-toe fits short legs, tall legs, all legs. Exceptional wear. Clings in wild new colours! 99c.

SUPER SHEERS: So fine they don't even tip the scales at half an ounce! All the no-wrinkle beauty of Clings in a sheerness that lasts far longer than you'd expect. \$1.00.

PANTI-HOSE: 15 denier sheers and 30 denier briefs all-in-one! Fantastic fit! All the beauty of 2-way Cling in a stocking that won't ladder. Only \$1.99.



The Australian Women's Weekly



KICK!





CANCER

- What kind of a wife are you or will you become? And what kind of a husband is best for you?

FROM

# It's all in the Stars

BY ZOLAR

the world-famous astrologer

• Are you a Leo married to a Cancer? A Gemini engaged to a Libra? No matter what signs you and your husband or boyfriend were born under, you'll find your chances of happiness, as estimated by Zolar, in this supplement. Zolar also outlines the characteristics of wives and husbands born under each of the 12 zodiacal signs.



# ARIES

(March 21-April 20)

## THE ARIES WIFE

THE Aries woman personifies one of the highest feminine developments of the zodiac. These women make wonderful wives for ambitious men.

They like to spend their spare time in constructive self-improvement. They are witty, clever conversationalists, with wonderful social presence. Either they are willing to help the husband in business or they have some lucrative sideline of their own that adds to the family fortunes.

The appearance of the Aries wife is very smart, for she is usually good looking and takes great pride in her looks. Pride is one of her outstanding qualities. She has such a superior opinion of her own family that it shows plainly in her behaviour and sometimes causes others to be resentful.

Jealousy and a desire for a competitive social life are two of her worst faults. She is apt to be jealous of her husband's attentions, and may have a vivid imagination when she feels she might have been wronged. She knows her worth and wants her husband to concentrate upon her with great intensity. This type of woman should marry a passionate, possessive man.

When family life rolls along smoothly the Aries wife can become rather extravagant. She is also generous, so much so that she frequently goes overboard for family and friends.

Page 2—MARRIAGE BY THE STARS

## THE ARIES HUSBAND

THE Aries husband is a distinguished, desirable sort of man. He is the kind of man that all girls aspire to own, but who is by temperament a little hard to acquire.

This is because he is exacting. He has a romantic mental picture of what he wants in a wife, and this image is his idea of perfection. The lady must be beautiful, clever, and most understanding.

Such men are conventional in thought and do not generally go in for bohemian types of romance. They demand a high moral code in the women of their choice, regardless of their own leanings — usually an isolated adventurous fling. As a matter of fact, the Aries man dislikes clandestine affairs.

He is outspoken to a fault, and refuses to hide or lie about his activities. He would consider it a personal affront that he might have to look outside of his home for affection.

The Aries man is ardent and proud; all through life, he has an appeal for the woman he married.

No substitute devotion satisfies him, but a wife can gain his everlasting faithfulness

if she harmonises with him physically and mentally.

### Aries and Aries in marriage

IF one partner will permit the other "to rule the roost," there should be much compatibility between two persons born in the same sign. Although there is a lack of contrasting personalities, there will be a sympathetic understanding on the part of both regarding the qualities and shortcomings of the other.

A note of warning, however: If both Arians have dominant and forceful aspects in their horoscopes, much conflict will arise because of the unflinching desire of both partners to be the head of the house.

### Aries and Taurus

THIS combination should make an excellent match. The Taurorean nature is ruled by Venus, the Goddess of Love, the one thing an Arien always seeks in a mate. Though the slow-moving Taurus may find the going a bit hectic, the excitement may help to stimulate the courtship. One thing the Arien must avoid is temperamental outbursts, for while Taurus is not highly emotional on the surface, he can become obstinate and ferocious as a bull when he sees red!

### Aries and Gemini

THIS alliance usually results in a great deal of bickering due to strong differences about sex. Gemini is a mercurial sign, where the mind plays an important part in all love-making.

The emotional Martian Arien may prove too much for the conventional nature of the Gemini.

Above all, Gemini respects the refined, intellectual approach to connubial bliss. The impatient Arien may find this frustrating, and after a time seek a less difficult companion.

### Aries and Cancer

THIS is usually a hard combination in which to find good matchmates. Cancerians are ruled by the moon and are

moodily, sentimental, and secretive. They have a tendency to live in the past, and rarely forget serious quarrels or family disagreements which occur early in marriage. What might be an unimportant breach to Aries could become a traumatic block to Cancer. Though the Cancerian holds on with the tenacity of a crab, he has a tendency to back away from situations which have been hurtful in the past.

### Aries and Leo

THIS is usually a splendid combination. While both signs are emotional in their make-up, Leo will lionise an Aries mate. This is particularly true if Aries will allow Leo to hold the floor on occasions. The impetuous Aries lover will find a welcome home in the lion's den. Leo admires the aggressive tendencies of fiery contemporaries.

### Aries and Virgo

THIS combination is similar to the Aries-Gemini combination. Virgo is ruled by Mercury and does not blend well astrologically with the Martian tendencies of Aries. Virgoans are usually too precise and fault-finding for the Arien personality. Virgo wants a well-ordered existence and will not be happy under Arien dictatorship. The prissy Virgo will, certainly, not condone the bossy Aries.

### Aries and Libra

AN excellent combination of Mars and Venus. The warm and passionate Libran will make a welcome home for the fiery, impetuous Aries. This will be particularly true if both persons are on the same cultural and intellectual plane. Libra's refined and artistic temperament yearns for reciprocal attachments.

### Aries and Scorpio

SINCE there is never room for two heads in one family, this combination would not make an ideal partnership. Both signs are strongly dominated by the planet Mars, which makes for very positive temperaments unless there are several benign natal planetary aspects.

While Scorpio may adore the Aries from a sexual standpoint, their more mundane interests would be constantly at odds.

#### Aries and Sagittarius

THIS combination of the first and third sign of the fiery Trinity usually makes an ideal partnership. The Mars-Jupiter duo are an ideal match for each other. Both are creatures of impulse. They can both have outside interests without causing personal conflict and friction. The Sagittarian banner is "liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"; Aries is usually willing to go along with this idea.

#### Aries and Capricorn

A DOUBTFUL combination. Saturn, represented by old Father Time, is the Capricorn standard-bearer. Aries are too impatient to cope with the slow, methodical plodding of the Capricornian nature. The Capricornian goat will butt up against the Martian will and an impasse is bound to occur.

In matters of sex there is an affinity; however, the inherent personalities clash.

#### Aries and Aquarius

THE unpredictable Aquarian may tax an Arien mate's patience, while the instability of the Arien temperament will surely provoke the sign of goodwill and self-sacrifice. Such are the bones of contention that make this partnership a gamble. The planet Uranus, which rules Aquarius, is unpredictable in its actions; therefore, Aquarians have a tendency to procrastinate too much to please the Arien "up and at 'em" characteristics.

#### Aries and Pisces

THE sentimental Pisces nature finds little comfort in the Arien's aggressiveness. Pisceans are romantic, but they desire the delicate approach that the Arien lacks. Neptune, the planet of the higher mind, gives Pisces an ethereal quality. Unless the Arien mate is willing to take a trip to the clouds now and then, the partnership will prove incompatible.

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# TAURUS

(April 21-May 20)

#### THE TAURUS WIFE

THE Taurus wife is, perhaps, the most dependable wife in the whole range of zodiacal types. She seldom resorts to divorce; she will endure extreme hardships rather than desert her mate.

The Taurus wife is naturally adapted to domestic life. She is a perfect home-maker, a devoted mother, and a loving mate. She is usually quite ambitious, for Taurus women are domineering in their own quiet way. They appear to be calm, reserved, and friendly, yet underneath they are jealous, and covet the material things in life.

The Taurus wife never questions her husband's devotion because she, herself, seldom strays. She is a most affectionate, demonstrative woman, wholly engrossed in her home and family. She watches her family with a personal attention that occasionally exacts service from them. Beneath the goodness of a Taurus wife there is a streak of determination that pushes her husband to meet her demands. She covers her determination by seeming to be dependent.

The devotion of these women can best be held by a man who is important in the business world and can afford to give his wife a luxurious home where she may show off her housekeeping ability and her social charm. A positive Taurus woman with good planetary influences possesses well-directed determination; a negatively

influenced woman is obstinate and stubborn. The great redeeming feature of the Taurean wife is a deep understanding and sympathy toward those she loves.

#### THE TAURUS HUSBAND

THE Taurus male has one of the finest qualities of all for attaining success as a husband, though it would appear that he is rather stern.

It is true there is a bullish tendency to demand of life both love and material success. But the Taurus man is so dependable, kind, generous, and faithful to his trust as a homebuilder that any violence in his emotional nature must be overlooked. He seldom neglects his home for an outside interest. Any such diversion is usually transitory and fleeting.

This type of husband adores his wife and children, and takes pains to give them the best home, education, clothes, and amusements that this world provides. These men often marry above their station in life, partly because they are so ambitious to establish themselves, and partly because their search for success leads them to high social goals.

The rulership of Venus in the Sign gives them great appreciation of beauty. In order to hold a Taurus husband throughout life, the wife must constantly look her best and behave lovingly.

The husbands adore independence and like to feel they are the sole providers of their families' happiness. Domestic life, tiresome to so many of the other zodiacal

types, is never tiresome to the Taurus husband. Once married, he never regrets his lost bachelor existence.

The negative type of Taurus husband is apt to be somewhat gruff, manifesting a peculiar, self-willed, and obstinate attitude. He represents the "I am for myself" type of personality.

#### Taurus and Aries in marriage

ALTHOUGH Aries is an impatient, energetic sign, rather domineering, Taurus should not have any difficulty finding compatibility with this sign. The slower-moving Taurus may find the going a bit hectic, but the excitement may help stimulate the courtship, since Taurus is a highly emotional sign, though very obstinate when dictated to. The Taurean, ruled by Venus, Goddess of Love, will usually show the Mars-ruled Aries the error of his ways when they meet on a common level.

#### Taurus and Taurus

THIS appears to be a compatible combination from a purely physical standpoint. There could be trouble on the mental plane due to tendencies toward jealousy and stubbornness. Unless one or the other is willing to give way when tempers flare and accusations fly, serious difficulties could arise to mar the nuptial bliss. One point in favor is that both understand the little quirks of the other, and if deeply in love, they will readily forgive in the privacy of the love nest.

#### Taurus and Gemini

THE Gemini personality may prove too restless for the Taurean nature. Emotionally these two signs are at odds. The Mercurian outlook on intimate matters does not sit well with a son or daughter of Venus. The Gemini loves variety of thought, and delights in all mental pursuits, while the Taurean is mostly interested in the material things of life. The great sex drive of the Taurean could overpower the more docile Gemini.

#### Taurus and Cancer

THIS usually makes a good combination. Cancer likes a good home and much affection. This is what every Taurean hopes to find when undertaking conjugal responsibilities. From an emotional point of view, there is nothing in the stars that

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bars the prospect of a happy married life between these two partners. One thing the Taurean must remember is that Cancer is exceedingly sensitive and will crawl into a shell if unhappy emotionally.

#### Taurus and Leo

VENUS and the Sun make a good combination, especially when each understands his companion's shortcomings. Both have great sex appeal and excellent physical qualities. Magnanimous Leo is just what the doctor ordered for the Taurean's love of the finer things in life.

If the Taurean curbs the tendency toward jealousy and gives Leo a little leeway to show off, all is fine.

#### Taurus and Virgo

TAURUS should avoid the attractiveness of the Virginian if a love-at-first-sight predicament is to be avoided. Taurus will certainly not get his own way here. The Taurean does not like criticism, the sharpest weapon of Virgo. Unless you are willing to take a lot of nagging, it would be well to think twice before taking a Virgo mate.

#### Taurus and Libra

THIS is a Venus and Venus combination. It should prove compatible, except in circumstances where there are negative aspects from other planets. There will be common interests and a meeting of the mind and body. The Goddess of Love will continue to shine on these lovebirds until one gets out of line. If this occurs, beware, for the feathers will fly! Generally speaking, however, this is usually a good marital combination.

#### Taurus and Scorpio

THIS combination belongs to the mutual admiration society. The strong sexual urge in both of these signs will find much in common. Jealousy is the big bad wolf that keeps hovering at the door. Taurus must be very careful to keep faith with the Scorpio mate, or the roof will cave in without warning. Woe to the one who crosses the Scorpion's path—the sting is considered deadly.

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#### Taurus and Sagittarius

THE possessive Taurean may find the freedom-loving Sagittarian hard to cope with. The Sagittarians are frank and generous; this Jupiterian trait can clash with the Taurean jealousy. The Taurus who marries a Sagittarius will find that no amount of arguing or berating is going to change the reckless Sagittarian.

#### Taurus and Capricorn

WITH mutual understanding of each other's idiosyncrasies this can be a compatible marriage. Venus blends well with Saturn from an emotional point of view. Both need a certain amount of encouragement and flattery. But Taurus will be the one who must take the lead in this direction. While Capricorn may seem a little cold and aloof at first, the warm rays of Venus will soon melt the exterior of caution and prudence that is inherent in all Capricorns.

#### Taurus and Aquarius

THIS combination usually runs into many difficulties. The unpredictable Aquarian may prove too much for the easygoing Taurus nature. Conversely, the conservative habits of Taurus soon get on the dynamic Aquarius' nerves, and tempers start to flash. While both love ease and comfort, their views on how to obtain them are widely divergent. Another source of irritation for the Taurus lover is the unwillingness of Aquarius to share his secrets.

#### Taurus and Pisces

THIS is usually a very happy combination. Sentimental Pisces will find great comfort in sympathetic Taurus. Neptune, the ruler of Pisces, is the higher octave of Venus, who, in turn, rules Taurus. Pisces is impressionable, romantic, imaginative, and flexible, which is just what the Taurus type is looking for. Both have much in common from an artistic standpoint, which helps to blend their mental inclinations.



# GEMINI

(May 21-June 21)

#### THE GEMINI WIFE

THE Gemini wife is first and foremost an intellectual woman. The strongest appeal to her is mental companionship. She must be made to feel that she is a partner and not just a housekeeper.

It is natural for a woman of this type to want to maintain her outside activities after marriage. Of course, outside activities take up a lot of time, and many husbands resent this diffusion of interest. However, if there is to be harmony in the home it is better to treat this condition tactfully.

When these women are talented it is usually in some well-paid line. They have been called mercenary, as they demand just compensation for their efforts. They are not of the long-suffering type who work for nothing.

Gemini women are particular as to how their homes are run, even though they may not be in them as much as other wives. They are refined, meticulous women who abhor untidiness.

The Gemini looks for a marriage partner who can share his mental and social interests and who is not too tied to her home. She must be willing to change her environment as often as he desires.

The wives of these men must suffer their husband's interest in people and other women. He is inclined to be flirtatious, but his wandering fancy should not be taken seriously.

Actually, Gemini men have a great deal of commonsense, and, while they love to pursue the "will-o'-the-wisp," no other man can close a romantic chapter with more finality when the time has come.

These men are apt to assert an air of arrogance to hide an inferiority complex. They have a somewhat critical attitude when it comes to home life. They like everything to be "just so," and can become very fussy when things are not up to their standards.

They have an aversion to monotony and usually seek some diversion when they become bored at home. Though they

sacrifice her home and husband for an extra-marital affair.

#### THE GEMINI HUSBAND

THE Gemini husband is not the type of husband for a possessive, passionate wife. While these men are talented and interesting persons, they desire frequent changes in scenery.

They make good newspapermen, writers, or scientists. Their domestic life is usually sketchy.

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possess a great amount of love for their children, they are apt to be strict with them.

#### Gemini and Aries in marriage

THESE partners would find it hard to meet on common ground, because of the emphatic differences in their approach to sexual matters. Above all, Gemini respects the refined, intellectual approach to connubial bliss. The Arien is an impatient and emotional product of a fiery sign and may find the cool, calm Gemini, whose mind plays such an important part in love-making, frustrating.

#### Gemini and Taurus

THESE two are unsuited to each other because of their emotional outlook. The Mercurian Geminian's delight in all mental pursuits and great love of variety are not compatible with the earthly outlook of the Venus-ruled Taurus. The fixed, slow, plodding, faithful Taurus would find it hard to adapt to the restless Gemini.

#### Gemini and Gemini

THIS should prove a compatible combination; at least both would understand each other's changeable natures. The sex demands and needs would be mutual. The one exception would be if one or the other has Scorpio rising at the time of birth. The demands of Scorpio would prove too much for the purely Mercurial Gemini nature. This combination makes for excellent partnerships where the principals are engaged in corresponding vocations, such as singer-composer, author-publisher, etc.

#### Gemini and Cancer

THE home-loving Cancer may find the club-loving Gemini too elusive for a good mate. While Gemini is constantly on the alert for change, Cancer is satisfied to become a truly domesticated mate. On the other hand, the Cancerian moodiness may become too much for Gemini to cope with. This combination does hold better possibilities for compatibility where the female is a Gemini and the male is a Cancer, especially if there are several children to occupy the Gemini mother.

#### Gemini and Leo

THIS combination will soon find out that they are emotionally unsuited. While Leo loves with the heart first, Gemini loves with the mind. There is great mutual attraction for both these signs on the surface. Both signs are naturally attracted to glamor, flattery, and the world of good fellowship. After these two return home from the party, the carefree, passionate Leo will surely clash with an unreasonable Gemini, who will complain that the Leo love nature is too material, possessive, and demanding.

#### Gemini and Virgo

NOT a good combination for connubial bliss. Mercury, the ruling planet of both these signs, may prove too much over the long pull. In Gemini, Mercury is logical and calculating; in Virgo, it is demanding and critical. The realistic Virgo would be constantly at odds with Gemini's ever-present desire for change. One point of compatibility would be the desire for good clothes, cleanliness, and a mutual desire for friends and associates who are engaged in intellectual and artistic pursuits.

#### Gemini and Libra

THIS is considered to be a good astrological influence for a long and happy life of marriage. Both signs have much in common and enough contrast to make an ideal partnership. Venus (Libra) and Mercury (Gemini) is usually a good planetary configuration. Both favor similar changes of interests. Their intellectual and artistic interests are compatible. Libra will readily understand both sides of the Gemini nature.

#### Gemini and Scorpio

HERE Gemini finds a mate that can surpass the Gemini urge for action. From a mental standpoint, Gemini is more than a match for a Scorpio mate, but from a sexual and physical viewpoint Gemini is too innately modest for the Scorpio gusto. The jealous and possessive Scorpion nature will soon clash with Gemini's desire for freedom of action. While some Gemini-Scorpio combinations may work out fairly well, the pure Gemini-Scorpio alliance packs as much explosive as an atomic bomb.

#### Gemini and Sagittarius

HERE are two signs with one purpose—freedom of limb and action. Usually a compatible combination, both signs are frank, outspoken, and cherish a certain amount of personal freedom. Inconstancy is mutually agreeable to these two astrological affinities. They meet on common ground and can plan their lives with equanimity. Although there will be times when the love nest will become fairly ruffled and fur may fly, these lovebirds will battle more for diversion than blood.

#### Gemini and Capricorn

HERE we find the Saturnian nature of Capricorn at odds with the fleet-winged messenger of the Gods—Mercury. Patience is a virtue with Capricorn, but not so with Gemini. Unless there is a willingness on Gemini's part to slow down and heed the good advice of the Capricorn mate, much dissension and unhappiness is in the stars. Capricorn's great drive to excel, regardless of opposition, will prove too much for Geminians. The Goat of Capricorn will go on butting until he gains the upper hand.

#### Gemini and Aquarius

THE humanitarian instincts of Aquarius will find a ready haven with Gemini. Uranus, the ruling planet of Aquarius, is full of sudden surprises and changes which will suit Gemini perfectly. There will be sufficient variety to afford the stimulation that Gemini needs for its dual personality. The Gemini-born are always looking for surprises; the Aquarian will readily supply them. A note of warning to the Geminian—when the Aquarian mate wants to be alone, Gemini should not be offended. At times the Aquarian needs solitude.

#### Gemini and Pisces

THE freedom of Geminians is at stake if they marry a Piscean. They must be prepared to give up all outside interests and devote all their time and thoughts to the Pisces mate. The sensitive and distrustful Piscean nature will, no doubt, prove too much for the liberty loving Gemini to cope with. Geminians must be prepared to change their attitude if they seek happiness with a loving, possessive, and clinging Piscean mate.

## CANCER

(June 22-July 22)



### THE CANCER WIFE

THE Cancer wife mothers everyone. She, typically, is the most motherly of all the zodiacal wives. When at her best, she is a sympathetic, affectionate, protective woman.

She is patient, devoted, adaptable, and satisfied with anything her husband provides for her. Her home is wherever her husband decides that it should be, and she gives the humblest place a permanent look. Her presence is sanctifying, and she understands how to serve.

She is loved and respected in return for her devotion, and is the personification of all literature that idealises "Mother."

But all this, of course, depends upon the planetary combinations influencing the individual's birth. Negative Cancer wives have some of these qualities, but too often they are moody, changeable, and unwilling to improve.

It is very easy for a Cancer girl to marry; her natural inclinations are so sympathetic that marriageable men are drawn to her. She seeks protection, and it always comes to her.

But if she is a girl without a great deal of character and background, she will need the help and guidance of her husband for strength to meet life's problems. Her hus-

hand is on a pedestal, in her imagination, and if he fails her, the spiritual shock is crushing.

The wives of Cancer are passionately possessive and absorbed in the life of the family. Taken generally, their whole character is proverbially feminine.

## THE CANCER HUSBAND

THE Cancer husband is not an easy person to live with, despite the sign's reputation for easy-going good nature.

The type is divided into at least two groups, one of which is dominant. The husband of this group loves his home, but he is exacting, fussy, and inclined to be critical and fault-finding.

The negative Cancer man as a husband is so passive, lazy, and self-indulgent he often goes so far as to marry for money and position. Since this kind of man is persistent and agreeable when he chooses to be, it is often possible for him to attain his ambition.

Any Cancer husband spends more time at home than another man. He has a deep love for the traditional values of home and family, and has many of the same qualities in his nature that are significant in the Cancer woman. He may be subject to moodiness, changeability, sentimentality, and effusiveness, and these qualities are not inspiring, especially in large domestically administered doses.

The Cancer husband means to be devoted, and his whole mind is preoccupied by his wife and family, but his disposition is such that these feelings are translated into exacting demands for service. Nothing satisfies him and the most affectionate family feels the burden.

Husbands born in Cancer are usually faithful enough if their desires are satisfied at home. They dislike dangerous outside liaisons. It should also be noted that some Cancerians are brilliant men, and some possess charm and great magnetism. The highest type of Cancer is an admirable character, though too rarely encountered.

### Cancer and Aries in marriage

THIS combination is not a wise one. Cancer, a sign ruled by the Moon, will produce a temperament not compatible with the aggressive Martian (Aries) make-up. Cancerians have a tendency to live in the past, and any disagreement is not easily taken in their stride. The fiery, progressive Aries will not be likely to take time out for apologetic knee-bending after small breaches which are magnified in the Cancer-ruled mind and emotions.

### Cancer and Taurus

THIS would be an entirely compatible combination. Both Cancer and Taurus love a good home and much affection. Emotionally they are harmonious, but one thing the Taurus must take into consideration is that the Cancer mate is exceedingly sensitive, and will crawl into a shell in an emotionally trying situation.

### Cancer and Gemini

THE domesticated, home-loving Cancer will find it rather disturbing trying to keep up with the mobile Gemini. Gemini is ever seeking change, while Cancer is content in his own home. Gemini cannot be said to be as domesticated as the Cancer mate would wish. Also, Cancer's moodiness may be too much for Gemini's understanding. In those cases where the female is a Gemini and the male is a Cancer there are fair possibilities of compatibility, especially if several children occupy the Gemini mother's time.

### Cancer and Cancer

THESE two can make a beautiful love story of their married life, because each will have a sympathetic understanding for the other's moods, wishes, desires, and needs. Though there may be times when they are in complete disagreement, with each clinging to the experience and teaching of early childhood, each will understand the other. Both will have the tenacity of the crab, who, once he sets his claws on to something, will hang on regardless of peril.

### Cancer and Leo

THIS is usually a good combination, since the Moon (Cancer) reflects the light

of the Sun (Leo). There is much to be said for this combination, especially if Cancer will be happy reflecting the admirable Leonian personality. Leo's big heart will soon forgive the moody outbursts that Cancer displays from time to time and which result from the strong influence of the Moon, Cancer's ruling planet.

### Cancer and Virgo

VIRGO'S demands may prove too much for Cancer's desire for peace and quiet. The affectionate Cancerian will not be completely satisfied by Virgo's direct approach to the practical matters at hand. Cancer is sentimental, reticent, and even shy about sex matters, and this can be very frustrating to the Virgo temperament. Once Cancer crawls into his shell, all the tongue lashing and nagging of Virgo will not bring him out. This could drive the Virgo mate into a state of hysteria.

### Cancer and Libra

CANCER is temperamentally unsuited to cope with the freedom-loving Libran. Once these two lovebirds get into a serious disagreement, they may go for days without so much as a nod of recognition. Libra's great desire for attention may bring on a period of sulking depression that could create a highly controversial situation. Though Libra loves justice and fair play, Cancer has a tendency to take advantage of these qualities.

### Cancer and Scorpio

MASTERFUL Scorpio should make a good mate for reticent Cancer. While that "ole debil" Jealousy may plague both from time to time, their great mutual ability to love deeply will usually limit periods of dissension. Scorpio is well equipped to cope with Cancerian moods. Excess energy which Scorpio emanates will act as strong tonic for Cancer's reticence. Yes, Scorpio and Cancer could well prove the ideal marriage combination. More should try it.

### Cancer and Sagittarius

TROUBLE may be spelt with capital letters should these two marry, unless each is willing to attempt a complete

change of their star-predicted personalities. Cancer admires everything about the Sagittarian — therein lies the tender trap; but once Cancer has captured the busy-footed, roving-eyed Sagittarian, he or she will find it a "more-than-bargained-for" proposition. Cancer is not going to keep the Sagittarian partner close to the hearth. The Cancer's home is his castle, but home for the Sagittarian is little more than a place to hang his hat occasionally. Watch out!

### Cancer and Capricorn

CAPRICORN is 180 degrees from Cancer, and while this is an opposition in astrology it need not be so in life. The people of both signs have much in common. The Cancer's great sympathy and understanding are honey to the Capricorn's misunderstood complaints. Both these people have a tendency to plod along until they get what they want. Capricorn has the ability to make Cancer's dreams come true, while Cancer is happy wishing for and wanting the success and security that the Capricorn strives for.

### Cancer and Aquarius

THE social whirl of the Aquarian may prove too much for the home-loving Cancer. Aquarians love to share their good fortune with the world, while Cancer is satisfied to concentrate on personal obligations. Cancer's tastes are conservative; Aquarius' tastes are usually the opposite. The eccentricity of Uranus (Aquarius) does not go well with the moods of Luna (Cancer). The odds against a compatible marriage are really too great for this combination to overcome, unless, of course, one will become subservient to the other.

### Cancer and Pisces

THE marriage of these two sentimental signs should prove to be astrologically ideal. Though both will have their moments of gloom and doom, they will soon come out into the sunshine and forgive and forget. Lovers' quarrels may be frequent, but the aftermath will be blissful. Home, possessions, and friends are cherished by both, and there will be mutual effort to fulfil all obligations.



# LEO

(July 23-August 22)

## THE LEO WIFE

THE Leo wife is a splendid woman for a worldly and ambitious man. She has an aristocratic point of view and all the social graces. She is a great manager.

She can run an elaborate home, take first place in local social groups, and advance her husband's business chances by enjoyable entertainment. She attracts people to her home and commands great respect. She is the sort of a wife a husband wants his boss to meet.

The love of a Leo wife is passionate, enduring, and self-sacrificing. These are the most loyal women. They give and feel and bestow and bless.

The truth is that no human being could repay the Leo wife's devotion to her home and husband. Her attitude is lush and generous in the extreme. However, unless the husband is a very dominant man, this type of wife will rule him and the result will be a hempecked husband.

Beauty often goes with this sign and Leonine women are usually good to look at. They demand an active life; there is nothing of the languid about them. There is a certain amount of jealousy in their make-up.

If the Leo woman is lucky enough to marry a virile, commanding man, all her good qualities will be elevated. A supremely masculine man can supply her with the satisfaction that her passionate nature cries for, without requiring her to sacrifice her femininity.

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## THE LEO HUSBAND

THE Leo man fits into the scheme of domestic life quite smoothly. Usually he is a good and generous provider. He desires his wife and family to shine in the community.

He is tremendously proud of them and wants them to have the best of everything.

For himself he demands the centre of the stage. He expects home life to revolve around him as the planets around the sun. He is affectionate, loving, and devoted in manner, but will not tolerate disrespect or insubordination.

The Leo husband is fixed in his opinions. His love is deeply romantic and very absorbing, but he considers that he is the law unto himself. His attitude toward life is so conventional that he would never tolerate a wife who was disloyal. She must be above suspicion. As Leo men are acute judges of character, they usually select wives who meet with their high standards.

The average Leo man makes a fine husband. His generosity, kindness, loving disposition, and passionate loyalty in the big issues of life, combined with great generosity, make him a safe and satisfying kind of husband for a clinging woman. The positive Leo man will be unhappy with a bossy, nagging wife.

While he loves to show off his spouse and will usually buy her expensive gifts, he does so with the knowledge that it makes him look good.

### Leo and Aries in marriage

AS a rule, this union works out well for both. While Aries and Leo both are highly emotional in their make-up, Leo will lionise an Aries partner. If Leo can take over the stage and the audience on occasion and be the "whole show," everything will be fine. Aries, with inborn impetuosity in love-making, will find a welcome in the arms, heart, and home of Leo. Fiery Leo admires the aggressive tendencies of the equally fiery Aries.

### Leo and Taurus

THE Sun-ruled Leo and Venus-ruled Taurus will be a happy combination if each studies and understands the shortcomings of the other. The sex appeal and splendid physical qualities of each are important to both of them, and thus they seem to have found just what the doctor ordered in each other. Taurus, however, will have to soft-pedal a jealous streak. Taurus should let the beloved Leo have the opportunity to "show off."

### Leo and Gemini

WHILE both these signs are attracted to the same things — glamor, flattery, and the world of good-fellowship — the combination is not a good one. Leo's love is heart-felt; Gemini's love is of the mind. After the rose-colored transparent wrapping is removed from this romance, Gemini will find Leo's passion too bossy, possessive, and demanding. The zestful love nature of Leo will not find a full love life with Gemini. Not an advisable combination, so beware!

### Leo and Cancer

STRANGE as it may seem at first glance, this can make a really good combination. The Water (Cancer) would, on the surface appear to be an unwise mate for the Fire (Leo), but their real compatibility is provided by their rulers. The Moon (Cancer) reflects the light of the Sun (Leo) and if Leo loves anything, it is something which reflects his own shining glory. The big, generous heart of Leo will soon forgive the moody outbursts of Cancer, which are due to the strong influence of the Moon.

### Leo and Leo

THIS should be a compatible combination, but, regrettably, it is not always so. Leo subjects are positive people, who love to hold the centre of the stage. They want to be the head of their social groups. When the two marriage partners are constantly contending for leadership, unhappy results can readily be imagined. The only hope for a successful partnership here is if the female is content to rule the home and the male to shine in the business and social world.

### Leo and Virgo

THERE is a good chance here for a happy union. Magnanimous Leo will overlook Virgo's tendency to be critical, while Virgo will take pride in Leo's accomplishments, good humor, and lovable nature. Leo will respect Virgo's clever and alert mentality. If Virgo will permit Leo to hog the limelight and refrain from being too critical of Leo's star-predicted desire to hold the central place in the family circle, there should be no real barriers to a happy partnership.

### Leo and Libra

THE hale and hearty Leo may prove too much for the sensitive Libra nature, although there are many exceptions that could make this a fairly good combination. The Sun (Leo) and Venus (Libra) usually form a strong and luxurious aspect. Both signs love luxuries, are subject to flattery, and are artistically inclined. The chief difficulty may lie in the fact that Leo demands constant adulation; Libra may get the idea that what's good for the goose is good for the gander.

### Leo and Scorpio

THIS combination brings together two shining personalities. They have much in common, especially where the Leo is the wife and Scorpio is the husband. The Scorpio wife may be too demanding for her Leo husband. Jealousy here plays an important role in causing many serious family quarrels. Basically, this should make for one of the most compatible combinations, but the long and happy partnership will be far better when a Leo female marries a Scorpio male.

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#### **Leo and Sagittarius**

THIS usually makes an excellent combination. It is said that fire should be fought with fire, and this seems applicable to marriage between these two signs, with very few exceptions. Both love change and excitement and possess a great zest for life. The one danger lies in the fact that both are domineering; this could lead to trouble if the Leo tried to relegate the Sagittarian to the sidelines. The independent nature of Sagittarius would rebel, and this could lead to a serious rift.

#### **Leo and Capricorn**

THE slow, plodding Capricorn may prove too much for the carefree nature of Leo. Leo forgives and forgets; Capricorn is slow to anger and seldom forgets. This combination would not form the ideal basis for mutual understanding. This is especially true in matters of sex. The Capricorn has the tendency to be suspicious of motives, while Leo will wholeheartedly enter the arena with no thought of consequences. The "hail-fellow-well-met" attitude of Leo's nature will prove too much for Capricorn to cope with over the long pull.

#### **Leo and Aquarius**

THIS combination of the Sun and Uranus is usually a good one. Leo likes surprise and Aquarius will certainly supply it. Both signs are at their best when doing things for others. Leo loves the world, and Aquarius loves humanity. This makes a fine combination for a partnership that deals with or caters to the public.

In intimate matters there is a mutual understanding of each other's needs and desires.

#### **Leo and Pisces**

THE strong and hearty temperament of Leo may prove too much for the subtle and sensitive Pisces. Pisces, with resilience, takes on the changing moods of any partnership. Impressionable Pisces is easily hurt by any trivial or imagined wrong, and becomes very difficult to cope with, and dangerous to boot. While Leo is flattered by the dependency of others, if he abuses Pisces, the just resentment of Pisces may be too much for Leo to take over a long period of time.



## **VIRGO**

(August 23-September 23)

#### **THE VIRGO WIFE**

WHEN the Virgo woman marries, she makes an excellent wife in most respects. Her concept of marriage is that it is a legal partnership, to be run as a business.

She is usually capable and arranges her housekeeping routine perfectly. The home is spotless, and under her care everything seems to remain new. She is vigilant and efficient—she is everything that can make a home run like a well-oiled machine. There is no waste or neglect in her home.

Her disposition may not be perfect all the time. In some cases, the Virgo wife is apt to be fussy and nagging. She guards the family purse jealously and, in extreme cases, she is stingy. In all her responses to life she shows the same parsimonious attitude.

Emotionally, this woman is often way below par. She handles traditional duties well but the intimate companionship and emotional ecstasy so necessary in a wife are often entirely absent. She has in her make-up a selfish coldness that resents demands for personal warmth.

The Virgo wife may not recover from her maiden beliefs that she is sinning when she accedes to her husband's purely physical attention. A very clever man who is deeply in love might alter this frame of mind, but since the Virgo woman seldom inspires great intensity of passion, her best hope is for a mate as restrained,

practical, and material as herself. Then she makes a successful wife.

It must be remembered, of course, that other planetary influences can alter the emotional intensity of the Virgo woman.

#### **THE VIRGO HUSBAND**

THE Virgo husband in search for the best kind of wife would do well to choose a Virgo woman. These men are usually not interested in love in the passionate, personal, and possessive senses of the word.

Virgo husbands are conventional, traditional-minded men who accept domesticity because it is part of the social scheme. They are willing to conduct their private life on a partnership basis, as if it were a commercial enterprise. In many cases they would prefer to be bachelors (this sign produces many bachelors). They are abstemious and stingy, and this latter quality has kept many a man from matrimony.

The Virgoan is capable, and makes comfortable provision for his wife and family, but he is fussy, critical, peevish, and complaining (especially about health or expenses). He safeguards his home and is careful to protect it from disaster.

Unless there are other stimulating factors in his horoscope, the Virgo husband is as loath to demand surrender as he is to give of himself. He is not a passionate man, and his deepest approach to love is

flirtation. The one great exception to the rule can be a Virgo husband with Scorpio rising in his horoscope. This contributes to a passionate attitude by giving a physical desire for love.

#### **Virgo and Aries in marriage**

THIS combination is certainly not the "happily-ever-after" affair. Mercury-ruled Virgo will not take kindly to bossy, dictatorial Aries (Mars), and the impulsive, fiery Aries would soon become dissatisfied with the prissy, critical Virgo. Usually a difficult combination.

#### **Virgo and Taurus**

TAURUS is apt to have a love-at-first-sight attack for Virgo, but Taurus does not like criticism, which is usually Virgo's strongest weapon. In addition, Taurus can be as stubborn and obstinate as the bull, which is the symbol of that sign, and Virgo will be inclined to do a lot of nagging and push the Taurus mate into a fury.

#### **Virgo and Gemini**

THOUGH both these signs have the same ruler—Mercury—this combination may prove too much for both over the long run. Mercury in Gemini is logical and calculating; in Virgo it is demanding and critical. Virgo would soon be out of breath trying to keep up with Gemini's constant desire for change. There are some points of compatibility between these two—the love of good clothes, a predisposition to neatness, and mutual desire for friends and associates who are in artistic and intellectual pursuits. It is through these channels that many Gemini-Virgo combinations are formed.

#### **Virgo and Cancer**

THE demanding Virgo may be very disturbing to the Cancer's desire for quiet contentment. Virgo is apt to be too realistic and direct in the approach to everyday events. Sentimental Cancer is reticent—even shy—in sex matters. This will probably frustrate the Virgo and cause him to criticise harshly and nag. Such treatment would put the Cancerian in a sulking, silent mood, and Virgo would probably become hysterical. Only those

who are on the highest plane would find this a compatible union.

#### Virgo and Leo

THIS could be a very happy combination, since each seems to have what the other needs and wants. Warm-hearted, forgiving Leo will be likely to overlook Virgo's sharp tendencies and Virgo will regard the Leo mate's accomplishments with pride. Leo's good humor and lovable traits will do much to melt any Virgo coolness. Leo's respect for Virgo's mind and cleverness will nourish the Virginian ego. If Virgo will permit Leo to hold the centre of the stage, and soft-pedal criticism, there should be happiness.

#### Virgo and Virgo

IT would be difficult indeed for these two to find anything resembling compatibility. The traits of each here would make for a battle of wits with the opponents evenly matched. Each would exaggerate the faults of the other. At best it would be a commonplace marriage, with the possibility of husband and wife talking each other to distraction.

#### Virgo and Libra

THIS is another combination that would have trouble in finding mutual grounds for marital bliss. If there is one thing Libra cannot take it is criticism, and, of course, Virgo is a champion in that department. Virgo is very meticulous in all matters relating to detail, while Libra is easy-going and detests detail. The conflict of interest here will surely cause storm signals to be run up soon after the sex novelty has worn off.

#### Virgo and Scorpio

THIS combination usually belongs to the mutual admiration society. The exploring Virgo mind is fascinated with the mysterious and intriguing Scorpio. If there is any sign that can curb Virgo's tendency to sulk, it is Scorpio. Virgo respects Scorpio's ability to analyse all situations and thereby sidesteps controversial issues before they become a basis for disagreement. If Virgo will avoid hurting Scorpio's pride, this combination will be happy.

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#### Virgo and Sagittarius

THE Sagitarian love of freedom and change may prove too much for the meticulous Virgo disposition. The Sagitarian male is easily attracted to the Virgo female. Her spic-and-span appearance intrigues him, but once he is married he may soon find that he got more than he bargained for. One thing Sagittarius cannot take is bickering—and Virgo thrives on it.

#### Virgo and Capricorn

THERE are points of similarity and compatibility in these two signs. They are both very exacting. This eliminates many areas of disagreement. They both have great pride in appearance and surroundings. They can cry on each other's shoulder when outside influences prove too much to cope with. This Mercury-Saturn combination should find mutual ground for an agreeable partnership.

#### Virgo and Aquarius

AQUARIUS may hold too many surprises for the conservative Virgo nervous system to cope with. This is an elaborate combination to analyse. Much depends on the cultural and educational levels of the partners. If there is a marked difference between the two, the chances for a happy and enduring marriage are almost nil. However, if both parties happen to be college sweethearts, or do the same sort of work, chances for a happy marriage are greatly enhanced. This combination is either very good or very bad.

#### Virgo and Pisces

PISCES is the exact opposite of Virgo. In the zodiac they are 180 degrees apart. While opposing signs are considered astrologically unfavorable, opposites often find much compatibility. It will take a great deal of patience and understanding on the part of Virgo to cope with the moody, sentimental nature of Pisces over a long period of time. A little sentimentality on the part of the Virgo mate will go a long way in making this combination happy; however, a little sentimentality is a dangerous thing.



## LIBRA

(September 24-October 23)

### THE LIBRA WIFE

THE Libra wife possesses one of the most interesting love natures in the zodiac. The sign has a decided feminine leaning, with the highest Venus influence prevailing.

These women have delicate, spiritual appeal. A Libran is an ideal wife for a wealthy, successful man who is stimulated by union with a woman who is like an orchid. The Libra wife is exotic in appearance.

Actually, these women are not as fragile as they appear. The Libra wife is a fine intellectual companion, wise in the ways of partnership. One of her special gifts is a talent for harmony. She attracts an interesting social circle. At the same time, she never neglects her own family, but gives them all the loving attention of which her gracious nature is capable.

The Libra wife is a luxury, and always has a group of admirers seeking her favors. While she requires a varied social life, she is too well-balanced to encourage indiscriminate flirtation, but if she were to find herself emotionally involved, her response would never be underhanded.

This type of woman does not encourage scandal. Because she is so attractive, her life is sometimes more complicated than the existence of plainer women. Her passions are voluptuous, and demand a "quality setting." She is responsive, intuitive, and intellectual.

In many respects she is the best wife in the strictly personal sense.

### THE LIBRA HUSBAND

THE Libra husband is not an easy man to please. The monotony of domesticity is not to his liking, but he is a passionate man and a respecter of tradition.

The Libra husband is reasonable. He is a born judge, and no other zodiacal type can order his life with so much wisdom. His superior ability to guide the destiny of the home is one of his greatest virtues.

But there are some Libra characters who do not have this power. They have surface smoothness, but not the high intellectual development of which the best Libra men are capable.

Libras provide well for their families and they seem to feel with the same intensity as a woman the necessity of elegance and luxury in the home surroundings.

To the Libra husband, love is a high art. His passions are overwhelming, and he rises to great heights in the expression of them.

This kind of husband would be deeply disappointed if he did not meet with satisfactory response to his passions. Even when the domestic partner is very agreeable, he might be tempted to seek variety.

The Libra husband does not seek divorce unless the conditions of his life are not adjustable. He has an instinctive distrust of the untried, and will strain with his judicial talents to guide domestic routine to satisfy his fastidious taste.

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#### **Libra and Aries in marriage**

THIS is a combination that is tops for perfection. The warmth and passion of Libra blends perfectly with the fiery, aggressive, impetuous qualities of Aries. Their rulers, Mars and Venus, are in good accord, and each seems to have what the other needs and wants. This will be even more evident if both persons are on the same cultural and intellectual level.

#### **Libra and Taurus**

THESE two are basically compatible so far as their positive qualities go. Both have the same or similar interests. Unfortunately, negative qualities are present in most people, too. In such instances, one marriage partner should have a good quality to offset the negative one in the other. With a Libra and Taurus combination, all should go well unless both of these "bull" partners get angry at the same time—then the tempest and the mad fury may cause an irreparable damage.

#### **Libra and Gemini**

THIS looks like a good partnership all the way around. Mentally and artistically these two are compatible, and Libra can understand Gemini. There is just enough contrast to make things interesting—with little combat expected. Mercury (Gemini) and Venus (Libra) can make a very happy home together.

#### **Libra and Cancer**

LIBRA is too fond of freedom to endure the absorbing, confining tendencies of Cancer; and Cancer's interests are too concerned with home and family to understand the Libran love for social flitting. Libra would never be happy with a partner who is likely to sulk and sink into deep depression if things do not go the Cancer way. They would both pout—perhaps for days—over a routine spat.

#### **Libra and Leo**

THESE two have qualities that blend well. The Sun (Leo) and Venus (Libra) form an impressive aspect together. This is a luxurious aspect as both

love luxuries. Both are artistically inclined, and both love attention and flattery. Leo demands these things to make him happy—Libra expects them as just due. Constant adulation and the centre of the stage at all times must be given to Leo; eventually Libra may get the idea that it's a faulty piece of rubber that doesn't stretch both ways! If Libra is willing always to "play up" to Leo, these two could really "have a ball" in marriage.

#### **Libra and Virgo**

THIS is most likely a "no go" affair in many ways. All may appear well at first, while the sex novelty still possesses its shine. But when both land back on earth, there is little chance that either will change his basic qualities willingly. If there is one thing that Libra resents, it is criticism; and a Virgo mate takes top prize for knowing how to dish that out. Virgo insists on perfection while easy-going Libra hates detail. This alliance is no more than a dalliance.

#### **Libra and Libra**

HERE is a truly "made-in-Heaven" combination. Both have the same basic interests and qualities, so there would be great mutual understanding between these two partners. While both like to be admired, and may cast a roving eye away from the home territory, each is understanding of the other's motives. There is so much in favor of this combination and so little against it (e.g., a possible incompatible sign rising in either birth chart) that there can really be no hesitation in advising it.

#### **Libra and Scorpio**

THERE is much sympathetic magnetism between these two signs. While Scorpio is the more dominant sign of the two, the Libran's beauty and sense of fair play appeal to Scorpio's good judgment. In Scorpio, Libra sees all the virtues she admires. As lovers, Librans are sentimental and susceptible. This appeals to Scorpio's dominant and possessive urges. As long as the pride of Scorpio is not wounded Librans will find what they are looking for when they marry a Scorpio.

#### **Libra and Sagittarius**

LIBRA may not find it easy to cope with the free and easy-going Sagittarian philosophy of life. However, this is a good marital combination. Libras will get all the excitement they want if they marry Sagittarians. The only question is, will Libra's endurance be able to last with this partner? The Libran love of beauty, luxury, and social whirl appeals to the Sagittarian, but he will not be tied to the Libran apron-string. Sagittarius hates confinement, and will not tolerate bondage, whether it be legal or not.

#### **Libra and Capricorn**

THESE two personalities seem to be opposites on the surface, but the taciturn Capricorn is very much intrigued by Libra. If Libra does not find the steady Capricorn nature too boring, there is good chance here for a successful marriage. The Capricorn mate is far more liberal in his views on sex before marriage than he is afterwards. Libra had better fall in with Capricorn, or there may be embarrassment.

#### **Libra and Aquarius**

THIS could be a most suitable combination for marriage. Aquarians have perfect affinities for Librans. Their mutual love of beauty, society, and people help to make this an ideal union. One of the few possible causes for a misunderstanding is that the Aquarian mate is unpredictable at times, and, for no reason at all, may seek seclusion and refuse to communicate. But he'll soon revert to his lovable self.

#### **Libra and Pisces**

THERE is mutual attraction here, but it seldom lasts long. This is especially true under intimate circumstances. Pisces will be content with Libra's exclusive company, but Libra's love of social affairs may generate jealousy and disharmony in the intimate life. Libra can get along well with most people, but the Piscean is more discriminating, and therein lies the source of many Libra-Pisces disagreements. Nothing can make a Libran more miserable than a sulky, complaining Piscean.

## **SCORPIO**

(October 24-November 22)



#### **THE SCORPIO WIFE**

THE Scorpio wife is one whose deepest feminine instincts are aroused by the functions of being a wife. She takes marriage seriously and has an old-fashioned reverence toward domestic responsibilities as long as she is in love with her husband.

Should this condition change, she follows, without thought of consequences, the dictates of her heart. Happy Scorpio wives are loyal and courageous and need no hothouse atmosphere to keep their love in bloom.

They enjoy responsibility, and a large family is a delight to them. These women are very capable. Once they are settled into domestic life, they put all of the energy of their passionate nature into the home. They have the gift of homemaking and frequently organise a much better home than the Cancer or Taurus women, who are famous for their homemaking.

The Scorpio woman loves luxury and has considerable taste in decorating. She is blunt and fearless in character, doing everything passionately from the depths of her being. Her devotion to her husband

is wholehearted, and she idolises those she loves.

Her reactions to life are intensely realistic, and she sees her man exactly as he is. Since she is neither shy nor tactful, she expresses herself with the greatest force. Her appetite for love is large, and she requires satisfaction.

The Scorpio person is inclined to excess. While the moral sense rebels against the animal appetites, satisfaction usually comes first and repentance afterward.

## THE SCORPIO HUSBAND

THE Scorpio husband is one of the most difficult to live with in peace and harmony. The only way is for the wife of a Scorpio man to be receptive to his every wish and follow his instructions with complete obedience.

He is a typical old-fashioned "Lord-of-the-Manor" and can be just as tyrannical and overbearing in his home as he is in everyday life.

The Scorpio man, himself, is often successful and able to support a wife and a large family, but his personal passion and the possessive attitude of his devotion can prove to be a strain on the most devoted family. No matter how much love and attention he receives, he will remain suspicious.

The depths of his affection for his wife and children are genuine, but he cannot seem to curb his inherent jealousy. Such selfish love is bound to cheat itself as the unhappy Scorpio man makes his stubborn way through life.

As in the case of the Scorpio woman, the Scorpio man has a strong moral side to his nature. He suffers deeply for his indulgences and afterwards always makes inward promises of moderation.

### Scorpio and Aries in marriage

ONE throne with two kings upon it would be quite out of order, and one house with two aggressive Mars-ruled "heads-of-the-house" would be more so.

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These two are only compatible from the sexual viewpoint, unless one is able to become a meek and pliable little lamb who willingly steps down and lets the other rule. This is highly improbable, as a Mars-ruled person doesn't stay meek and mild very long, even in the throes of wild young love. This combination is not advisable unless both enjoy hurricanes of turmoil in the home.

### Scorpio and Taurus

THIS is a compatible combination for both, as people with these two signs have much in common. Mentally, physically, and emotionally these two could really make a go of it — IF they are both able to eliminate the strong streak of possessiveness and jealousy that exists in each. If either is afflicted with a "roving eye," an H-bomb rehearsal would be the result. However, these two are well suited, so let them look before they leap — then leap!

### Scorpio and Gemini

GEMINI will love Scorpio's urge for action, and Scorpio will adore Gemini's mentality; but Scorpio would be a bit strenuous for Gemini physically, and the jealous and possessive Scorpio would certainly put a damper on Gemini's love of freedom. Some types of Scorpions may combine with Gemini, but it is still too much of a chance.

### Scorpio and Cancer

HERE are two who love deeply, and each has much to give the other. What dissension may arise from jealousy in both natures would probably be of short duration. There would also be sympathetic understanding by Scorpio of the "gloom and doom" of the Cancerian moods, and the vigorous Scorpio energy will act as a strong, stimulating tonic for the gentler, home-loving Cancer. A good combination!

### Scorpio and Leo

HERE are two of the "royalty" who are most compatible IF the Leo is female and the Scorpio male. Were this

reversed, a Scorpio wife may stir Leo's anger by her demands, for they would be many. Leo must be the centre of attention at all times, but a Scorpio woman would not permit this. Jealousy is still lurking in the corners here. The best bet is if the wife is the Leo who can, with wifely submission, make it a happy marriage.

### Scorpio and Virgo

THESE two admire each other in every respect. Virgo, whose mind is always searching, meets a worthy match in Scorpio. Virgo's often destructive, critical tongue can be quickly silenced by the sarcastic lashing of which Scorpio is capable. Too, Scorpio's penetrating mind can see right through the motives of Virgo. In this event, Virgo will conveniently change the subject to avoid making the home a battlefield. If Virgo can be considerate of Scorpio's pride, this can be a good marriage.

### Scorpio and Libra

LIBRA'S need for affection and to "belong" will be just what Scorpio desires. The Scorpio half of this team will be the more dominant one, but the possessiveness of this sign will please Libra rather than irk. Libra sees in Scorpio all the virtues ever dreamed of, for the intense Scorpian love-nature is what Libra would like to have. It will be necessary to handle the Scorpian pride with care; but the effort will surely pay off for Libra in a happy union.

### Scorpio and Scorpio

HERE is one that is baffling in its outcome. If both of these individuals have a thorough understanding of their inherent traits, they can have a deep sympathy for each other. The dominant, possessive, and jealous temperaments of each are things which both will have to handle with extreme consideration. They are both intense in their love nature, and can get just what they are looking for in each other. If one should forget to consider the other's tender spots, or does anything to rouse the other's jealousy, then

the storm will rage. This can be a wonderful — or terrible — combination.

### Scorpio and Sagittarius

THE dominant Scorpio will have trouble keeping her Sagittarian partner in tow. This freedom-loving sign will surely bring out the worst in Scorpio's nature. Mutual distrust is easily developed here, and the Scorpian possessiveness will make life unbearable for Sagittarius. It is true that from the sexual viewpoint, Scorpio is intriguing to the Sagittarian appetite, but there the compatibility ends.

### Scorpio and Capricorn

A RATHER difficult combination to analyse. The strength and power of the Scorpio personality may clash with the Capricorn desire for the last word when it comes to important decisions pertaining to the family welfare. Capricorn can be mighty disagreeable when frustrated, and Scorpio will have to use the sting of the Scorpian barb to move the Capricorn goat from a set course. The result usually spells emotional incompatibility that becomes unbearable.

### Scorpio and Aquarius

THIS combination usually winds up in a battle of nerves. Aquarius is too unpredictable for the solid Scorpio temperament. Aquarius has too many outside interests to suit a Scorpio mate. Aquarians are too reserved to meet the passionate demands of Scorpio. Scorpio admires the Aquarian's humanitarian instincts, but does not want to share them with the world.

### Scorpio and Pisces

THIS is a love-at-first-sight combination that seldom endures the test of time. All is well until Pisces begins to pout about the many little outside interests that are always intriguing Scorpio. The possessive qualities of Pisces are not appreciated by Scorpio, who feels that possessiveness is his own sacred domain. The clinging-vine type of Piscean has Scorpio's sympathies, but if respect is lost for the Piscean the partnership falls apart.

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# SAGITTARIUS

(November 23-December 21)

## THE SAGITTARIUS WIFE

HERE is a type of woman who takes an intelligent interest in her husband's business. She is not an intruder and has enough reserve to wait until her advice is asked for.

She is not only a sympathetic listener but a useful helpmate as well.

In the field of hobbies and sports she is a real companion. All outdoor life attracts her, and she enjoys fishing, hunting, riding, and even competitive sports.

A man does not have to search for a companion with whom to enjoy his hobby if he is married to a Sagittarian woman. She is enthusiastic about all kinds of activity, from civic affairs and social life to sports and an occasional fling at gambling. It is easy to see that a husband would have a very full life with such a companion.

In the home, she is competent, tidy in her housekeeping, and sympathetic in the care of her children. In all of her reactions to life she is clever and well balanced—a woman to be trusted entirely, if that is possible.

These wives are not, however, very tactful; they are outspoken in the extreme. Both the husband and children may expect to hear any errors frankly discussed.

Born under Sagittarius, her passions are healthy, joyous, and swift. Her approach to physical love is highly refined and inspiring of great efforts. She brings out the best in a man.

## THE SAGITTARIUS HUSBAND

THE Sagittarian husband requires a wise, tactful wife. This may be true of all husbands, but this man has much to give; and frequently his family sees the worst side of his nature rather than the best.

A Sagittarian man is not ideally fitted by the stars for domestic life. His interest in world affairs is great, and his business or profession is usually chosen from a purely monetary standpoint.

He is very much of a businessman. His basic mental strength goes into his business obligations, and his personal affairs become unimportant by comparison. If his personal tastes change, he sees no reason why he must continue to express a devotion that no longer exists.

The wife of a Sagittarius must be exceedingly broad-minded and free from jealousy. She will have to be a good deal of a psychologist to hold his interest, in any case.

All Sagittarians do not stay married, but many make good husbands. They are very gifted men.

The passions of the Sagitarian are lusty, sportive, and adventurous. They are joyous fellows who treat love like a happy adventure. All the emotions accompanying this birthsign are high-strung and demand satisfaction.

### Sagittarius and Aries in marriage

THIS combination should be a fairly happy one, though the partners are both of the fire signs. Mars (Aries) and Jupiter (Sagittarius) blend very well. There will be sympathetic understanding of each other's impulsiveness, and neither will take too seriously the outside interests of the other. The Sagittarian's banner of "liberty and the pursuit of happiness" is subscribed to by the Aries in most cases.

### Sagittarius and Taurus

THIS combination does not, as a rule, prove that love can overcome everything. Taurus loves deeply and is very selfish and possessive of the loved one. Sagittarius will refuse to be contained, and no amount of argument will change him. Taurus is too jealous and Sagittarius too freedom-loving for this to work.

### Sagittarius and Gemini

THIS is really a fine basic combination, since both have those qualities that do not have to blend, for they are both the same. Both love absolute freedom of limb and action; both can shrug off the inconsistency that is a common trait with them. Neither will dissolve in tears and recrimination if the other strays now and then. Truly compatible. If they battle at all it will be more for diversion than any serious difference.

### Sagittarius and Cancer

CANCER would have to go to a Temperament Tailor and be entirely made over for this combination. Though they

admire everything about the Sagittarians, Cancerians will never take lightly the Sagittarian tendency to drift. This combination can mean little more than trouble. Cancer will cry, Sagittarius will flee—usually not good for marriage.

### Sagittarius and Leo

THESE two, both fire signs, are very compatible in most things. Both love change, excitement, and have a great zest for life. There may be occasional explosions, since both are extremely domineering, but basically these two have qualities which are in sympathy. A good combination!

### Sagittarius and Virgo

WITH the critical and meticulous Virgo, Sagittarians are letting themselves in for a bed not of roses. Certainly, Sagittarius admires the perfectionism of Virgo—the orderly, spick-and-span appearance, the "just-rightness" of Virgo; but these qualities may prove to be ropes of steel in marriage, for they certainly will not permit the freedom of action that Sagittarius must have. Also, Sagittarius does not take to the criticism and bickering which Virgo gives out so freely.

### Sagittarius and Libra

THE Libran sense of justice and fair play may make this combination work out—but it is going to be tough on the Librans, for they will have a hard time accepting the free and easy Sagittarian philosophy of life. Both love the same things—luxury, beauty, and social-whirling, but Libra may have a tendency to attempt the old apron-string technique on Sagittarius, which, of course, will not work. The Sagittarian hates confinement of any kind. Chances for life-long happiness are just fair here.

### Sagittarius and Scorpio

SCORPIO, with the strong will to dominate, will not find Sagittarius a willing subject. The fierce Scorpio possessiveness will simply make Sagittarius look for the nearest exit, and the mutual distrust between these two will not make for sweetness and love in a marriage. They are very compatible so far as physical

love goes, but only a good psychologist will be able to hold this marriage together.

#### Sagittarius and Sagittarius

STRANGELY enough, unless these two are on the same intellectual and social plane, this combination is not too promising for happiness. They will have to do everything together—or not at all. They must have the same interests in social and business matters. Both are freedom-loving—but they will find that even freedom must be enjoyed together, as neither the male nor female will be willing to sit at home while the other goes out on the town. So, look before the leap.

#### Sagittarius and Capricorn

UNLESS Sagittarians can clip their wings a little, this combination does not get the go-ahead signal. These two are entirely different in their temperaments—one is optimistic, the other is pessimistic. Sagittarius has a devil-may-care attitude, while Capricorn has a sombre and restrictive temperament. This could be a very unhappy combination.

#### Sagittarius and Aquarius

THIS is generally an easy combination for success. Both temperaments have much in common. This is a purely social combination that will revel in a large group of friends and public-spirited associates. Sagittarius will readily understand the Aquarius moods and peculiarities and make the necessary allowances, as he expects and appreciates reciprocal treatment. They both love travel, change, and excitement, so this should work out well.

#### Sagittarius and Pisces

FREE and easy-going Sagittarius may find Pisces too heavy a load to carry. While there is much here that makes for an interesting and sincere friendship, Sagittarius may find a marriage with Pisces too confining. Love would soon be replaced by pity, and then it would be a struggle between conscience and duty. Centaur, think twice before marrying a Pisces.

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# CAPRICORN

(December 22-January 20)

#### THE CAPRICORN WIFE

THESE women are usually sensitive and intuitive, but they are not at all submissive. The Capricorn woman makes an excellent hostess and housekeeper and is capable and dependable.

She is also ambitious for the success of her husband and children.

Capricorn women lack that certain feminine quality that usually attracts men who are looking for the pliant and submissive type of wife.

But the Capricorn wife is easily misunderstood. Beneath her reserved exterior she is an admirable woman. She needs encouragement and sincere affection in order to call forth her deep sense of loyalty.

Capricorn women are not swayed by their emotions. In love matters they sometimes appear to be practical, materialistic, and lacking in sentiment. The real trouble is that they have difficulty in expressing their more tender feelings. They are fond of the opposite sex and attracted to them, but if their affections are not immediately reciprocated they can become indifferent and resentful.

They put a great deal of emphasis on worldly possessions. They love ardently, if not demonstratively, and hold a deep respect for their family.

Capricorn wives should avoid being overbearing with those they love. Above all, they should not be afraid to give of

themselves wholeheartedly, thus becoming sparkling fountains of connubial love.

#### THE CAPRICORN HUSBAND

THE Capricorn husband falls in readily enough with the domestic scheme but adds little to it. This type of man usually marries for selfish reasons; the basic nature of Capricorn is somewhat selfish.

As husbands, these men are good providers, for they are ambitious and successful in business. But they do not allow much freedom of action to their wives. Even though there is plenty of money in the home, the wife is not free to spend it. A Capricorn husband is sometimes dictatorial as well as conservative—he lays down hard-and-fast rules for the spending of his money.

The entire household is directed by him; his wife is a lieutenant. As commanding officer, he can be exacting, obstinate, and unreasonable in his laws for family routine. These laws may be in accordance with good discipline, but they are wholly unsympathetic.

He is generally a good emotional companion for his wife and has the ability to give a part of himself to create an atmosphere of enjoyment and add to the real pleasure of the moment. He demands that everything be given to his family, but he examines whatever he gets with caution

and suspicion. His passions are strong.

Naturally the tone that this powerful birth figure casts over a personality usually is tempered by other configurations, so that many of the negative Capricorn qualities are tempered with softer aspects, making a most agreeable person.

#### Capricorn and Aries in marriage

THE impetuous and aggressive Aries will not have the patience to fall into slow and methodical step with Capricorn. The Capricorn would not be too pleased with the Aries manner of leaping forward into whatever proposition appeals to him, for Capricorn likes to think things over. There is a compatibility of sorts in sexual affairs, but these two signs are not suited temperamentally.

#### Capricorn and Taurus

THERE is a fair degree of compatibility for these two if Taurus will give Capricorn the encouragement and flattery needed. To the warm, Venus-ruled Taurus, Capricorn may seem a little cold and aloof, but if anyone can melt the iciness of Saturn (Capricorn), it is Venus. With mutual understanding of the little quirks in each other's nature they could make a good go of a partnership.

#### Capricorn and Gemini

HERE we find too many opposite qualities to be overcome to regard this as a good partnership. Patience is an integral part of the Capricorn nature—it is nonexistent with Gemini. Methodical procedure is a "must" with Capricorn—Gemini would lose interest in anything that takes too long. If Gemini could settle into a slower gait and fall into step with Capricorn, it might work for a while.

#### Capricorn and Cancer

HERE are two signs that could meet on common ground, since each has what the other needs. Sympathetic Cancer, with love and understanding, would be a healing balm to the somewhat cold and suspicious Capricorn. Cancer's utter absorption with home and family would also be pleasing to Capricorn. Both are fitted to plod along together until their goal is reached, for Capricorn can make Cancer's dream of security come true.

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#### Capricorn and Leo

THESE two would not see eye to eye. The outgoing Leo, with freedom of action in social activity, would keep the faucet of Capricorn's suspicion running full blast. Leo just couldn't be long satisfied with Capricorn's plodding nature. Leo is open and carefree, and will leap first and look (maybe) later. Leo forgives and forgets, but Capricorn is slow to forgive, and never forgets.

#### Capricorn and Virgo

THERE are many qualities in these two signs which would make them compatible. With Capricorn's insistence on exactitude and Virgo's demands for perfection in herself and everyone else, the two signs should get along well. Much of Virgo's carping and criticism would be eliminated, and they could weep a duet when the world gets too tough for them. Mercury, as Virgo's ruler, has a quite different aspect from when he is Gemini's ruler. He would blend well with Saturn, Capricorn's ruler. Both Virgo and Capricorn have a great pride and show this in their personal appearance and in their home. Basically a good combination.

#### Capricorn and Libra

IT is true that Libra can attract and intrigue Capricorn, but it is likely that Libra may become bored with the steady, non-varying Capricorn. Capricorn would have to put the damper on social activity, and it would be subject to Capricorn's dictum. Capricorn is far more liberal in sex matters before marriage than after, so Libra would have to learn to walk the tightwire of Capricorn's behaviour patterns. If Libra can do this, there is a good chance for happiness.

#### Capricorn and Scorpio

THIS does not look too rosy. Scorpio is there with a swift sting and a temper that can lash violently and effectively. Capricorn meets this with the stubbornness that is his own brand. Both are very disagreeable when frustrated. Not a good combination unless softened by other aspects.

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#### Capricorn and Sagittarius

HERE is a study in extreme opposites. One is free, open, jolly and optimistic; the other is sober, restrictive, and suspicious. Sagittarius would go far to overcome the unpleasantness that could result from Capricorn's taciturn and cold exterior, but would probably get rather weary of agreeing, complying, and conceding all the time. Unless Sagittarius is so bemused by love that he—or she—will give up all freedoms and stay pinned to the hearth, there is not much chance for happiness here.

#### Capricorn and Capricorn

THESE two should have an enduring marriage, for there is much compatibility between two Capricorns. Both have the same long-range aspirations and the basic qualities to attain them. One cannot find too much fault with the other as they have much the same faults. In important things, they would both have what it takes to overcome all obstacles. Fine ingredients for marriage.

#### Capricorn and Aquarius

HERE we have a difficult combination to analyse. The sure-footed Capricorn may not be able to keep up with the nimble water-bearer Aquarius, who aims to make the world a better place to live in. Capricorn wants all effort—and anything else Aquarius has to give—to be centred at home for their mutual good. Capricorn will not tolerate the Aquarian's interest in other people. Aquarius can't abide confinement or restriction of any kind, and may pack up and go.

#### Capricorn and Pisces

CAPRICORN will find a sympathetic and understanding mate in Pisces, and the steady-going temperament of Capricorn is just what Pisces needs for a sense of confidence and security. The sexual needs are compatible, and the social goals are similar. Capricorn is more practical than Pisces, but this is one of the many things Pisces will admire. Also, Capricorn will be happy knowing that Pisces' dependence will increase each year, for Capricorn is happiest when needed.



# AQUARIUS

(January 21-February 19)

#### THE AQUARIAN WIFE

THE Aquarian woman does not slip into matrimony with ease, although she is well-equipped in that she is capable, intellectual, discerning, adaptable, and often very talented.

She has the ability to accomplish a day's work without grumbling or fatigue.

Her interests are apt to be wide, and it never occurs to her to watch her husband's actions with suspicion or to check up on how he spends his spare time. She naturally trusts him.

Her own behaviour is above reproach.

Aquarian women are the kindest in the world, and they would rather suffer themselves than create a condition which could cause someone else grief or sorrow.

Basically, however, the Aquarian woman is temperamental, and should her urge for a change of partner be strong enough, she would make it without regret.

Emotionally she is responsive, but her intellect rules her, and she is most appreciated as a wife when married to a successful man whose work she can share.

#### THE AQUARIAN HUSBAND

THE Aquarian husband is the kindest and most generous of all types. The generosity of Leo and Aries is well known, but it is nothing com-

pared to the openhanded giving without thought of reward that is part of the character of the Aquarian husband.

Aquarian men are not ardent lovers unless some other planetary configuration influencing the individual's birth stimulates this urge.

They are gracious and sociable; they accept marriage as part of the domestic scheme. They are perfect gentlemen in every way and treat their wives and family with the same consideration and courtesy that they accord to strangers.

The drawback in their marital relationship appears to be their impersonality. Women seem to prefer possessive, dominant types to the broad-minded Aquarian husband. His impersonality appears to many women as a lack of interest; as wives, they want the whole attention of their husbands.

It has been said that the Aquarian's universal interest will one day be the attitude of the entire world. Such men are happy when married to highly intellectual women whose humanitarian outlooks coincide with their own.

#### Aquarius and Aries in marriage

THE instability of Aries and the unpredictable quality of Aquarius would be provoking to both of these persons. The whole partnership would be a gamble, and Uranus (ruling Aquarius) and Mars (ruling Aries) make a rather explosive

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combination. Aries is exasperated by the Aquarian's changeable qualities (Uranus is the planet of change). Aries might be somewhat chagrined at the Aquarian habit of pouring water on some of his enthusiasms. Not a good chance to take.

#### Aquarius and Taurus

If these two expect sweetness and compatibility to come from this combination, they are both in for shock. The unpredictable Aquarian is too much for easy-going Taurus. The conservative Taurus habits will soon get on the high-strung nerves of dynamic Aquarius, and the battle is on. Both love ease and comfort, but there is wide divergence of views as to how to obtain them. The Taurus lover is not going to take kindly to the Aquarian's unwillingness to share secrets. Look hard before this leap.

#### Aquarius and Gemini

These two should have a satisfactory basis for compatibility. The Mercurial Gemini will love the "surprise" quality of Aquarius, and both adore change. The dual personality of Gemini can find its complement in the many faceted personality of Aquarius. Neither are overly ardent in their sexual impulses, and both are intellectual. But Gemini must not feel shut out or offended when Aquarius wants to be alone. It is a passing mood only.

#### Aquarius and Cancer

This does not look like a good chance to take. Aquarians love to keep whirling on the social scene, which will wear the quiet, home-loving Cancer to shreds. Aquarians want to share their good things with the world, while Cancer believes personal obligations should come first. Cancer is conservative in taste and Aquarius more forward looking. What with the eccentricity of Aquarius and the moods of Cancer, this combination may fail unless one becomes entirely subservient to the other.

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#### Aquarius and Leo

THE Sun (Leo) and Uranus (Aquarius) make a really good combination. Leo likes surprises and Aquarius will certainly supply them. There is mutual respect for the talents of the other. Both are much interested in helping others. This combination would also be ideal for a business partnership dealing with the public. They are each aware of the other's needs in intimate matters, and this could be a happy combination for both signs.

#### Aquarius and Virgo

THE Virgo nervous system is in for an increase of jittery moments with the bang, bang of the Aquarius surprises. Virgo must have a precise, well-ordered existence, while Aquarius couldn't care less for "set" systems—or order—when he doesn't want it. Aquarians will not tolerate restraint, and Virgoans seek to change things to their own way of liking by criticism. Unless these two have the same cultural background and educational level, the basic differences between them would be almost insurmountable.

#### Aquarius and Libra

THERE can be rare perfection in this combination. Both like the same things—beauty, society, and people. Venus (Libra) and Uranus (Aquarius) will give each other all things they seek, for they are perfect affinities. One tiny shadow falls across the Libran's path. They must learn to accept Aquarius' need for solitude at times, and not question it. Otherwise, a wonderful combination.

#### Aquarius and Scorpio

HERE are two who will do much better just staying friends. Marriage would probably create a battle of nerves for both. Aquarians with their flitting hither and yon would set the solid Scorpio into a tizzy. Aquarius' reserve in love-making would not fill the passionate demands of Scorpio. The "fixed" Scorpio could not feel sure of his own name after a month of Aquarian unpredictability. They both admire a lot about the other, but marriage would bring out the possessiveness of Scorpio and Aquarius would rebel.

#### Aquarius and Sagittarius

THESE two could have a pleasant life together, for there is much in common in their basic make-up. They are both social, and go in for large groups and public-spirited associates. They both like the change that travel gives and they both like excitement. Sagittarius is one of the few signs who will understand the idiosyncrasies of the Aquarian temperament and will treat them considerately. He wants the same indulgence regarding his own little quirks. Could be a happily-ever-after affair for both.

#### Aquarius and Capricorn

THIS is an unlikely combination. These two are simply too different to resolve their divergent qualities. Aquarius' interests are widespread—the home alone is not enough to keep an Aquarian spellbound. Capricorn expects home interests to come first. Aquarius is likely to make up new definitions for boredom after a steady diet of the slow, plodding Capricorn, and is likely to flee to the big, wide world to conquer.

#### Aquarius and Aquarius

AT last we have just the right mate for an Aquarian—another Aquarian! No one on earth could be so in harmony with either of these as they are with each other. They can well understand the qualities which baffle, bewilder, and madden others. This is the type of couple one meets in the out-of-the-way places of the world doing research together. Many of the early missionaries were Aquarian couples.

#### Aquarius and Pisces

THIS may not be a bad combination if Pisces will study the Aquarian horoscope. Here are tolerance and human sympathy coupled with the need for human understanding by the Piscean partner, who is willing to go all out to find that elusive cup of human tolerance and dignity. He will surely find it in his Aquarian mate. All Pisces has to do to make the marriage a happy one is to give Aquarius the benefit of the doubt.

# PISCES

(February 20-March 20)



#### THE PISCES WIFE

THE Pisces woman is ideally adapted for domestic life. She is not as active as many of the other types, but her spiritual qualities and emotional responses are excellent.

For this reason, many men are willing to sacrifice personal advantage for the spiritual and emotional companionship provided by the Pisces woman.

This woman is competent and thoughtful of others. Her home is a restful and luxurious place of refuge.

However, there is a "negative" type of Pisces woman who does not follow this pattern, and she may be self-indulgent and tend to idle away the days by seeking entertainment and personal pleasure among the so-called artistic and literary set. While a reasonable amount of socialising is good, an excess becomes a major cause of family dissension.

When the health of the Pisces wife is on the wane, encouragement and considerate attention on the part of the husband and her family is essential to her recovery.

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The negative Pisces feminine nature is not inviting, but the typical women of this sign, born with favorable planetary support, make devoted and sympathetic wives and mothers. They are extremely responsive and very good mates in the physical sense. They are adaptable and lovable, and their concept of sex is high and beautiful.

Because of their supersensitive nature, all the women of this sign should take care when choosing a mate.

## THE PISCES HUSBAND

THE Pisces husband brings many benefits to the home. He is loving and attentive, considerate and thoughtful. He has a strong sense of dignity with a charitable and benevolent disposition.

The negative Pisces man, who has a less-favorable line-up of stars at the time of birth, is not always a good provider. He gives his family all that he has, but because of his uncertain and diffident nature he is not always able to obtain much in a material way. He also has a tendency to put off until tomorrow things he should do today. He dislikes facing the hard, cold facts of life.

The positive Pisces husband, however, has more than sufficient direction to guide him to success in any undertaking he chooses. He appreciates the finer things in life and does everything to attain them.

His eyes are one of his outstanding features and they have the power to instil confidence and trust.

In personal appearance he is fastidious, refined, and magnetic.

He is sensual and seeks a sympathetic response to his love-making; he is the type of man to whom a happy love-life is important. His greatest weakness lies in his tendency to be careless of personal welfare due to a desire to please and help others, even at a self-sacrifice.

### Pisces and Aries in marriage

ARIES may prove too fiery and too aggressive for the sentimental and gentle Pisces. Though Pisces is quite romantic, he desires a more delicate and refined approach to love-making than the impatient Aries cares to take time for. Neptune, the planet of the higher mind, gives Pisces an ethereal quality. Unless Aries is willing to take a trip to the clouds now and then, he'll probably not be happy with Pisces.

### Pisces and Taurus

THIS is usually a happy-ever-after combination. Both people will find just what they are looking for in each other, and their compatibility is strengthened by the fact that Neptune, ruler of Pisces, is the higher octave of Venus, ruler of Taurus. Pisces is romantic and imaginative; Taurus will like that. Taurus is steady, strong, and loving; Pisces will adore that. Both are home-loving. This combination would be a good one, indeed.

### Pisces and Gemini

THIS does not look good. Gemini loves to flit in the pursuit of happiness, or in the happiness of pursuit. Pisces will not like that and will probably seek retreat in a cloud of gloom.

Few people can change their basic make-up and adopt an entirely new character, but that is what Gemini will have to do if he marries a Piscean. Not good at all!

### Pisces and Cancer

THESE are real affinities. Both like home, possessions, and friends. Both are sentimental and loving, and each likes to possess and hang on to what he cherishes. Certainly there will be moments of gloom and doom when both of them will feel hurt at the same time.

They may wrangle all over the house, but even with these little momentary "storms," they will have happiness together.

### Pisces and Leo

LEO likes to have someone dependent on him, but he won't like the pos-

sessiveness of Pisces, or the tears; neither will Pisces' pouting appeal. This does not look like a good match. Leo's bold and vigorous temperament may be a little too much for sensitive Pisces. Better not chance it.

### Pisces and Virgo

THERE is a marked contrast between these two—and while "opposites" are supposed to attract, if there is too much contrast, it may not be a really good combination. Virgo's criticism and bossiness may break down the sensitive spirit of Pisces. Pisces' sentimental tearfulness might be just too much for Virgo to take for any length of time. There would be too much "alteration" to make on this outfit.

### Pisces and Libra

THESE two can like each other very much, but marriage would prove an acid test to any affection they felt. Libra is very social and Pisces is a "togetherness" person. Libra could not tolerate jealousy and suspicion; Pisces would want Libra to be exclusively his or her own at all times. Not a good bet.

### Pisces and Scorpio

THIS is a "love-at-first-sight" affair; but it is not likely to stand up for any length of time. Scorpio will always be willing to listen and perhaps will want to rove when compliments are proffered. Pisces wants exclusive ownership. Scorpio, too, is possessive, but will not tolerate that characteristic in another for long. Pisces will pout and scold, while Scorpio shouts, and another marriage becomes a has-been.

### Pisces and Sagittarius

THESE two can enjoy a beautiful friendship so long as Pisces doesn't presume on the other's boundaries, but it would not prove to be a good combination for marriage. Sagittarius, free and easy-going, couldn't stop to lug the clinging, possessive Pisces along the road of life. Nor could he stand the injured attitude of Pisces. No

matter how much Sagittarius loved Pisces, pity would soon supplant love, and it would be duty and conscience battling within. He couldn't stand the confinement of being married to a Piscean, and Pisces couldn't take the varied interests of Sagittarius.

### Pisces and Capricorn

THESE two have a very good chance for happiness. Capricorn, so much misunderstood, will find sympathy and understanding in the Pisces mate. Pisces will find the practicality of Capricorn admirable, for it will increase the Piscean's feeling of security. Capricorn is never happier than when someone who needs him clings fast. They are entirely compatible sexually, and there is every chance of an enduring union between these two.

### Pisces and Aquarius

IF Pisces will try to understand the Aquarian mate, there will be a good chance for happiness here. Pisces can give tolerance and sympathy, and these two qualities coupled with human understanding can be the Piscean contribution. Aquarius must learn to give Pisces the benefit of the doubt; then Aquarius will help Pisces to build up self-confidence, so that the Piscean fears, which seem to be based largely on insecurity here, will prove groundless.

### Pisces and Pisces

SINCE these two seem to have the same virtues and vices, they should get along well together, for at least there will be understanding and sympathy for each other. Both have the same love of home and possessions, and the same basic interests. The only drawback is a possible drifting too far from practical realities. Both at last can be anchored to each other, so that they can put their shoulders to the wheel and face the responsibilities that reality demands. They have the refinement and delicacy that each desires in love, so all in all, this should be a good union.

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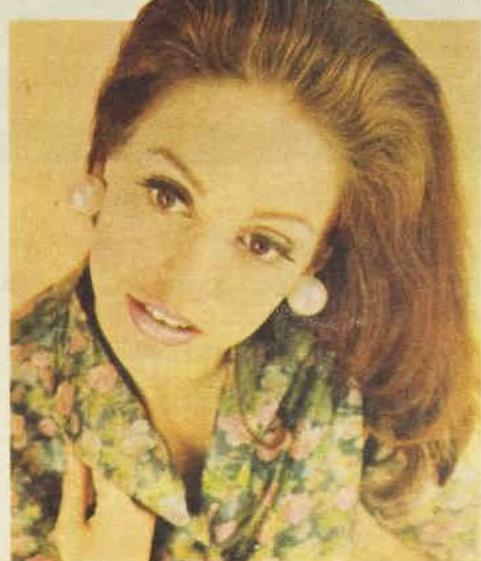
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## COLORFUL CASUALS...



6445.—Sleeveless jumpsuit and semi-fitted jacket (left) buttons below fly-front closing. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. 6445 Vogue Pattern, price 75c incl. postage. 6929.—Visor hat has tie drawn through closing at back. Price 75c incl. postage. 7095.—Tent dress (right) with jewel neckline and seam detail. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16 for 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. 7095 Vogue Pattern, price 85c incl. postage.

## AND FROSTY MAKE-UP



• Springtime excitement for the face (left) in cool, frosty color and moth's-wing soft eyes achieved with Frostling Mothling make-up. Below are close-ups of the prettiest eyes in town.

• Shiny white accents the bone underneath brows (right). • Velvet moth's-wing effect (below) eyes lowered.



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# LINEN GOES TO ALL LENGTHS



7064.—Semi-fitted dress (left) is slightly A-line, has slits at front-sleeve seams with button trim. Three-quarter (or short) flared raglan sleeves. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. 7064 Vogue Pattern, price 85c includes postage.

1726.—Suit with bias interest, kimono sleeves, welt and top-stitch trim. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. 1726 Vogue Paris Original by Nina Ricci. Price \$1.80 includes postage. Hat pattern 6121, one size, 57c incl. postage.

1668.—Evening dress (right) is back-buttoned and bowed. Pattern also includes matching coat and same dress and coat in short lengths. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16 for 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. 1668 Vogue Paris Original by Dior. Price \$1.80 includes postage.



# MOYGASHEL

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LEFT: VOGUE PATTERN 7085  
RIGHT: VOGUE PATTERN 7029

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The Australian Women's Weekly

## COLLECTORS' CORNER

• Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.



• Italian bellows

COULD you give me some information about a small ornament I have in the shape of bellows? — Mrs. A. K. Charles, Bentley, W.A.

The bellows were made in Italy, probably during the second half of the nineteenth century. It is not possible — without personal inspection — to give an exact period. This is due to the fact that your example bears a mark which was used during the eighteenth century, but was imitated during the latter half of the nineteenth century. Original specimens are extremely rare, and, judging from the floral embellishment depicted in the photograph, I believe it is nineteenth century.



• Staffordshire jug

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

### No. 635—MATERNITY DRESS

Maternity dress is available cut out to make in lemon/navy/white, turquoise/black/white, pink/black/white, or brown/black/white multi-spot pique. Sizes 32 and 34in, bust, \$5.25; 36 and 38in, bust, \$5.45. Postage and dispatch 30 cents extra.

### No. 636—SET OF THREE CHILD'S COATHANGERS

Child's coathangers with lace edging supplied are available traced ready to sew and embroider on white, pink, blue, or green pure Irish linen. Price per set of three, \$1.05 plus 10 cents postage and dispatch.

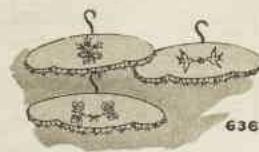
### No. 637—GIRL'S DRESS

Pretty dress with lace edging supplied is available cut out to make in sky-blue, white, or pink texture-finished cotton. Sizes 4 to 6 years, \$2.75; 6 to 8 years, \$2.95. Postage and dispatch 10 cents extra.

Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 244/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frock, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



635



637

**When you are recommended a soluble pain reliever, remember-**

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## Judges busy on entries in Bake-Off

Possible finalists will be sent to 15 overseas restaurateurs

### PRELIMINARY

Judging of the many thousands of entries in our Butter-White Wings Bake-Off is now taking place.

This week the possible finalist entries in Section 1 will be sent to 15 overseas restaurateurs — Michel Martin, of Michels, Honolulu; Paul Houdare, Beverly Hilton, Beverly Hills; Walter Frey, San Francisco Hilton; Roland Gotti, Ernies, San Francisco; Joe Marcello, Elmwood Plantation, New Orleans; Mrs. Ella Brennan Martin, Brennans, New Orleans; Lee Hartley, Forum of the Twelve Caesars, New York; Peter Holman, Americana Hotel, New York; Silvino Trompetto, Savoy Hotel, London; Kurt E. Christensen, Belle Terrasse, Copenhagen; A. Hanggi, Auberge du Raisin, Cully, Switzerland; Otto Legenstein, Vienna Intercontinental; Louis Vaudable, Maxim's, Paris; Claude Terrail, Tour d'Argent, Paris; John Estebay, Mandarin Hotel, Hong Kong.

They, or their chefs, will make their selections, then three famous visiting chefs, Frenchman Lucien Chassingat, of the Hotel Meurice, Paris, Hawaiian Miss Napua Stevens, of the Ilikai Hotel, Honolulu, and Italian Antonio Prantera, of the Helio Cabala, Rome, will choose the finalists.

The prizewinning recipes will be demonstrated during Bake-Off Week at Roselands, Sydney, from October 23 to 27.

### PROGRESS PRIZE RECIPE

• This week's progress prize in the Butter-White Wings Bake-Off is awarded in Section 3. Prize of \$10 and a \$20 set of Graham Kerr Signature Ware is awarded to Miss Kathy Chorker, 13 Hillcrest Parade, Adamstown Heights, N.S.W.

#### CHOCOLATE PEPPERMINT SLICE

##### BASE:

2 tablespoons cocoa  
2 eggs  
2oz. butter  
½ cup White Wings plain flour  
½ cup White Wings self-raising flour  
½ teaspoon peppermint essence  
pinch salt  
1 cup sugar

##### CREAM:

2 tablespoons butter  
1 cup icing sugar  
1 tablespoon cream (top of milk)  
½ teaspoon vanilla

##### TOPPING:

1 tablespoon butter  
1 tablespoon cocoa

**BASE:** Melt cocoa and butter, add to eggs and sugar, which have been beaten together. Add essence, sifted flour, and salt. Pour into greased 8in. slab tin. Bake in moderate oven 20-25 minutes. When the cake is cool, spread on the cream and topping.

**CREAM:** Beat together butter and sifted icing sugar until smooth, then add cream and essence.

**CHOCOLATE TOPPING:** Melt butter gently with cocoa, spread on top of the cream.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 20, 1967

The contest has created enormous interest throughout Australia.

"I must tell you of the sensational impact the Bake-Off is having on our household," writes Mrs. A. W. Corbett, of Toowoomba, Qld.

"We are in the middle of a major food revolution. So intrigued have we been with Graham Kerr's food and travel tales, we decided to brighten things up in the kitchen.

"Banished for ever from our table is that demon-baked custard. With a base of caramel, a tin of condensed milk, and a swirl of rum-flavored cream, delightful Cream Caramel De Luxe has emerged.

#### An adventure

"My eight-year-old now proudly prepares Steak Diane with increasing skill.

"Each meal is now an exciting adventure. The children (in place of bickering) now discuss the various dishes. An extra touch of tabasco could have been added to this, or the flavor was a little too sharp on that one.

"Recipe books have replaced comics, and the food section from the Weekly takes preference over Mandrake. Childhood dreams of careers in space have vanished. Instead, we have at least two up-and-coming chefs.

"After a lively breakfast discussion on the next 'cafe night' menu, my five-year-old brought us all down to earth with a plea for a boiled egg — no trimmings."

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# ABROAD

*... with Margaret Sydney*



- One of the baffling things about long-distance correspondence with your own family is the cryptic postscripts and odd words written on the outsides of envelopes.

I'VE got used to Di's aerograms marked "open carefully. Accid. typed on marg," but the message written on the outside of Kay's letter received yesterday had me completely beaten. It read "Urgent, investigate Moscow."

Who, me? And in order to find out what?

It was a long time before the penny dropped. Kay is determined to get to England well before advancing old age makes her ineligible for the under-26 concession air fares.

All she has to make up her mind about now is where she will make her two stopovers.

Already I've sent her masses of information about youth hostels in Italy and all the things CRUEI in Rome will do to help travelling students who hold an International Student Identity Card (pensione accommodation at \$A3 a night, free entry to museums, concessions on tours, buses, trains).

I'd arranged to spend my last afternoon in New Delhi doing the same thing for her there. But now Moscow! Reluctantly I decided I couldn't turn north again and fly an

extra 4944 kilometres each way just to ask some questions any good travel agent in Sydney could answer.

But I did make a find for her in New Delhi. At the Lohdi Hotel, which is new and air-conditioned and has lawns between each wing, she can get a room with its own bath and balcony \$A1.80 a night for bed and early morning tea (called bed-tea everywhere in India) or \$A3 (25 rupees) for single room and all three meals. Or at the YMCA Tourist Hostel (despite its name it's a hotel catering for men, women, and children), it's \$A3.60 for bed and breakfast or \$A4.56 full board.

### Myriad colors

#### *in the rose-pink city*

NOW I'm in Jaipur, and if Kay misses that she's cut of her tiny mind. Jaipur must be the most colorful city in the world, and not only because of its famous rose-pink building decorated with white scrolls.

Color seems to riot everywhere. The women wear full skirts in brilliant clear colors—scarlet and orange and blue and green—often decorated with silver edging; they wear pendants on their foreheads, gold and lacquer and glass bangles, silver ankle loops. Many of the men wear brilliant turbans, some of them plain, some flowered, some the famous Rajasthan tie-and-dye material.

Great heaps of golden mangos are on sale along the footpaths, pan-sellers offer fresh hot nuts and corn and sugar; the white bullocks that draw carts through the crowds have their horns stained green or blue; camels mouch by, carrying great loads of green fodder; dyers work on the pavements, plunging their stained bare arms into huge cauldrons and spreading the dazzling stuffs along the pavements to dry.

This morning I went with friends out to Amber and we rode the great paved slopes up to the old palace on an elephant. Not just any old elephant, either—Jaipur boasts 32—but a majestic 28-year-old beast with an intricate floral pattern drawn in white all over her monumental head, face, trunk, and enormous ears.

We had a mahout to guide her from his seat on her neck, a musician who walked beside us playing a long-necked Ravan Hattha he had made himself, and a very small boy armed with a big wooden club.

I inquired what his function was and was told he was there just in case the elephant got out of hand. I would dearly love to know what a very small boy with very short legs could do to control a stampeding elephant, but I didn't find out—our mount was much too ladylike for that.

We gave her a coconut, shell and all, at the end of the return journey, and she put an enormous fore-foot on it, cracked it with the utmost delicacy and precision so that none of the flesh was crushed, and picked up every edible speck of it from the dust.

In the afternoon we hired a tonga (a horse-drawn cab) and drove happily through the streets to see the sights.

Passers-by looked at us with some surprise—tourists are more often seen whirling along in cars—but the horse-drawn ride is the ideal way to see Jaipur's glorious dawn-colored buildings and all the bustling life and livestock of the streets.

### But the monkeys

#### *have no reverence*

ONE of the most fascinating of all Jaipur's sights is the enormous outdoor astronomical observatory built in the 18th century by the ruler Sawai Jai Singh.

There are vast inverted domes from which you can read the exact position of all the heavenly bodies at any given moment, huge stone stairways leading to the tops of calibrated curves of Big Dipper dimensions, 12 diversely shaped structures representing the signs of the zodiac.

You'd need to know an awful lot about astronomy to use these monumental instruments, but for the know-nothings, like me, there's consolations enough. Viewed from the top of any of the great stairways, it's like a gigantic sculptural picture or a stage setting, enlivened by the antics of long-tailed fawn-bodied monkeys who use it as a playground if there aren't too many people about.

One of the things that fascinates me about India is to see how the colors women wear seem to be tuned to their surroundings. In the north, in Kashmir, where nothing can tempt the eye to leave the stupendous beauty of the Himalayas for long, the women wear unobtrusive colors—Moslems often in black, others in muted floral patterns on dun-colored grounds.

But in the desert country of Rajasthan, green at the monsoons but dry and dusty for a good part of the year, people wear such a marvellous motley of colors that every day looks like some sort of festival.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 20, 1967

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 20, 1967

## READER'S STORY

# DAVID in HOSPITAL

*Going into hospital can be frightening for a child, but children are sensible and adaptable little people if handled properly. A mother from Kingswood, South Australia, tells how her small son sailed through a hernia operation without any worries.*

RIGHT from the time he could understand words we had talked to David as an adult.

Hospitals and illness, death, birth, everything had been covered simply, and when at the age of nearly six he had to have an operation he entered hospital with something akin to excitement.

Doctor had explained what had to be done. David would be put to sleep after counting up to ten, his tummy would be sore when he woke up, and he would be in hospital for several days.

We had promised him a small treat at every visit. I was to go in the afternoons, and Daddy at night while I stayed at home with Susan, aged two.

His small treats were things like lollies, a small plastic cannon, and two soldiers (10c), a lucky schnook (20c) which, incidentally, he kept with him day and night for two months until it eventually became lost at school amidst great floods of tears — a jigsaw puzzle (10c), and the promise of a stamp album when he came home. What child could wait under these delights?

The fun of shopping for new pyjamas

We had the fun of shopping for new pyjamas, and packing the same case. Mummy took to hospital to get baby Suzy with the new pyjamas, dressing-gown, slippers, a few comics, one dearly loved, much-worn teddy bear, and an old cardigan (for sitting-up times).

We also borrowed the sponge-bag and soap-holder that Daddy takes to army camp with him, and we were very grown-up!

It was Mother's Day when he was due to be admitted, and he said that up until lunchtime could be my day; after lunch was his.

So after lunch he called

the tune, and it was cricket on the front lawn, everyone playing. At 4 o'clock he came in for his bath and, dressed in new pyjamas, had party tea with us all. We were amazed at what he ate. Certainly no nerves there.

Susan came with us to the hospital. Sister and nurse greeted David with just enough friendliness, and I popped him into bed with teddy, unpacked his case, and we sat and talked for about half an hour.

Sitting up in bed, brown eyes taking in everything

Susan was beginning to get fidgety, and David told us we had better take her home in case she got him into trouble.

So we took the hint, feeling more saddened than our son, sitting up in the big white bed with his blond hair shining under the light, and his big brown eyes taking in everything about him, eager not to miss one single thing.

I wasn't the least worried about the operation, a straightforward repair for an umbilical hernia to be performed by our much-trusted GP, whom David idolised.

On Monday morning I set about my normal household chores, knowing I could ring at about 10 a.m. and possibly speak to Doctor.

My mother and father were moving house that morning, so that kept them occupied. David's godmother was the hardest to pacify. She had been feeling upset since the afternoon before, and was on the telephone to me soon after ten.

By the time I was able to ring the hospital for news, to hear all was well and our little son had behaved like a veteran, the house was in order and I was able to play with Susan until her lunch and bedtime, when I slipped away to the hospital.

David was sleeping when

prise he got! We all laughed, sore tummy and all.

As David couldn't do anything for himself, I had to lift him, and a six-year-old terrified of moving is a dead weight. This is where another day in hospital would have made all the difference to the comfort of patient and parent.

Mothers, do encourage your children to take a much-loved toy, especially a bed toy, with them. It spells security, and no nurse worth her salt will refuse to allow it.

After a little while David opened his eyes (still very dreamy at this stage). I spoke quietly, and pushed the little green schnook doll into his hand.

He dropped off again, and after half an hour I decided to leave, knowing that he would know I had been because of the flowers and the little schnook.

Back to rough-and-tumble school in a fortnight

Talked about the magic wind that put him to sleep

All this time David had been easy to handle — sensible, brave, and less loquacious than an adult would have been after an operation.

The only difficulty arose when he got outside and his desire to kick his beloved football became too strong. This was a source of conflict between us, until he realised that every time he kicked the ball he got bad stomach pains.

He read to him until he dropped off again, and so Daddy came home. He told me David was still stroking the shocking-pink hair of the schnook doll when he was asleep.

The following day, Tuesday, I decided to take Susan with me. We were talking to David when Sister came in and said he could go home.

I was rather taken by surprise, as David was still lying flat on his back and I thought looked a little seedy. If I had known what I now know, and if she had not said so in front of him, I would have asked for another night. So I brought him home.

We played a trick on Daddy when he came home from work. When he was sent into David's room to get something, what a surprise he got! We all laughed, sore tummy and all.

(Advertisement)

## Keep Your Home Free of Insect Pests

To quickly clear the home of disease-carrying flies, mosquitoes, cockroaches and other insect pests, spray with safe Pea-Beu insecticide. Survival of insect pests is not possible, because the powerful fume action of the Pea-Beu insecticide penetrates deep into remote corners and crevices killing all insect pests on contact—an action described by one observer "as if by an electric shock."

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Page 49

# Summer sewing with Vogue Patterns

• Here we show the latest in fashions for the young home sewer. The designs include a bikini with a transparent beach "cover," a swinging party dress, and a slick little daytime tent. Patterns are available from the Fashion Department, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



7075.—Bikini and cover-up (above and top). The cover-up has three-quarter sleeves; bikini top has square neckline; pants have elastic at waist. Sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Vogue Pattern 7075, price 85c includes postage.

7067.—Slick, tailored tent dress has a set-in band at front neckline and button and buttonhole trim. The pattern includes short or seven-eighth-length sleeves. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 7067, price 85c includes postage.



7078. — Swinging party dress has a semi-fit bodice attached at low waist to a double flounce skirt. Pattern also includes short and wrist-length sleeves. Sizes, young junior: 9, 11, 13 for 30½, 31½, and 33in. bust. Sizes, teens: 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 30, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Vogue Pattern 7078, 85c includes postage.

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use pen-names. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. We pay \$2 for each letter used.

# Driving it home!

Seniors of our school were recently shown a film by the National Road Safety Council. The narrator explained the reason for an accident and how it could have been avoided. The way people were hurt seemed too horrible to be true. We saw them being taken from a tangled mass of metal, some dead and others injured. We saw the expressions of agony on the faces of those who were conscious. Even the most heartless people had their stomachs turned by the pitiful sights. If this film were shown to everyone it would make them afraid to speed or drive carelessly.

B. WELSH, Mitcham, Vic.



## LETTERS

## For teenagers

### Free-'n-easy beat

I WOULD like to explain modern dancing to those who don't understand it — that is, those who think it is silly, and even ugly. I believe dancing is a form of enjoyment. When doing modern dancing you can really let yourself go, and relax. (It isn't possible to really enjoy yourself unless you are relaxed.) To enjoy ballroom dancing you have to learn how to do it. If you can't do it well, you worry all evening about how you look.

ROUND  
ROBIN



Adair

## HITTING BELOW THE BELT!

I SEE that a clothing shop in Birmingham, England, sells really loud gear.

It puts a tiny strip of magnetic tape in each garment for sale.

When a sale is made a shop assistant removes the strip. But if the garment is "lifted" an electric "eye" at the door picks up the tape and a machine lets out a loud scream. Ingenious, isn't it?

In the case of stolen shoes, it stops the thief from showing a clean pair of heels.

The idea proves that at an underwear counter there can really be many a slip.

But how does the mini-skirt fit into the picture?

When one is stolen, does the machine let out a mini-scream? Obviously, it should give one on a high note.

Actually, I believe the idea was dreamed up to catch a notorious dress thief, Sal Capone.

She led the Scarface Mob-cap.

The store called in famous dress detective Sheer-look Hems.

When the truly shifty character was caught by the device, she snarled: "Who squealed on me?"

Hems made his now-legendary reply: "Elementary, my dear—what's on."

I understand one woman dress-shop owner who doesn't have the screaming machine lamented: "I haven't a thing to scare."

I must say that the system has worked for years—and without any electronic help.

Why, only the other day I pinched a mini-skirt and there was a loud squeal.

I should point out, of course, that there was a girl in the dress!

conforming to another standard of morality. Many so-called intellectuals are simply seeking an excuse. Some, mentally unstable despite a high IQ, join the group to escape the responsibilities and reality of life, or to compensate for personal failure. So let us not be too impressed by the lofty, seemingly idealistic philosophy of the hippies. — "Josephine," Woodville, S.A.

### Second opinion

A RECENT letter (August 16) defined a "typical Australian." But is there such a person? Can anything be classed as typical, especially something as varied and changeable as a human being? In Australia today there is a rich mixture of cultures and nationalities. It is this variety and lack of conformity to similar aspirations that make the country great. To hold up a type, and make it the representative of a nation of individuals, is being unrealistic and over-sentimental.

— "A Realist," Glenelg, S.A.

### Deep rut

MANY people throw away possible chances of happiness and experience by expounding their ideas — but never trying them out. Without realising it, they are falling deeper into the rut of living. Procrastination is the enemy of a full life. — Ro White, Canterbury, Vic.

### From all angles

IF only we stopped to think before we criticise, a lot of people would be saved from unnecessary pain. Both points of view on every topic should be considered before passing a judgment. For instance, I don't like the hippies, and I would never try to become one. But I can see the way they view life. The hippies are not hurting anybody but themselves, so why interfere? They don't try to interfere with the way we lead our lives. — "Two Sides," Dorrington, Qld.



RECENTLY it was suggested that the age of majority should be reduced from 21 to 18. In the past teenagers have not been encouraged to think for themselves. Nor do they have responsibilities. And for this reason many have become unthinking and irresponsible. However, if teenagers over the age of 18 were given the right to decide important matters for themselves, they would begin to think more seriously and would be forced to become more responsible. For this reason I believe that teenagers, as well as the country as a whole, would benefit. — L. Mortimer, Rocklea, Qld.



### Beauty in Brief

## Ready and set to do

YOU'RE off to a head start with your summer beauty program when you realise that a permanent wave, plus a style you can set yourself, is the secret of well-groomed, well-behaved hair.

A mop of hair, unless naturally wavy, usually needs a perm of some sort to hold any setting. It may be a full or partial perm or just an end perm, depending on various things.

Though you cannot always see the "body" that a perm puts into your hair, you can feel it. You know it's there because your hair behaves in heat and humidity, and withstands damp and rainy conditions.

### Right shape

Before you have a perm — whether it be professional or a do-it-yourself job — do have your hair properly cut and shaped to the style you want, perhaps one of the new short, curly styles or a sleek and smooth affair with only a suggestion of curl at the end of the hair.

Short hair is the easiest of all lengths to manage during swimming weather. But if you prefer a longer sweep of hair it does have an advantage that you can brush it up from the neck and roll it high on your head for night-time.

Don't be frightened to use a BRUSH on your hair — brush out your set firmly, tidy up with the comb.

— Carolyn Earle

### Party "tricks"

THE behaviour of some adults when I attended my first grown-up party disgusted me. There was a revoltingly tipsy old man, and a woman in her 40s, said to be a drug-addict, who started taking off her clothes. I thought how unfair my parents were in criticising my friends and warning us against this and that. But my mother said, "Now you know why we are concerned about the habits you form. The drug-taking exhibitionist in his teens will nearly always grow into the type of person who disgusts you at a party." Maybe she has something. — "Wiser," Waitara, N.S.W.

### Politely speaking

IN many cases you find that if a girl is going out with a boy, he meets her at the corner, or blows the horn of his car outside her house. I think it would be much more polite for boys to go to the door and ask if their dates were ready. They would find that the girls' parents would also appreciate this. — Dee Kay, Griffith, N.S.W.

## worried about grey hairs?



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## meet Clemency Miriam May

Born under the sign of Virgo (August 24 to September 23)

Her horoscope says she's a high mentality sign, constructive, methodical, discriminating... a born critic! Her Mother knows already! That's why she's thankful for Dri-Glo Nappies... they keep her happy (they're so soft and fleecy) and last so long, everyone's happy in the end! And even though they may cost a little more... for clever babies like Clem... you know they're really worth it!

## DRI-GLO NAPPIES

0100

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Louise  
HERE'S YOUR

Hunter's  
ANSWER

## Tragic but true

"I AM heartbroken over my boyfriend. We had been getting along fantastically, and then all of a sudden he stopped seeing me so regularly. Now he hardly ever talks to me, except occasionally to say 'Hi!' What do you think his reasons are? I know he hasn't got another girlfriend. Could you please help me, as it is affecting my schoolwork? I am 15."

"Heart-sick," N.S.W.

• Perhaps you and your boyfriend were getting along a little TOO "fantastically" to suit a young man who wants to stay heart-free. So he has decided to bow out of your romance before it's too late. Heart-breaking though it may be, some boys prefer to play safe, and I'm afraid you will have to accept his decision.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

### Status symbol

"MY mother is sending me overseas in two weeks' time. I am only 18 and have not yet finished my secretarial course at a technical school. Therefore I have no desire to leave Australia. I asked my mother why she was sending me, to which she replied, 'So when my friends ask me how my daughter is, I can say she is in Brussels.' This is an example of what I am fighting against. My mother is a snob. But I do not want to be a status symbol. Do you have any suggestions as to how I can avoid the trip, and at the same time help my mother rid herself of this common 'disease'?"

"Troubled," Vic.

• Whatever your mother's motives are for sending you overseas, I think you should count yourself extremely lucky to get such a chance. World travel is rather like a finishing school, only a hundred times more exciting, so grab it with both hands. If you don't you will regret it all your life. Surely you can pick up the threads of your secretarial course later on? And remember, a mother wants only the best for her daughter, and, whether she is a snob or not, yours is no exception.

### Naming the day

"I AM a 17-year-old girl in love with an 18-year-old mechanic. As I am attractive, I have been out with quite a few boys, but ALWAYS lost interest no matter how nice they were! I have been going out with this boy for more than two months and we both know it's the real thing. So—if he asks me to become engaged do you think we are too young to know our own minds and, of course, to accept the responsibility of marriage?"

"Uncertain," Qld.

• If you are uncertain, as your pen-name suggests, then you would be wise to delay your official engagement for a year. Some teenage marriages are a success, but not all. I know it sounds drearily hard-headed to mention money, but it's important to be sure that you have a little saved before you fix a wedding date. Waiting a year to tell the world will give you time to turn uncertainty into certainty.

### Listen carefully

"MY problem is that boys seem to like my girlfriend better, and she is always the centre of attraction when they are around. I try to make conversation, but as I am shy it never seems to go well. How can I become more popular? I am 15."

"Left Out," N.S.W.

• It's hard to give a recipe for popularity, but I can tell you one thing—worrying about it doesn't help. Don't try to make conversation with boys. Let them lead the conversation, and take an interest in what they say. Ask them questions. Everyone likes an interested listener.

### BEATNIK



# new Birds Eye Handipacks: you buy big, save big on mouth-watering Birds Eye flavour

and you store small!



For teenagers

# PATTI McGRATH'S BEDROOM



● Large toy dogs and bears give a fun touch to Patti's dainty bedroom.



● Dressing-table is very feminine focal point.



● Neat, handy cabinet (left) has many uses.

Story, Leonie Newberry — pictures, Michael Coyne

ANY young girl regards her bedroom as her castle—and, more often than not, spends countless hours planning the decor and shifting furniture to suit her mood and reflect her personality.

Attractive young Melbourne GTV9 television personality Patti McGrath is no exception. While her bedroom is fairly small, it is one that most girls would envy.

"My bedroom had always been 'pretty-pretty' since I was a little girl, and last year I was so sick of it I decided to alter it completely," Patti explained while showing off the freshly decorated room in her parents' Chadstone home.

However, it could still be classed as "pretty-pretty," showing that Patti is really very feminine at heart.

As all girls know, the planning process is more than half the fun, and Patti spent months going through magazines, picking out ideas to incorporate in the room, and deciding on colors.

Now Patti has a distinctly feminine bedroom with a soft and pretty color scheme of orchid-pink, white, and cream.

The door leading into the room has been painted white and decorated with inset panels of white quilted fabric printed with tiny pink rosebuds. A slightly bigger single rose motif is on the doorknob. The same fabric is used on the dressing-table top and, as Patti says, "being washable it is marvellous to clean if you accidentally spill make-up over it."

The bed's valance and the fall around the dressing-table are both

made of printed cotton with a tulle overlay and echo the rosebud design. Wide white lace trims the scalloped edges of the throwover bedspread of deep orchid-pink.

A luxurious touch is the white Indian rug on the floor and the silky, pink, deep-pile scatter mat at the foot of the bed.

All the sewing for the new-look room was done by Patti's mother, Mrs. M. McGrath, who also makes most of her daughter's clothes—including those for television work.

#### ● Clever idea

Perhaps one of the cleverest ideas incorporated in the room is that both the large wardrobe unit and bookshelf cabinet cum desk are painted in very pale pink to blend with the rest of the room. This gives a "total look" and has the added advantage of making the room appear larger.

The cabinet, made by a friend at Channel 9, neatly houses in the top section Patti's tape-recorder, records, and record-player, and typewriter. Cupboards and drawers underneath provide space for jumpers and bulky-knit cardigans and other hard-to-store garments.

Around the room are large toy animals—dogs and bears, which friends have given her over the years. Long-legged clown dolls on the bookshelf cabinet also provide fun interest in the room.

Behind the door—and contradicting the grown-up and sometimes sophisticated image Patti projects on television—is a large sheet of pegboard covered with pin-up pictures and cuttings of her favorite Australian and overseas entertainers.

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By the time you've read this advertisement your pain could be GOING! Read how a lumbago sufferer got "near miraculous" relief from Mentholatum "Deep Heat" Rub . . .

"Dear Sir,  
After the near miraculous results this week-end I felt I had to write to you to express my gratitude for such a wonderful product.

I had a severe attack of Lumbago, so bad that Saturday morning it took me thirty minutes just to get out of bed. The simplest of movements such as a cough, or even a deep breath brought on excruciating spasms of pain.

I walked about for hours, unable to sit because of the agony involved in getting up again. A friend called and suggested Deep Heat rub. As the shops were shut by then he kindly went home and brought me his own tube. As I stated, the results were little short of miraculous.

I still have a soreness in the base of the spine, but today I have done about five hours work of lifting, bending, stretching without one grab of pain. I thought I would have been off work for a week, but thanks to your Deep Heat, I can carry out my normal duties. A truly wonderful product.

Yours sincerely,  
(Sgd.) J. Richmond, Hawthorn.

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## ELEVEN AND A HALF SQUARES FOR A FAMILY OF FIVE

**E**QUAL first-prize winner in a Victorian small-homes competition was this H-shaped house designed by architect Ian J. Smith for a family of five. Although it is only 11½ squares, the house looks much larger, mainly because of its courtyards and the fact that the main roof beams continue across these areas. Full-length windows and doors add to the feeling of spaciousness.

Using simple grey-green weatherboards with dark brown windowframes, doors, and beams, the basic design of the house can be built for less than \$10,000.

One wing of the H-shape comprises the living/dining-room and parents' bedroom and bathroom, and in the other wing are two children's bedrooms and their bathroom, a family-room, and small laundry. Connecting link between the two wings is a gallery-style

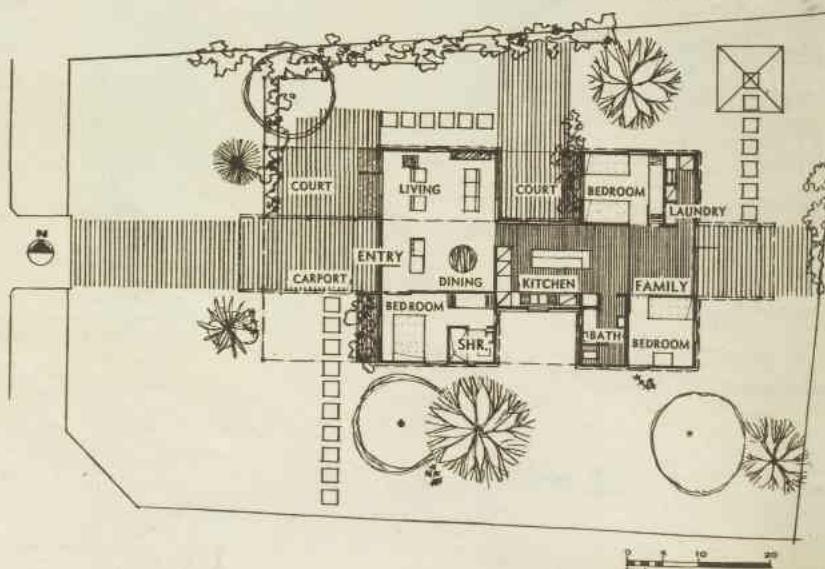
kitchen, which is an extension of the family-room, allowing a mother to keep an eye on her children while she prepares meals.

A particularly interesting feature of the plan is its versatility. The H-shape allows rooms to be omitted, if desired, at the time of building, or for others to be added later on without difficulty. The house could be built as a three-roomed unit by leaving off the children's wing.

Known as a Gas Project house, it has been built on the Valewood Estate at Waverley, following the competition which was sponsored by the Small Homes Service of the Royal Victorian Institute of Architects and the Gas and Fuel Corporation of Victoria.

The house is equipped with the latest gas appliances, including a wall oven and hotplate, refrigerator, hot-water service, space heater, clothes-dryer, barbecue, and garden lights.

Story by Beverley Cooper  
Photographs by Michael Coyne



## HOUSE of the WEEK



Covered play area for children (left of picture) leads off indoor playroom, is an extension of the H-shape and can also be used for barbecues. Flagstones lead to where clothesline will be.

Attractive gallery-style kitchen has large central counter which doubles as an eating bar and workbench. Beyond is the children's playroom, which can be easily supervised from this room.



Dining area, in the centre of the front wing of the house, is actually part of the living-room. Kitchen is through doorway at left.



Living/dining - room is bounded on two sides by courtyards, one of which can be seen through the long open-weave gold curtains.

they wear flowered overalls instead. I wonder what they wear in the men's wing — sports coats and flannels, perhaps. And my window isn't barred — I was afraid it would be; it's just an ordinary sash.

Jim said my room looked very comfortable. I suppose in a way he's right. It's rather like a hotel room, except for the high hospital bed. And everything's so clean it glistens. I haven't seen Dr. Braceman yet.

They say I'm to see him this morning. It's rather like waiting to see the Head. Do you remember how Miss Carlow always kept you waiting, after you'd knocked, for her little bell to ring? You could tell if you'd done anything awful because she kept you waiting such a long time; but if it was something pleasant, you went in

## DEAREST CLARISSA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

straightaway. I don't suppose you ever had to wait, Clarissa; you never did awful things like me. I mean, you weren't careless and forgetful and bottom of the form and hopeless at games, and plain on top of it all.

No one could ever understand how I came to be your sister. It was like a let-down all round, what with Daddy being so disappointed that I wasn't the son he'd hoped for, and then me not even being a satisfactory sort of girl. I still can't get over Jim marrying me, especially when he could have had you, but it was easily the best thing that ever happened to me. If only I hadn't let him down, too!

My room is long and rather narrow. It's evidently been made by partitioning a bigger room in half. The partition must be pretty thick, though; I can't hear a sound from next door. Perhaps there isn't anyone next door. It's so odd, not knowing. And if there is, she must be mad, like me.

Because that's what you all mean, although nobody says it. A "nervous breakdown" is a polite phrase for being temporarily insane. Not that I feel insane; I just can't pull myself together. I keep crying over silly things. But you all think I'm mad, though none of you dares say so. That's why you've sent me here — "Combe Tracy for rest and men-

tal recuperation," or whatever it was it said in the brochure. But you needn't think I don't know what I'm doing — or what you're doing, come to that.

I've been sent here because I'm in the way, I've become a nuisance. I don't think Jim can bear the sight of me. Not that I blame him. A wife who can't even manage to become a mother is a bit much for any man to take. If only I'd been more careful coming downstairs when you called me — and that's a dreadful thing to say because it sounds as if I'm blaming you, whereas if you hadn't been there to get the doctor, I suppose I might easily have died.

How I wish I had! It would have been the best thing that could have happened. And after a decent interval, you could have married Jim. There! Now you

know my last wish if anything should happen. I tried to say this to Jim, but he wouldn't listen. Sometimes it's easier to write things down.

I've always loved writing letters. There are things I can write that I could never, ever say — even to you, because you're so much cleverer than I am that I'm always afraid of looking or sounding a fool. But when I write, I don't have to watch other people's reactions. I don't have to see them getting bored, or smiling in the wrong places, or preparing to demolish my arguments. I don't start to say something and wish I'd never begun.

I wonder what the other "in-mates" will be like. Meeting them is one of the things I dread. I was so afraid of going down to breakfast that I lay awake half the night. Then, when they brought my breakfast to my room, I was so relieved I just turned all the taps on. You can't imagine what an idiot I felt. I thought of the flowery-overalled woman going back to tell Dr. Braceman, and how he'd think I was really off my head. I cried so much I couldn't eat my breakfast, and the coffee had all gone cold. And when the flowery-overalled woman came for the tray, she said nothing. I felt about six years old.

I DIDN'T finish this morning because they came to say Dr. Braceman would see me and would I go to his room. His room's on the ground floor, so I went downstairs — there's a beautiful staircase — and knocked on Dr. Braceman's door. The door says "Medical Superintendent" and there's a smell of disinfectant mixed with the flowers, but otherwise you'd never know you were in a hospital; it's just like a big country house. Dr. Braceman doesn't even look like a doctor; he wears tweeds and smokes a pipe and looks like a country squire. And he said "Come in" at once, so I knew it wasn't going to be too awful. In fact, I quite enjoyed myself.

No, Clarissa, I am not falling in love with Dr. Braceman, although I can quite understand how someone could. He seems to be so interested in what you're saying and he doesn't ask questions or make you feel you're ill. Indeed, almost the only questions he asked were about you — I hope you're flattered. He wanted to know where you lived and what you did, and whether we looked alike and what was the age-gap between us, and whether we'd been to the same school. I gave you a pretty good build-up, everything from your being head girl on. He said he'd like to meet you, Clarissa, and I was to introduce you if ever you came down!

Then he said he usually had a cup of coffee about eleven, and he hoped I'd have one, too. So I said yes please and told him how I'd missed out on breakfast. Evidently, flowery-overalls hadn't let on! He said he often didn't bother with breakfast, and asked me what I thought of the house. I said I hadn't seen it yet, but I was surprised it was as early as 1680, the main staircase seemed much later than that.

Dr. Braceman said it was — nearly a hundred years later, and added that most people wouldn't have noticed that. I told him I was interested in old buildings and history, and he said in that case I'd come to the right spot.

For three hundred years this house belonged to the Bellenger family. Before that there was a priory here, but the Bellengers acquired the land after the Dissolution, pulled down the buildings and erected a fortified manor house instead. They fought for the King in the Civil War and the house was burnt down as a reprisal by Colonel Skinner and his Parliamentary troops. After the Restoration, Charles II raised Bellenger

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ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

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Avocado, ivory and aqua.



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to the peerage and gave him some monopolies. The new house was begun with the proceeds in 1680, and finished twelve years later by his son; but it was under the third Earl, or rather his countess, that the whole inside was redone.

Dr. Braceman said I could read all about it in the library, and if I'd finished my coffee he'd show me some of the books straightaway. And do you know, I had finished it, without noticing, and a plate of biscuits as well!

I shan't have time to finish this letter before the post goes, and there's so much else I want to say. I'll write again tomorrow. Keep safe, darling, and keep an eye on my dear Jim for me.

Your loving sister,  
Julia

Combe Tracy,  
Wednesday, 20th April  
Dearest Clarissa,

This is a very odd place because it isn't odd at all, if you understand me. You just expect it to be. I got lost last night after dinner, trying to get from the dining-room to the library, and a very nice woman asked if she could help me—I took her for one of the staff. She was about fifty, tall, and rather full-bosomed, with a deep, commanding voice—musical, but you wouldn't dream of not doing what she told you. She knew who I was, too. My dear, I found out later she's one of the patients; she's been here eighteen months. I wonder what's wrong? She seemed to have such presence. I'd give anything to be as poised as that.

I've now met several of the patients, men, and women. We have meals together and sit together in the lounge. We're not encouraged to talk about our illnesses, but if we want to, no one really minds. Some talk and some don't, that's about it. On the whole I prefer the ones who don't. One thing: no one ever asks you what's the matter. You can say as much or as little as you like.

**T**HE girl in the room next to me is named Tessa Newton. I feel awful to think I wrote that she was mad. She's the sanest, gentlest person you could imagine—I can't think why she has to be "inside." She's very small and dainty, beautifully dressed, with the most enormous, haunting eyes. She loves clothes—she's some sort of fashion artist—and a most amusing mimie, too.

I told her about the lady with the commanding presence. She knew at once who I meant. And Clarissa, would you believe it! It seems the commanding presence took to going about without her clothes. That's why they had to send her to Combe Tracy. She still does it from time to time. Yet she doesn't look as if she knows the meaning of the word "naked." I'll never get used to this place.

Perhaps I shan't need to get used to it, because Dr. Braceman said this morning that he hoped mine wouldn't have to be a long stay. He said I was a very lucky woman if I would but realise it, and he hoped natural intelligence would come to my aid. According to him, the trouble with most of his patients is that they aren't loved enough, or not in the right way, whereas he couldn't see that I had much to complain of on that score. I felt so ungrateful I started to cry.

I decided to ring Jim up to tell him I was sorry (though I didn't tell Dr. Braceman that). We can make phone calls here from a booth in the hall, so last night I rang Jim but there wasn't any answer. It was about nine o'clock, and he's always home by half past seven, but last night he wasn't home at half past ten, which is when we have to be in bed.

I tried three times, and the phone kept ringing and ringing. I told myself he must be out. But it's so unlike him, Clarissa; I don't understand it. I can't wait to ring again tonight.

I shan't ring the office because he made me promise I wouldn't, unless it was a matter of life and death. I must keep some control, even if I am unbalanced. After all, the commanding presence doesn't go naked all the time!

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 20, 1967

## DEAREST CLARISSA

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Isn't it funny, heaps of women lose a baby (Dr. Braceman pointed this out), but they don't all allow their grief to prey on them, as I have. You can never tell how people will react. I tried to tell him that it wasn't only losing the baby; it's the feeling that it's all my fault. If I hadn't run downstairs I shouldn't have tripped and fallen.

Because you know, Clarissa, I did trip. I didn't stumble or miss my footing. I fell over some obstacle. Except that there is no obstacle on our staircase. And yet I'm not imagining things.

In the split second before I started falling, when I tried to clutch the banister rail, I remem-

ber thinking "Whatever is it?" And then I don't remember anything more, except you telling me to lie still and the doctor coming and the fear inside me that was greater than the pain. But if I hadn't been in such a hurry I should have seen the obstacle. That's what I can't explain.

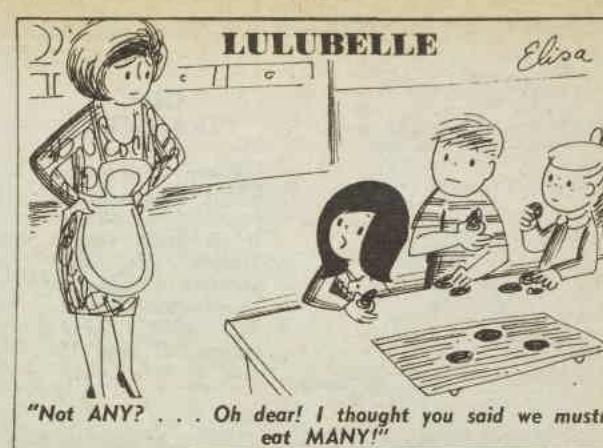
I must write to Jim. I'll write again before the week's out. I wish so much that you were here. It feels like the first time I had to go back to school without you. I can't explain why. Never mind. I'm not imagining things.

Love from  
Julia

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## LULUBELLE

Elisa



# THIS FEELING COULD ONLY BE JOHNSON'S

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## DEAREST CLARISSA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

Combe Tracy,  
Friday, 22nd April

Dearest Clarissa,

Thank you for your letter. I never thought that Jim might be with you. It's so good of you to invite him. I'm sure you're right to say it's bad for him to be alone. It wouldn't do for Jim to brood himself silly also. I'll try to be more sensible next time.

As for your saying I mustn't be deceived by an appearance of normality, there isn't much danger of that. We had the most horrible scene last night at dinner. I can't get it out of my mind. We sit at tables for four and we can choose our places; only woe betide you

if you take an old resident's place! I sit with Tessa, and we were joined last night by a youngish bald man named Lovegrove, and by a Major Armstrong, an upright elderly man.

I didn't say much — Tessa does most of the talking — and we got through the soup, all right. Then, when the meat course came, Major Armstrong looked round at us and said: "I should advise you all not to touch this. I happen to know that it's been poisoned." Tessa said "Nonsense" and took a mouthful to prove it. Lovegrove also picked up his knife and fork. Major Armstrong became very excited and tried to grab hold of

his arm. He said the food contained sodium chloride, and Lovegrove laughed and said that was only common salt, and he ought to know because he was a research chemist! Armstrong stood up and began to shout.

He used the filthiest language, and raved on and on about a plot to poison him. He was crying, and said it was only to be expected because he had poisoned his wife. Two attendants from the male wing came to stop him — they do wear sports coats, Clarissa, fancy that! — but he threw his plate on the floor and became quite violent. In the end they had to drag him out.

I couldn't finish my dinner. It wasn't that I thought it was poisoned, but I couldn't forget what he'd said about his wife. Do we really have murderers among us? And how on earth can you tell? I don't expect you to answer that question, but you will understand how I feel.

I'm glad you realise that I didn't really mean it when I accused you of trying to put me away. I was upset. Nuff sed?

Jim is coming down at the weekend. I can't wait to show him this place.

Your loving sister,  
Julia

Combe Tracy,  
Tuesday, 26th April

Dearest Clarissa,

It was wonderful to see Jim on Sunday, and wonderful to see you, too. How good of you to bother to come such a long way. Of course it was company for Jim.

I so enjoyed showing you the gardens. I think they're beautiful, except for the formal garden, which I find frightening. Those tall yew hedges are so solid and dark. They've been there since the eighteenth century. Just think of all the things they must have seen! I feel there must be ghosts among those yew hedges; it would be fitting. After all, the yew is a churchyard tree. And the fact that the flower-beds and paths have given way to greensward makes it more than ever like a burial ground.

I'm sorry you didn't think I was looking better. Jim did; at least, he said he did. But that's the trouble; I no longer trust what people tell me. Major Armstrong, for instance, didn't poison his wife. He just thinks he did because there was once a man called Armstrong who did, and nearly got away with it. Dr. Braceman told me so when I asked him if there were really murderers among us. He said Major Armstrong wouldn't hurt a fly.

He also said there were plenty of murderers among us, but unfortunately they couldn't be caught, because they didn't use a knife or a bullet or poison; they simply drove other people to death, sometimes by self-destruction, sometimes by robbing them of the will to live. He also said I was a natural victim!!! Can you imagine such a thing? I told him jokingly that I should be very suspicious in future, and he said quite seriously that that was good.

Do you know what Dr. Braceman has suggested? He wants me to write a history of this house. He says the material's all there in the library; it just hasn't been put together till now. He says a lot of people would be interested in it; he would himself for one. Tomorrow I shall take a look at what's available. It might be rather fun.

I asked Dr. Braceman if there were any ghosts here, and he said very firmly that he didn't believe in ghosts. Which is rather the answer I expected, though I'm not at all sure that I agree. Do you think there are ghosts, Clarissa? I don't remember ever asking you before. Tessa says she's sure there are ghosts, she's seen them, but Tessa likes to pose as being fey. You know, Tessa does pose. She's not a fashion artist; it's just that that's what she thinks she'd like to be. It's rather like Major Armstrong, isn't it, only silly instead of sad. Poor Tessa, she's a secretary, really; perhaps I was wrong and she is a little mad. Major Armstrong is back in

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# Rice and shine!

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circulation. Since the poison business he's kept to his room. He seems perfectly normal; in fact, he's rather pleasant. And he's not a scrap embarrassed. I'd die. Dr. Braceman says he probably doesn't realise what happened. How confusing everything is down here. Dr. Braceman says it's a good sign I think so. He says he thinks I'll soon be home again.

Ever your loving sister,

Julia

Combe Tracy,

Wednesday, 4th May

Dearest Clarissa,  
I was delighted to get another letter from you, until I opened it and found it contained the news it did. Of course, that's terribly selfish of me. I ought to be thrilled for Jim's sake that the firm wants to send him to New York, only I can't think of anything except how much I want him near me, and New York's three thousand miles away. I wish I were well enough to go with him, but I'm afraid there's not much chance of that.

As a matter of fact, they kept me in bed yesterday and wouldn't let me write letters. I think they gave me drugs. Anyway, I couldn't think clearly about anything, not even about Jim going to New York. When I first read your letter after breakfast, I kept telling myself that a month wasn't very long. But each time I thought about it, it got longer. I felt as if I would never see Jim again.

When I went in to see Dr. Braceman, he knew at once I was upset. He asked me—very kindly—what was the matter, and I'm afraid I just broke down and

#### FROM THE BIBLE

• To him that is afflicted pity should be shewed from his friend; but he forsaketh the fear of the Almighty.

—Job 6; 14.

cried. I must have been quite hysterical, because I didn't even know what I said, but he got the gist of it, all right, and said rather coldly that he was surprised Jim hadn't told him. And then I did an awful thing.

I didn't mean to do it, Clarissa. It was simply that I had no idea how he'd react; but I'm afraid I've got you in bad with Dr. Braceman because I said you'd told me about it in a letter, and he seemed quite cross that you had. I told him that you had only done it to save me because you knew how I would feel if Jim came down next weekend and sprang it on me, and he said that wasn't for you to judge. I got rather overwrought, and accused him of being unpleasant because he didn't like you, though I don't know what made me say that, except that you said you didn't like him, and these things are always mutual. Do you remember how you and Aunt Sophie fought?

She's the only other person I can think of who hasn't liked you, and she was a horrid old thing, although I shouldn't say that because she's dead now, and she left me all that money. I'd no idea she was so rich. But even in death she tried to sow dissension; she didn't leave anything to you; and that could easily have led to quarrels if you weren't so generous-hearted that her nasty little scheme fell through. Anyway, I've left half of it to you if there are no more children; Jim gets the other half.

What made me think of Aunt Sophie was Dr. Braceman and the way I made things worse the more I explained. He was determined to misunderstand me, and in this he succeeded pretty well. I won't tell you what he said, but he twisted everything. Aunt Sophie used to do the same. The more I defended you, the more she was annoyed by it. She would have loved to see us fight. And you, too, my poor Clarissa, were affected by it; you couldn't do anything right. Even the snapshots of you she took at my wedding came out badly, although she tried to pretend it was only the light.

All the other pictures of you as my bridesmaid were beautiful. I was quite outshone, except that people make such a fuss of a bride — as I hope you'll discover some day, darling, though why a girl as lovely as you hasn't married is something I'll never know.

But Aunt Sophie took the most cruel pictures. You really looked eaten up with hate, although it was only because you were off guard and not smiling; you didn't even know you were being snapped. I told Aunt Sophie she'd taken an unfair advantage, but she only sniffed — you remember that trick she had. After she was dead and I was going through her papers I found the prints and the negative and burned them. So they don't exist any more.

It all goes to show that if you

## DEAREST CLARISSA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

think people are evil, they'll be evil. I tried to tell Dr. Braceman that, but he said he wasn't convinced of the subjectivity of evil. That's an odd saying from a man who doesn't believe in ghosts!

I'm afraid the history of Combe Tracy isn't progressing very rapidly. These past two days have set it back a bit. And now I can't think of anything but that Jim will be coming on Saturday. I wonder what he'll have to say.

Clarissa, I want you to know that you did right to tell me—I mean about Jim going to New York. If Dr. Braceman says you shouldn't have done, you can tell him I said so. You've always

known me better than anyone else.

I'm tired tonight, so I think I'll stop writing — or scribbling, as Tessa would say. Did I tell you Tessa was frightfully superstitious? I only discovered that today. We were walking in the grounds — not the formal garden, Tessa hates that as much as I do — when a black cat crossed our path. I said it meant good luck, but it seemed it crossed from left to right, which is terribly unlucky.

Poor Tessa looked really scared. Then she saw a magpie — one for sorrow — and she got so worked up we had to go indoors, where the first thing she saw was

a pair of shoes on the hall table. She said it meant a death in the house. I said it meant that someone had left a pair of shoes there for a moment, but she would have none of it. She stayed in her room and refused to come down at lunch-time. But she seems to have got over it tonight.

Your loving sister,  
Julia

Combe Tracy,  
Wednesday, 11th May

Dearest Clarissa,

Jim came down on Saturday as promised, but Dr. Braceman saw him first, so Jim knew all that had happened as a result of your letter before I had a chance to tell him myself.

Clarissa, imagine the situation! Jim said he wasn't going just as

To page 64

## Only CRACKER BARREL protects its flavour with double-strength aluminium foil.



How well aged do you like your CRACKER BARREL? Choose from Tasty, Semi-Matured and Mild. (Extra Tasty now available in N.S.W.).

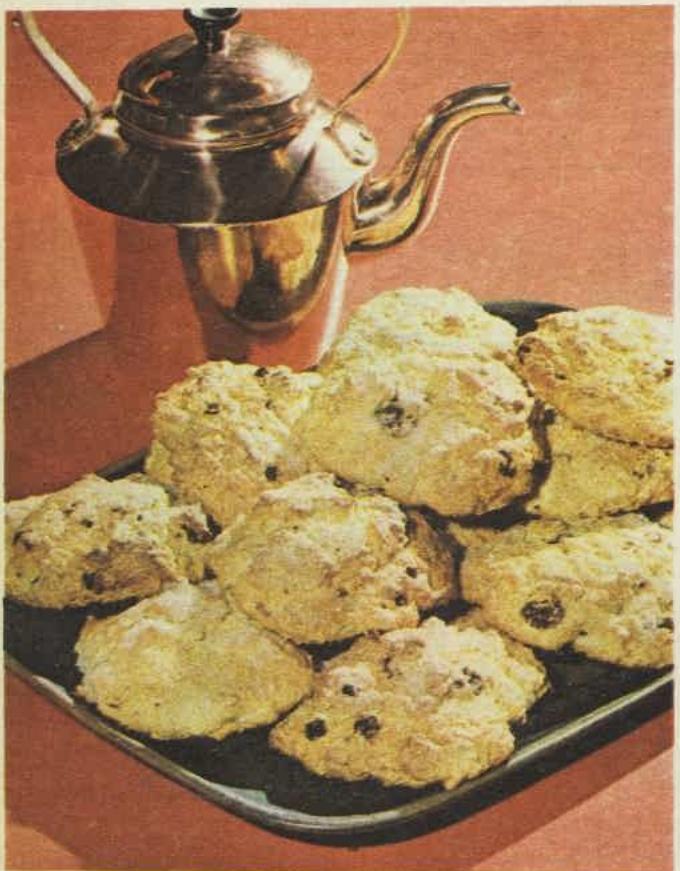
## Only CRACKER BARREL has so much flavour to protect.

You can't hurry a great cheese—it needs time to mature. In the cool, quiet cellars at KRAFT, CRACKER BARREL ages in its own good time. Then when it's ready, KRAFT wraps CRACKER BARREL in double strength aluminium foil to protect the great flavour which time and KRAFT care have given it. Wouldn't you protect your cheese this way if you'd waited so long for it to mature?

KRAFT. for good food and good food ideas



# HOW TO MAKE PERFECT ROCK CAKES...



ROCK CAKES are easy to make, always popular.

● Rock cakes get their name from their shape, certainly not from their texture. For these fruit-studded, sugar-topped cakes have been favorites since grandmother's day; and they're still the most popular cake for morning or afternoon tea at home or at the office.

TO make perfect rock cakes, there are a few rules to be observed. We show these in the step-by-step pictures at right.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in the recipe below, and on the opposite page.

## THE RECIPE

2 cups self-raising flour	1oz. mixed peel
3oz. sugar	1 egg
3oz. butter or substitute	pinch salt
3oz. dried fruits (sultanas or currants)	½ teaspoon cinnamon or mixed spice
	3 tablespoons milk (approx.)

STEP 1 (Rubbing-in): Sift dry ingredients into bowl. Add butter, and, using fingertips, rub butter into the dry ingredients until mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs. Add fruit and peel, mix through.

STEP 2 (Adding the Liquid): Beat egg, add to the mixture, then add just sufficient milk to make a moist but still stiff consistency. (You may not need to add the full 3 tablespoons milk. If mixture is too soft, cakes will spread widely during cooking instead of retaining shape.)

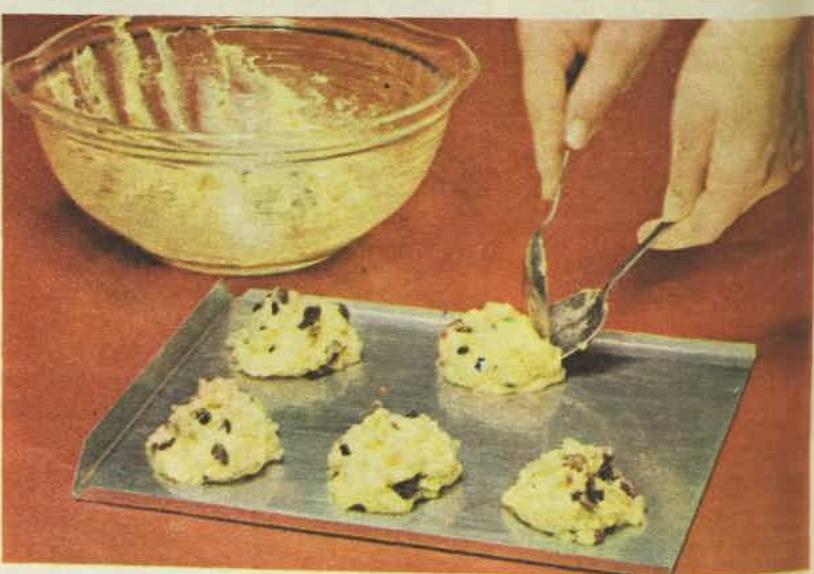
STEP 3 (Spoonng-out): Use teaspoons or dessertspoons (depending on size of cake required) to spoon mixture out in rough heaps on to greased tray. Leave space between each to allow for slight spreading. Sprinkle cakes with sugar. Bake in moderately hot oven 10 to 20 minutes, depending on size of cake. Loosen on trays while hot; allow to cool on trays.



STEP 1: Rub butter into dry ingredients with fingertips.



STEP 2: Add milk to make a moist but stiff mixture.



STEP 3: Spoon out mixture on oven tray in small heaps.

# ...AND A WONDERFUL BUTTER CAKE

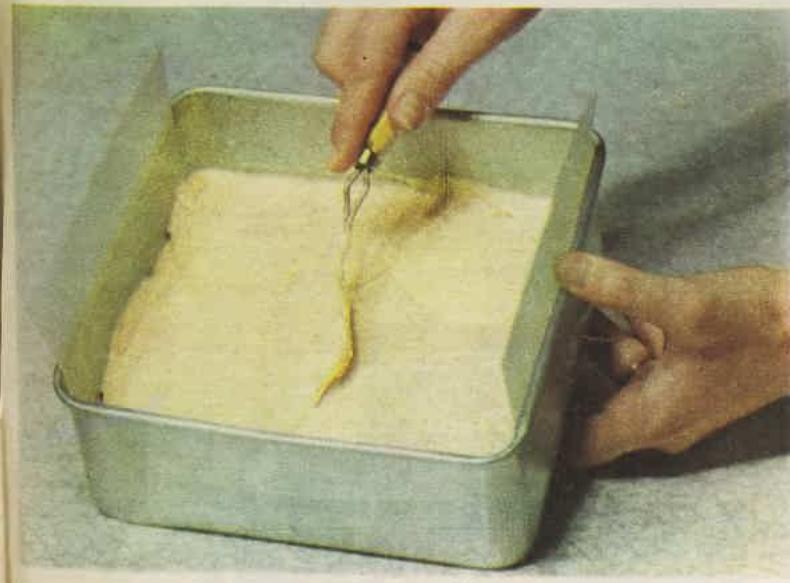
RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN



STEP 1: Cream thoroughly until mixture is light, fluffy.



STEP 2: Add beaten eggs to mixture gradually.



STEP 3: Use spatula to spread surface evenly.



BUTTER CAKE has a rich flavor and keeps well.

● Everybody, it seems (especially the men in the household), likes the rich flavor of a good-keeping, good-cutting butter cake. You can serve it to an appreciative family, or guests, almost any time of the day; it packs well for school or office lunches.

BELOW is an easy-to-make recipe and step-by-step instructions for baking a cake you'll be proud to serve.

#### THE RECIPE

6oz. butter or substitute	3 cups self-raising flour
1 cup sugar	7½oz. milk (not quite 1 cup)
1 teaspoon vanilla	pinch salt
3 eggs	

STEP 1 (Creaming the Mixture): With electric mixer or wooden spoon, cream butter and sugar together until mixture is light in color and fluffy in texture; thorough creaming increases the volume of mixture, giving a bigger-sized cake. Add vanilla while creaming so the flavor will be thoroughly absorbed.

STEP 2 (Adding Ingredients): Beat eggs (have them at room temperature) lightly in bowl. Add gradually to creamed mixture, beating well after each addition; this will avoid mixture curdling. Add half the sifted flour and salt and half the milk; fold in gently. Fold in remaining flour and milk. Beat briefly to break up any large air pockets and make mixture smooth. Do not over-beat; this will give cake a tough texture.

STEP 3 (Baking): Grease 8in. square or round cake tin; place layer of greased paper so it goes across base and up 2 sides of tin. Pour mixture in carefully. Use spatula to spread surface evenly. Drop tin on table once or twice to settle mixture down into tin. Bake in moderately slow oven approximately 1 hour until cake is golden brown and skewer inserted in centre comes out clean. Leave in tin a few minutes before turning on to wire rack to cool.



# Derek Jackson has 65 look-and-listen tests for your Kelvinator



## It shows up on your kitchen floor

Derek Jackson is a top inspector at Kelvinator. And not a thing gets through his look-and-listen tests without being 100% right. A speck of enamel in the wrong place, a screw not tight enough, a fraction too much noise from the motor, and back it goes. Derek, and 97 other inspectors carry out a total of 1,097 different checks and tests on Kelvinator refrigerators to make sure, 100% sure, that the showroom model you put in your kitchen will give you top performance year after year.

Are all these tests really necessary? We think so. Derek is sure of it. He won't accept second best. And he wouldn't expect you to.

JOIN THE HAPPY ONES  
**KELVINATOR'67**  
BIGGEST SELLING REFRIGERATOR BRAND

• These useful household hints win a prize of \$2 each.

A PLASTIC roll-top bread bin makes an excellent homework holder for school children; their books will fit in well and are easy to get out.—Mrs. A. M. Snelling, "Glenrock," Marlborough, via Rockhampton, Qld. 4705.

\* \* \*  
If you cannot buy a suitable full-length slip for a debutante or bridesmaid frock, get a nylon

or silk nightgown with ribbon shoulder straps. It can be used later as a nightgown.—Mrs. O. Sander, 180 Dawson Rd., Rockhampton, Qld. 4700.

\* \* \*  
Try using an egg-slice to lift sandwiches into a thin plastic or waxed paper bag. It makes the job so easy.—Mrs. Vera Delmenico, 91 Milne St., Bayswater, W.A. 6053.

Towelling face-washers make excellent bibs for baby. Cut a circle approximately 3in. wide from the middle of one edge of the washer, bind the raw edge with bias binding, and fasten the two ends with a press-stud.

This makes a wide bib that will cover baby's shoulders as well as his chest.—Mrs. P. J. Mayfield, 1 Larkdale Cres., O'Halloran Hill, S.A. 5158.

in sugar. Allow to dry and crystallise, then scatter them over the cake.—Mrs. N. M. MacGregor, 20 Henry Kendall St., West Gosford, N.S.W. 2250.

\* \* \*

Don't throw away those large brown paper bags in which you carry home the groceries. When pruning roses, etc., put the cuttings straight into the bag; they are easily carried to the incinerator to be burnt.—N. Barlow, 501 Mt. Dandenong Rd., Kilsyth, Vic. 3137.

## Greek slice wins prize

• A rich custard slice, Greek in origin, wins the main prize of \$10 in this week's contest.

A RECIPE that is Indonesian in origin wins \$2.

### GHALATO BEUREKO

1 packet puff pastry  
SYRUP  
1½ cups sugar  
1 cup water  
6-7 drops lemon juice  
CREAM  
1½ pints milk  
4oz. butter or substitute  
5 tablespoons fine semolina  
4 tablespoons sugar  
grated rind of 1 orange or 1 lemon

Place syrup ingredients into saucepan, stir until boiling. Reduce heat, boil 10 minutes.

Place semolina, sugar, milk, and butter into another saucepan and cook over medium heat, stirring until thick; cool. Stir in beaten eggs, fruit rind.

Divide pastry in half. Roll each half to fit large baking dish. Place one half of the pastry on base of baking dish; pour the cream over, place remaining pastry on top. Bake in moderate oven until top is golden brown (approx. 20 minutes). Pour over the cooled syrup. Cut into 3in. squares. Let stand 15 minutes before serving.

First prize of \$10 to Mrs. Rose Nourian, 2 Penzance St., Pascoe Vale North, Vic. 3044.

### DJAKARTA RICE MEDLEY

1lb. finely minced steak  
5 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs  
1 egg  
1½ cups finely chopped onion  
1 dessertspoon water  
1 teaspoon salt  
½ teaspoon pepper  
1 cup diced celery  
2 cups cooked rice  
3 to 5 dessertspoons curry powder  
1 tablespoon plain flour  
1 tablespoon sugar  
6 tablespoons butter or substitute  
1½ cups meat stock  
1 cup sultanas

Combine minced steak, breadcrumbs, and 1 cup of chopped onion, water, salt, pepper, and beaten egg; form into small balls. Heat 2 tablespoons butter in pan, fry meatballs 5 to 7 minutes; drain. Melt another 2 tablespoons butter in pan, add celery and remaining chopped onion, cook until soft but not browned.

Melt remaining butter, add curry powder, flour, and sugar, cook a few minutes, stirring constantly. Add stock and sultanas, bring to boil, stirring all the time; add celery and onion mixture and rice, reheat. Add meat balls. Serve with bean sprouts and noodles, garnish with parsley.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Miss L. K. Crouch, 22 Princes St., Turramurra, N.S.W. 2074.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 20, 1967

## READERS' HOUSEHOLD HINTS

### Cotton Buds were invented for babies—

(but grown-ups like them, too.)

Johnson's flexible Cotton Buds.  
They're inexpensive\* and convenient.  
They can clean a baby's ear.  
Or a baby's nose.  
They brush on eye shadow.  
Clean a baby's eye.  
And clean jewellery.  
They were invented for babies.  
But grown-ups like them, too.  
(Like most of Johnson's baby things.)

\* 26c for 50, 47c for 100.

Johnson & Johnson

I'd steeled myself to be brave and let him go. He said he'd turned it down and hadn't been going to tell me anything about it. So I should have failed him again and I shouldn't even have known. Because it would have been a step up in his career—I forced that admission out of him—but for my sake it was something he would forego. He said it meant more to him to have me back to normal. As if my normal self were good enough for him!

I begged him to go, but he said Dr. Braceman had advised against it. Whereupon I went to Dr. Braceman at once. He had visitors, and it was dreadfully awkward, but I didn't care any more what I said. I told him that if Jim turned down a chance like that for my sake, I should never forgive myself. I said it was bad enough now, being so unworthy,

## DEAREST CLARISSA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

but if I had to live with that I'd kill myself. Jim, of course, kept trying to stop me, and the visitors were sitting goggle-eyed. Dr. Braceman said he'd come and talk to us later, and with that Jim got outside.

He said if I was going to get worked up now because he wasn't going, he was damned if he knew what to do. He went back later and talked it over with Dr. Braceman, and in the end they decided he should go, because I might reproach myself more if he didn't than I'd upset myself while he was away.

Needless to say, I've been in bed since all this happened, but I feel calmer again today. And,

dearest Clarissa, it's thanks to you there's a happy ending. If I didn't have you, I don't know what I'd do.

Ever your loving sister,  
Julia  
Combe Tracy,  
Saturday, 14th May

Dearest Clarissa,

Jim leaves today, in an hour's time. He rang me up last night to say goodbye. I tried to sound cheerful for his sake, but I feel as if I'm going to die. I don't mean I feel ill; it's just a horrid conviction that I'm never going to see Jim again. Or perhaps it's Jim who's going to die—that would amount to the same thing,

wouldn't it? Suppose something happens to his plane.

I will not think about that. Let's talk of something different. Clarissa, do you know, this place really does have a ghost. I found an account of it in an old book yesterday. It's a girl who was drowned near here.

Have I told you about the lake? It's beyond the formal garden. There are two lakes, but one's silted up. It's full of mud and sedge, and there's very little water. But the other looks deep enough. They're fed from the river, which is out of sight beyond the brick wall, and the lakes themselves are supposed to be out of bounds. But you can get to them quite easily if you want to, only there isn't a lot of point. There's a family of moorhens on the lake proper, which Dr. Braceman says

is about five feet deep. It's part of the priory fishponds, which became the moat surrounding the manor, the one that Colonel Skinner burnt down in 1645.

The ghost is the ghost of Dorothy Bellenger, the eldest daughter of the house. She was betrothed to a young man of a neighboring family at the time of the Civil War. Then his family sided with the Parliament, while hers of course was for the King. The betrothal was called off and Dorothy was broken-hearted, but her beloved found a way to keep in touch. With the help of a servant, they used to smuggle letters and were soon planning to elope.

Dorothy, disguised as a washerwoman, was to slip through the guard at the gates and meet her lover at the cross-roads leading to the village; from there they would cross the fields to the riverbank. There was an old ford, little used since the bridge had been built a hundred years earlier, and they planned to wade across. On the other side her lover had horses waiting, and an escort of mounted men.

**A**LL went well until they reached the river, which was shrouded in thick white mist. We've had several of these river-mists lately, and you can't see your hand before your face. Anyway, they mistook the crossing, or perhaps Dorothy's foot slipped. She was swept downstream, and when her lover tried to seize her, the current carried him away as well.

I think it's a beautiful, sad story, and so does Tessa. I told her about it last night. But she says she hopes none of us ever sees Dorothy, because ghosts only appear to those who are about to die. I told her she mustn't believe that, but the legend says much the same. Apparently a girl in a long white dress glides among the yew hedges of the formal garden, and beckons to those she has come to fetch. There are several recorded instances of her appearance, and each time it's been followed by a death.

Mr. Lovegrove, to whom we were talking at dinner, was sceptical about the whole thing; scientists always are. I shan't tell Dr. Braceman about Dorothy. I somehow don't think he'd approve. He'd think I was getting morbid fancies, like the way I feel about Jim. Oh, Clarissa, he's in the air now, and every second he's going farther away. If only I could have gone, too, or he could have waited! I feel so terribly alone. But it's only for four weeks, and I'll get used to it. I couldn't have stood in Jim's way.

Take no notice of your silly, but loving

Julia

Combe Tracy,  
Friday, 20th May

Dearest Clarissa,

You are a wonderful sister! How good of you to say you'll come down. You have no idea how the thought of seeing you lifts my spirits. Bless you. Roll on, Sunday!

Love,

Julia

Combe Tracy,  
Sunday, 22nd May

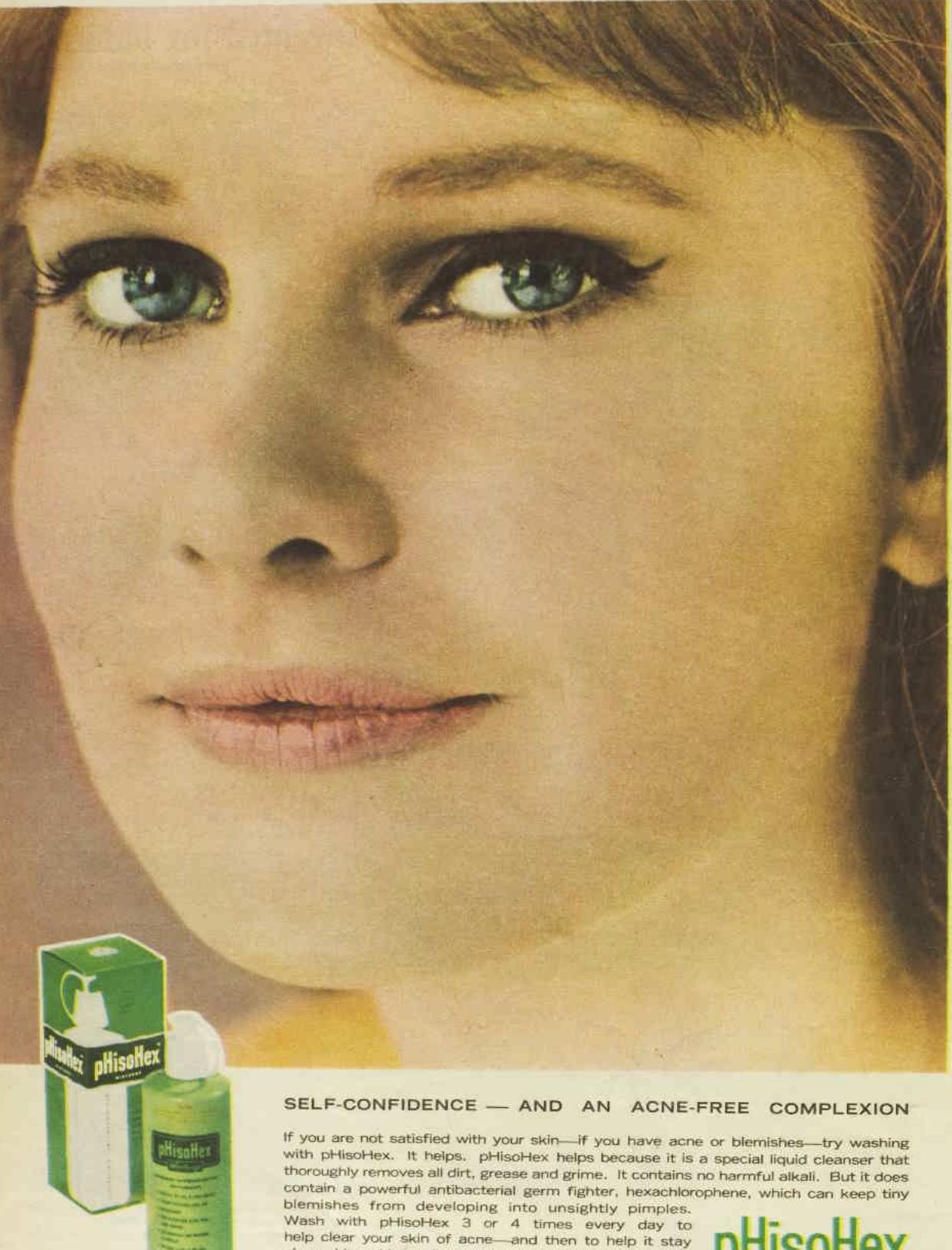
Dearest Clarissa,

Something so horrible has happened that although it's only a few hours since you left me, I feel I must write to you at once. Clarissa, I've seen Dorothy Bellenger's ghost.

It was after dinner on Sunday, and I was sitting in my room looking out at the garden, just as I told you I always do. In the past, I've regretted that my window overlooked the formal garden, but now I don't mind it a bit, since you pointed out to me when you were here that I can see the road and that you could stop the car and wave to me as you were passing—just as in fact you did.

Well, I was sitting there after dinner, and I must admit I was a bit upset. I mean, I hadn't expected Jim would do that—with my own sister, least of all. Of course I understand now more than ever why you wanted him safely in New York, and of course I know, dearest Clarissa, because

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containing 3% hexachlorophene  
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ALSO AVAILABLE IN NEW ZEALAND

## DEAREST CLARISSA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

you're you nothing wrong actually took place. All the same, I hadn't supposed that Jim of all men would make a pass at you, although when you come to think of it, the poor darling has been lonely lately and he can't be blamed for thinking you're beautiful. So really I'm not reproaching anyone — I'm just terribly, terribly sad. And I must admit also I'm a bit frightened. I expect there are gorgeous girls in New York.

But I hadn't been crying or anything silly. In fact, I was rather pleased with myself. When I thought that a few weeks ago I'd wept at the idea of going down to breakfast, I realised how much better I was.

And then, while I was sitting at the window, I saw Dorothea Bellenger's ghost. I saw her quite clearly in the twilight, moving in and out of those dark clumps of yew. She looked down as she walked and twisted her hands before her, a little like Lady Macbeth. She had long hair that fell forward over her shoulder — grey hair, yet you could tell she was young. She was wearing a stiff white dress that didn't flow with her body and her movements were very odd. She didn't walk — she glided among the hedges, as if she took long steps and her feet never touched the ground.

I COULDN'T believe it for a moment — I thought the light was playing tricks. But when she came back it was no longer possible to pretend she didn't exist. I wanted to go for help or call somebody — but suppose they didn't see her, too? Suppose they said I was worse, that I had hallucinations, that I was really and truly mad? Then they'd shut me away behind bars for ever, and I should never see Jim or you again. Clarissa, do you think I'm mad? If I am, I can't bear it. I'd a thousand times rather be dead.

Perhaps I shall be dead, because just then Dorothea turned and looked full at me, as if she knew I'd be there. She raised her hand and — very slowly — beckoned. Then she stepped back and beckoned once again. By then she was almost hidden by the yew hedge. She raised her hand as if to beckon again and disappeared. Suddenly she wasn't there any longer. I was trembling. I've never been so scared.

I can't tell Dr. Braceman or Tessa or any of the others. Clarissa, what do you think? Write soon, write at once, I can bear anything except not knowing.

Your loving sister,  
Julia

Combe Tracy,  
Friday, 27th May

Dearest Clarissa,

I wrote on Sunday that I could bear anything except not knowing, but when your letter arrived today — almost a week later — I felt I was well served for saying anything so rash.

Clarissa, you don't mean it, do you? You don't really think I'm mad? You say "as you yourself recognised at the outset," and I believe I did write something like that. But it was only because I was upset at having to come here. Don't you think you'd have felt the same? I tell you, Clarissa, I'm not mad — I swear it — but how can I convince you I'm sane?

As for my "previous hallucinations" that you refer to, I don't know what you mean. Do you mean my saying I tripped over something on the staircase? That wasn't an hallucination, that was true. I ought to know; I was the one who fell and lost Jim's baby. You were only standing by. Oh,

### Notice to Contributors

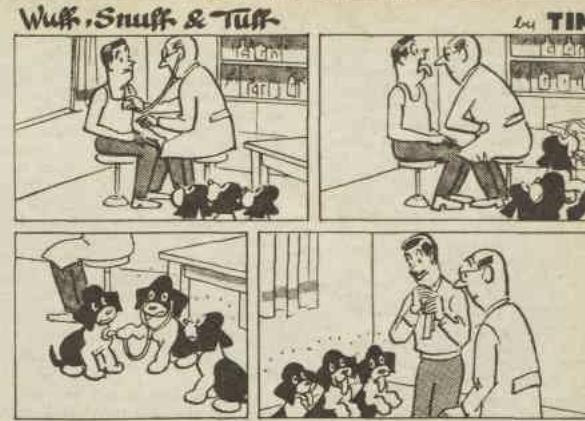
PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper. Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; novels, 50,000 words; 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Names and addresses should be written on manuscript as well as on envelope.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4085WW, G.P.O., Sydney 2001.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 20, 1967

## FOR THE CHILDREN



To page 66



NYALOC

The floaty feel of a bird on wings... you, in Lucatique. Succumb to the wiles of this little summer boon.

Lucatique fabric is free as a bird, light as a feather, needs little care. This favoured A-line flatters you in youth's slender silhouette. Lucatique by Lucas. Tempted?

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from THE HOUSE OF LUCAS

LU 34 67  
Page 65

do to make Jim happy? If only there was someone I could tell!

But I'm sure you're right about not telling Dr. Braceman. He'd think I'd had a serious relapse. Whereas perhaps if I keep it to myself I can fight it. It may never happen again. If a week goes by and I don't see her, I shall know my imagination was playing tricks. But if I do... Oh Clarissa, I know something dreadful's going to happen. Pray that I'm wrong about this.

Ever your loving sister,  
Julia

Combe Tracy,  
Monday, 30th May

Dearest Clarissa,  
Tessa has seen Dorothea! Do you think now you could believe? Because I hadn't told Tessa or anyone about it, so she's an independent witness, isn't she?

## DEAREST CLARISSA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

Once again, it was just after dinner, the time when I'm usually in my room. But last night I'd gone to the library to fetch some books I wanted. As I was coming back, Tessa's door flew open, and she ran out, looking like death. She was trembling and shivering and crying; I was a rock by comparison. She's so superstitious, that's the trouble. She's convinced it means she's going to die. I told her not to be ridiculous, because it must have been meant for me. It was only by chance that she'd seen it. But she would have none of it.

I begged her to tell Dr. Braceman, but she said he'd think she'd

been making it up — like that business about her being a fashion artist. I told you, she has these fantasies. I offered to tell him that I'd seen the ghost last Sunday, but she said that wouldn't do any good. We'd both be suspect and be made to stay here longer, which, of course, is exactly what you said.

Tessa was making such a commotion, I was afraid one of the staff would hear, and I couldn't think what explanation we could offer. Eventually I got Tessa back into her room. She had calmed down a little, but she still seemed very frightened. She didn't want me to leave her alone. She said Dorothea distinctly raised her hand and beckoned. She did this three times and disappeared.

All the time I was trying to comfort Tessa, I was really comforting myself. Because I'm quite certain I was the one Dorothea came to summon, only Tessa happened to see her instead. She came last Sunday and she's come again this one — same place, same hour, same day. But we're the only ones to see her because our windows overlook the formal garden, whereas everyone else's look out to front or back.

Clarissa, if I die, if Dorothea comes to fetch me, remember what I said about Jim. He's very fond of you — I've always known that — even before he made a pass at you. I'd like you to have him, if I can't. You'll be a better wife than I've been, and mother, too. And the money Aunt Sophie left

would be very useful. I told you, it's divided between you two.

It would be better if I died. I'm no good to anyone, and I've never been the right wife for Jim. I can't even pull myself together enough to take action. If I had done, poor Tessa needn't have been scared.

Jim writes often. He continues to have a good time. He is very solicitous, but I am not deceived. Life would be more fun for him if his wife weren't a mentally sick woman. When I die, I don't think he'll even feel grieved.

Don't bother to come down this Sunday. I'm afraid I'm too much on edge. This sense of something horrible hanging over me is beginning to get me down. But if Dorothea doesn't appear this Sunday I'll feel better, so come down the following week.

Tessa hasn't left her room today. I feel dreadful. It's all my fault and yet I dare not speak.

Your loving but distraught  
Julia

Combe Tracy,

Wednesday, 1st June

Dearest Clarissa,

I couldn't write to you yesterday. It was the most dreadful day I've ever known, except for the day I lost the baby. Tessa committed suicide.

I can't believe it's really happened. She was found hanging in her room. She used the cord of her dressing-gown.

She didn't come down to breakfast, but I didn't think anything of that because I thought she was still upset about seeing Dorothea. Then Dr. Braceman sent for me. He told me Tessa was dead.

**H**E thought I might have heard something in the night, and, of course, I had heard comings and goings and voices on the landing outside. Once I even fancied I heard his voice, but decided I must be mistaken. But as usual I was stupid and misunderstood him. He meant he thought I might have heard when Tessa died. It seems she strangled quite slowly, but mercifully our walls are thick.

Isn't it terrible that someone as young and pretty as Tessa should choose to destroy herself like that? It seems she'd tried it before—Dr. Braceman told me—but they'd thought she was getting on so well. Dr. Braceman looked grey. I was sorry for him. He said he'd never had a failure like that.

Clarissa, I may be a fool, but I told him about Dorothea, and how Tessa believed it was a sign she was going to die. He didn't say anything, but he listened until I'd finished and then he asked me why I hadn't come to him. I didn't know what to say, I felt so wicked; I could feel him blaming me for Tessa's death, although, of course, he said he wasn't when I asked him. He said Tessa was suicidally inclined. He said her death was his fault if it was anyone's, for thinking her more recovered than she was. He said I'd had a good effect upon her — but I couldn't bear any more.

I started to cry hysterically, like I used to do when I first came here. He was very kind. He asked me if I thought I was going to die because of "this ridiculous spectre," and I said I only wished I could. He asked me a lot about Dorothea — what time she appeared, and where, and could I show him how she walked, and stood, and beckoned, and what kind of clothes did she wear. He wanted to know if I could see through her. I told him I didn't think I'd tried.

Whereupon he said he'd a good mind to try next Sunday, as a scientific experiment. I told him he was welcome to sit in my room, next to me, but he said he thought he'd keep out of sight. Dorothea might be frightened if she saw another person, but if she saw only me, it would be all right.

I don't mind having Dr. Braceman for company, but suppose he doesn't see her and I do? Hell know then that I'm much worse than when I came here. Do you think I'm incurable?

Clarissa, when you come next

To page 71

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 20, 1967

# right in the pink!



And ready for anything. So fun-loving... and feline... in these kitten-soft cottons. But they're sturdy enough to take any rough stuff, ready to tame them, on the loose... on the floor! Happily washable, frisky, unfussable. Bond's keep smart Mothers happier too!

Style 45689H. Three piece set of skirt, pants and crossover, striped brass buttoned jacket. Pink/White, French Blue/White. Sizes AS1, AS2. \$3.99. • Style 45696H. Topper Set, floral screen printed top with contrast binding and pants. White/Pink, White/Blue. Sizes AS1, AS2. \$2.99. • Style 45983. Casual top with pom poms at neck, open weave knit. Sleeveless, back opening. Aqua, Lemon, Pink, French Blue with White. Sizes AS1-AS3. \$1.39. • Style 45011. Pants to match in cotton terry, elasticised waistband, contrasting ribbed leg bands. White, Aqua, Mint Green, Lemon, Pink. Sizes AS1-AS3. \$0.99.

**BOND'S**

## Beautiful begonias



• The lush red blooms of A. T. Shardlow, a camellia-type begonia.

• The tuberous begonia, one of the most exotic pot plants, comes in an infinite variety of color and shape.

### TUBEROUS BEGONIAS

appear in great variety — some with perfect rosebud form, others like giant fluffy carnations or shapely double camellias, in colors ranging through deep crimson, fiery scarlet, gold, and rose to the softest pearly pink or white.

They originated in moist, sheltered, lightly wooded ravines of semi-tropical regions; so in cold districts are best

grown indoors for short periods. Also, it is safer until the suitability of an area is established.

They could be started in pots which later are plunged into the garden, then tapped out and set in the soil if their behaviour seems satisfactory.

Raising the Plants: Tuberous begonias are started from seed, or tubers stored from the previous season. Tubers are stored in an airy but sheltered position during winter.

In September they are moved to a warm position and spaced out on trays of damp peatmoss, vermiculite, or sand, and covered with a wet bag. Shoots come from the rim around the slightly hollowed side of the tuber, so place this section uppermost.

After shoots are half an inch or so high, set the tubers out into 5 or 6in. pots with the base of the shoots at about soil level. Where the centre of the tuber is deeply sunken, set it with the lowest section of its rim deepest, so water will drain out rather than lodge in this depression.

The soil needs to be crumbly and porous to drain easily, but it should hold a reasonable supply of moisture, and be firm enough to support the comparatively heavy, fleshy stemmed plant.

An ideal potting mixture for begonias is mixed equal volumes of good crumbly garden loam, rotted leafmould or compost, and coarse sand.

To each 2 gal. bucket of mixture, add 1 heaped teaspoon of complete plant food and one of garden lime.

An alternative mixture would be 7 parts medium loam, 3 of previously moistened peatmoss, and 2 of coarse sand.

Tuberous begonias are usually treated as pot plants, but in mild climates may also be grown in a sheltered part of the garden. The main advantage of pot-

By ALLAN SEALE

raised under glass. In milder coastal regions they can be grown in partly shaded outdoor areas or bushhouses.

Success depends mainly on the right aspect, with plenty of light, but protection from direct sunlight. As an example, they can be grown under whitewashed glass, tall gum trees, lightly filtering sunlight, plastic shade cloth (rated about 50 percent shade), or in bushhouses lightly covered with teatree brush or lin. lathe spaced 1 to 1½in. apart.

The best temperature range is 65 to 80 deg. Provide protection from winds and cold draughts.

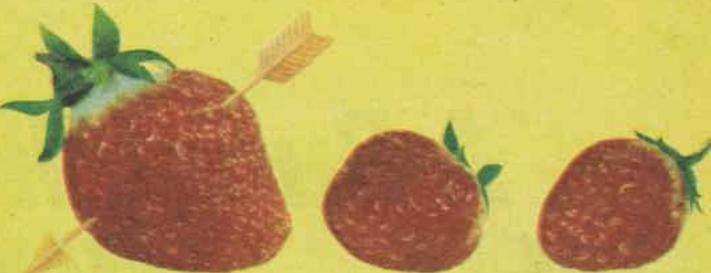
When the position is unsuitable, they are inclined to drop their buds before they open. If moved to a lighter and warmer position when this is noticed, they should settle down to normal flowering, but avoid excessive heat.

Tuberous begonias are usually treated as pot plants, but in mild climates may also be grown in a sheltered part of the garden. The main advantage of pot-

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 169

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# A Duckbilled Platypus...WHAT?



## "AUSTRALIA'S MIXED-UP MAMMAL!"

"**B**Izarre!" "Monstrous Misfit!" "UNBELIEVABLE!" "An impossible patchwork creature!" say evolutionists of the duckbill platypus.

Such are the shocked explicatives evolutionists use when trying to describe and explain one of the "strangest" creatures alive today — the duck-billed platypus.

### Mixed-Up Mammal

The platypus, at first glance, looks like some strange little duck-like beaver-otter. It has webbed forefeet, like an otter, but with tough skin that extends *beyond* the toes for swimming, and retracts *behind* the toes for burrowing! The male of the species has a pit, or sharp, hollow spike on its hind foot. Like a pit viper, it carries a fairly poisonous venom.

But its tail is muscular, and *flat*, shaped like a beaver's tail.

The appearance of the construction of the shoulder, or "shoulder girdle" is definitely *reptilian*.

And then there's the strange-looking "bill." But while ducks have a fairly hard and bony bill, the bill of the platypus is of a softer texture, like pliable skin, and is filled with highly sensitive nerves.

Since the little animal "suckles" its young, it is "classified" as a mammal. But — astounding though it seems, it *lays eggs!* The eggs are "reptilian" in nature, being much like turtle's eggs in appearance, and covered with a skin-like texture, instead of a hard shell. And the little platypus doesn't really "suckle" its young, but actually secretes the milk from a mammary opening, which then drips from the hair of the underbelly, and the young *lap* the milk from the hair!

But in spite of the duck-like bill, beaver-like tail, snake-like eggs and venom fang, and with otter-like forefeet

and young-suckling (but not really!) characteristics of the mammals, the little creature has only a single ventral opening for elimination, mating and birth— just like REPTILES!

But the trouble is, he is *warm-blooded*, which reptiles are not! Further, he stores food in cheek pouches, like some mammals, but UNLIKE mammals, has no exterior ear, but only an opening into his hearing apparatus, which is located inside!

No WONDER evolutionists get "mixed-up" when they attempt to "properly place" the duckbilled platypus in their evolutionary tree!

### What Is It?

Evolutionists *must* claim the PLATYPUS is a mixed-up *misfit*! They say: "Australia is a land . . . of the *oddest animal misfits* on the face of the earth . . . platypuses, besides being almost UNBELIEVABLE at first sight, are *perhaps the most adaptable creatures that ever walked, swam, or burrowed!*"

"They have absorbed EVERY MAD TRICK that evolution has handed out" (*Walkabout*, article, "He's Just an Old Fossil," Kendrick Howard, page 12).

Another book accuses the innocent platypus of this:

"The platypus of Australia and Tasmania [are] the MOST BIZARRE of living mammals" (*Evolution*, LIFE NATURE LIBRARY, page 60).

But what is *really* "bizarre" about the platypus?

Absolutely nothing. He's perfectly designed for his specific place in "nature," a fine swimmer, a good burrower, a hardy, happy, busy little creature.

### Mammals from Reptiles?

There are around three thousand, two hundred totally different species of mammals, varying in size from the two-fifths-of-an-ounce shrew to the 130-ton whale!

Zoologists, taxonomists, biologists, and a host of other specialists (the majority of whom are believers in evolution), believe mammals developed from *reptiles*.

And, striking as it sounds, the *platypus* has been regarded as a DESCENDANT of a "link" between reptiles and

mammals of over 150 million (or so...) years ago.

If the platypus is only a *descendant*, a REMNANT of a "LINK" between such vastly different creatures as *reptiles and mammals*, then where are the literally MILLIONS of fossil remains of the literally THOUSANDS of intermediate species going in both directions *from* such a "link," and where are all the *other* intermediate species from the "link" to the platypus himself?

Evolution remains silent to this question — admitting the fossil record to be "incomplete."

### No Fossil Proof

What does evolution say about the fossil record of the platypus? "UNHAPPILY, NO FOSSILS have yet been found in any continent which reveal the lineage of the monotremes (single-vent, or the platypus) prior to the last few million years in Australia itself" (*The Land and Wildlife of Australia*, LIFE NATURE LIBRARY, David Bergamini, pages 62, 65).

All fossil platypuses found look EXACTLY like "modern" platypuses.

So there are no leads in the fossils. And none among living creatures.

The platypus is another of those serious obstacles to the evolutionary theory — a living creature which has NO LIVING COUNTERPARTS, and NO CLOSE RELATIVES in the fossil record. Therefore, science calls this little creature a "living fossil."

So — as far as the actual evidence goes, a platypus has ALWAYS BEEN a platypus — that is, so far as actual EVIDENCE goes.

So — there is NO proof from the fossil record, either in "recent" or in "ancient" times, regardless of the way in which it may be stated in various publications, that the platypus evolved at all!

Then how do evolutionists know it evolved?

The truth is they don't know — because the platypus DIDN'T evolve! Believe it or not!

The theory of evolution is one of the biggest hoaxes ever foisted off on humanity. It can be easily and scientifically proven to be FALSE!

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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

## BEGONIA, IN CAMELLIA FORM



Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 170 • Begonia Ada Hudson in nursery of Ballarat (Vic.) Botanical Gardens.

### Beautiful begonias — *Continued from page 67*

#### Raising the plants — continued

Unless the loam used is naturally limy or has recently been limed, add two teaspoons of garden lime and 1 of complete plant food.

If your loam is heavy, reduce its quantity by 2 parts and add 2 extra parts sand. If already light and sandy, merely mix with one-third its volume of peatmoss, plus the lime and complete plant food.

Good proprietary potting mixes should also be satisfactory. When potting, the soil mixture should be just damp, not oozing water or dry. Always evenly moisten peatmoss before adding to the soil mixture.

Loosely place a few crocks or large pieces of charcoal over the hole in the base of the pot and cover with about an inch of crushed charcoal, coke, or metal screenings to retain the soil but allow water to drain away freely. Larger crocks may be dispensed with if side-slotted plastic pots are used.

Firm the soil to within about an inch of the top of the pot, scoop a depression large enough to bed the tuber, then tamp down by lightly tapping the pot squarely on its base.

Water by standing the pots in water about two-thirds their depth and leaving them until moisture shows on the soil surface. Don't allow to dry out, but water sparingly until leaves unfold. From then on keep fairly moist, but try to avoid foliage watering.

Begonia stems are brittle and inclined to snap at the base, so it is advisable to place a light stake carefully alongside each main stem. Small green bamboo stakes are the least obtrusive, and the plants can be tied inconspicuously with green stem ties. Be careful not to bruise the stems.

When about 6in. high, sprinkle about a level teaspoon of complete plant food around each plant, keeping it well away.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 171

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The first seedlings show through in two to three weeks. Carefully lift them out with such as a toothpick, and place them about 1in. apart in a seed box with soil mixed as recommended for potting. Kept moist, seedlings will continue to germinate over several weeks, but space them out as soon as possible, as otherwise they are inclined to damp off. When leaves start to touch it is time to lift them out into small individual pots. Examine them occasionally by tapping odd plants out from their pots. When roots are obviously filling the pot it is time to move them on to a larger size, but don't jump too far ahead. They resent overpotting.

Feed as suggested for tubers when they reach the 5in. stage. If well grown, they will make some flowers in early autumn.

Watering is withheld when the first cold starts to yellow off the foliage. After plants have dried off, the tubers are removed and stored until the spring.

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Page 69



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# Sugar gets you going



THE COLONIAL SUGAR REFINING COMPANY LIMITED

Page 70

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CSR72

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 20, 1967

Sunday, couldn't you see him? I know you don't like him, but for my sake—please! If you could just confirm what I've said in my letters he might take more notice of you. That's the trouble with being "mental"—no one believes you, except poor Tessa, and look what happened to her! I still can't believe it's happened. Did I tell you she was an only child?

Isn't it awful for her parents? And to think it ought to have been me. That's why I'm sure Dorothea will come again to fetch me. If she does, darling, remember all I've said.

Your loving sister,  
Julia

Combe Tracy,  
Monday, 6th June

Dearest Clarissa,

Thank you for coming yesterday. I am sorry I got so upset. It was what you said about poor Tessa that did it. I felt guilty enough without that. Do you really think I'm responsible for what happened, because I told Tessa about Dorothea's ghost? It's true I knew Tessa was superstitious, but I never thought the ghost might appear. I didn't believe in ghosts, Clarissa—at least not until I saw this one. Even now I don't know if it's something real or something imagined, like the witches and the dagger in "Macbeth." I asked Dr. Braceman if he thought I was mad, and he said soothingly of course I wasn't, but I don't feel I'll ever be sure.

I'm sorry you wouldn't see Dr. Braceman, though perhaps you're right and relatives shouldn't interfere. And, of course, Jim will be home in a fortnight. That's a wonderfully comforting thought.

At least it would be if I weren't so frightened. He seems to be having such a good time. He writes me long and loving letters, but suppose he's just doing that to be kind? Jim is kind; no one knows that better than I do; and perhaps for that reason he lies. I keep thinking about what you say he said in your letters, about making the most of his time. I feel I ought to give him his freedom, yet if I asked him if he wanted it, he'd say no. Is that why Dorothea comes and beckons—to show me the way I should go?

But she didn't come last night, Clarissa. I promised to let you know. Dr. Braceman came upstairs with me after dinner, and he sat at the back of the room, where he couldn't be seen from the window. I took my usual place. It was a lovely evening, very mild and pleasant with a pale green sky and a young moon. I could see every detail of the formal garden, even to the gathering dew. But there wasn't a sign of Dorothea. I looked until my eyes stood out on stalks.

When it was fairly obvious she wasn't coming, Dr. Braceman came to the window, too. I was afraid he'd think I'd invented the whole thing, even the part about Tessa, but he didn't seem as if he did. He asked me which direction Dorothea came from, where she stood, and where she disappeared. I couldn't remember exactly, but I said it was near where you stood and waved. Then I realised I hadn't told him about that bit, so I had to explain that as well. I think he was bored—he quickly got back to "the ap-

parition," as he called it, but I'd told him all there was to tell.

He said I should stop worrying about Dorothea. That's when I asked him if he thought I was mad. I suggested he should come and watch with me next Sunday, but he said he couldn't because he'd be away. I must have looked horrified, because he laughed aloud at my expression and said even a medical superintendent had to have some private life.

I said I should spend next Sunday evening in the library, and he gave me a funny sort of look and asked if I was really so frightened of "the apparition." I didn't know what to say.

Clarissa, what did you mean when you were here on Sunday about "the valuable presence of the lake?" The remark's been puzzling me ever since you made

## DEAREST CLARISSA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

it. Surely you don't think I ought to drown myself?

I'm tired tonight. It's weeks since I did anything at the History, but I must. I promised Dr. Braceman would.

Take care of yourself, dearest Clarissa, I feel so lonely—always, after you've gone.

Your loving sister,  
Julia

Combe Tracy,  
Friday, 10th June

Dearest Clarissa,

I oughtn't to have asked you in my last letter if you wanted me to drown myself. Of course, I was only joking, and, as I told you, I was extremely tired. I can quite

understand why you are angry, but please don't be. You are the only relative I've got, with Jim on the other side of the Atlantic. Even Dr. Braceman's going away.

Do please come on Sunday. Otherwise I shall have to spend the day alone. I shan't even have Tessa for company.

You say I write like a madwoman and you're heartily sorry for Jim, but couldn't you be a bit sorry for me and come on Sunday? I shan't need to ask you again, because the next week Jim will be home and I'll be his "liability," as you put it. Do please come on Sunday.

Ever your loving sister,  
Julia

Combe Tracy,  
Sunday, 12th June

Dearest Clarissa,

This is the last letter I shall ever write to you. I am going to drown myself. In the lake, whose presence will indeed be valuable. As always, you were right.

You know what a failure I am. I can't even keep friends with my own sister, because if I could you would have come today. I kidded myself all week that because you hadn't written, it didn't mean you weren't coming, but when it got to half past four I knew you weren't.

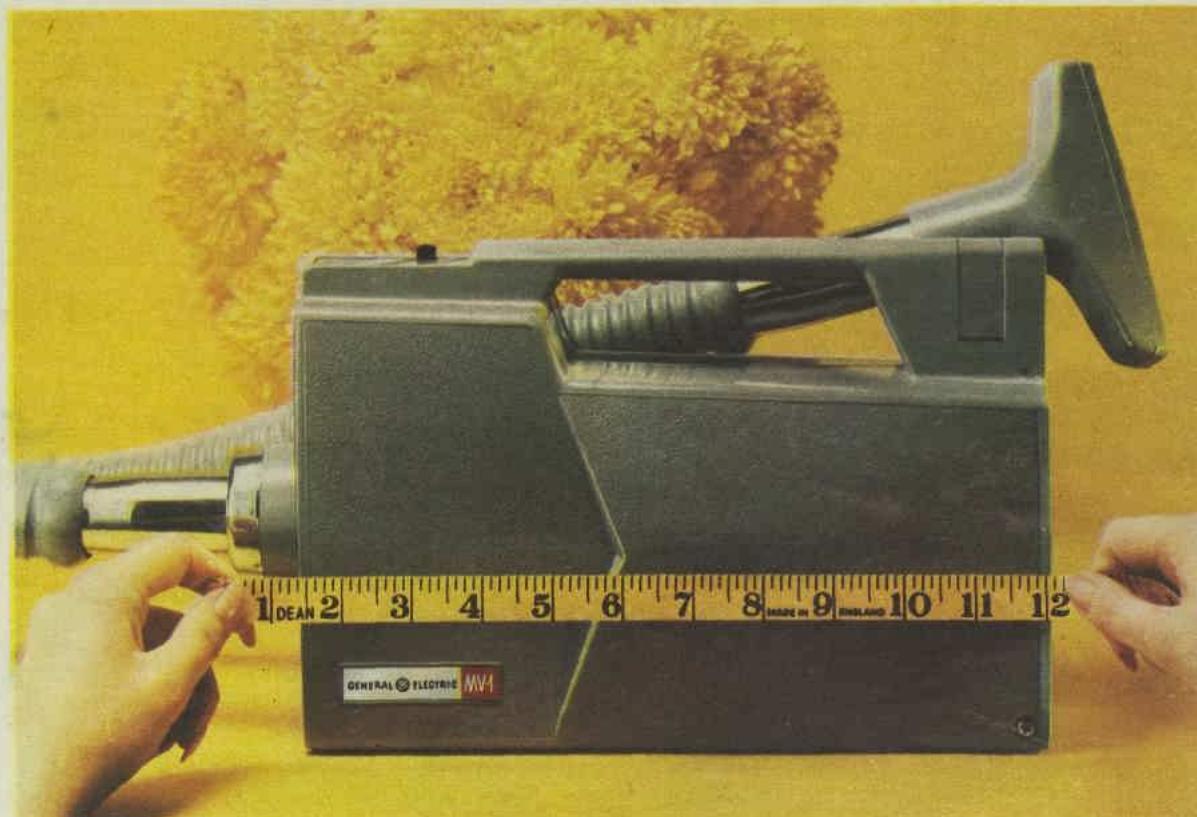
I should like to have seen you, but since that isn't to be, I

To page 72



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## DEAREST CLARISSA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71

I am writing you this letter. Besides, it helps to pass the time.

Because, of course, I shall wait for Dorothea. I have a feeling that tonight she will come. This time when she beckons I shall obey her. I ought to have done so before. No one will see me going, there's a thick river mist tonight, and I've slipped down and unlocked the side door—one that very few people know of. I only know of it because I saw Dr. Braceman use it.

Don't let Jim marry anyone awful, and remember, I hope he marries you. I've written to him and I shall leave that letter with this one. May Heaven forgive me by blessing him—and you.

Ah—it's dark now, and I can see Dorothea. Her head and shoulders rise above the mist. The mist makes everything eerie and silent. Tessa's room is still empty. You and Jim and even Dr. Braceman are all so terribly far away. And now Dorothea lifts her hand and beckons.

Forgive me, dearest Clarissa, and goodbye.

Ever your loving sister,

Julia

London,  
Sunday, 31st July

Dearest Clarissa,  
I don't know whether you'll ever get this letter. Jim thinks I shouldn't write. But that's only because he's afraid it will upset me, whereas, actually I'll feel worse if I don't. A ghost can be exorcised, but the only way I can lay Dorothea's is by telling you about that night.

Of course I know you know it all already, but you can't know just what I felt as I crept downstairs, scared all the time of what I was doing and yet more scared of

being stopped. I crossed the hall. The side door was still unfastened. I opened it. The mist struck chill as the grave.

I began to walk toward the formal garden. I never heard Dorothea approach. Then, all at once, she was at my elbow. She took my hand in her cold, damp one. All the time she was looking toward the lake. Her hair, which was ashen, clung damply against her temples. Her face was expressionless. And pale!

Dorothea didn't hurry, but she moved surely. She led me up and down and in and out as if I were treading a maze through the formal garden. Before long I was completely lost. She took long steps—I had to trot beside her—yet she wasn't much taller than I. She never once looked at my face nor spoke to me, but she was spirit and I was not yet dead.

All at once we were at the end of the formal garden, where the ground slopes down toward the lake. It's a long, steep slope, and that night it was filled with whiteness. Dorothea's grip tightened on my hand. Without speaking, she began to run forward, dragging me with her—she was strong. Faster and faster we ran through the wet grass, breasting the mist which lay like steam above the lake.

I could not think. I could only obey my body, which in turn could only obey her will. Suddenly she let go of me, but I went on running, impelled by my own momentum if nothing else. I ran blindly toward the lake waiting to receive me, or perhaps I had already drowned, for I heard Jim's voice, felt his arms around me, shaking me, calling my name.

"What is it?" I asked. Jim said very calmly, "Suppose we go and see?" I touched him. He was real and warm, not ghostly like Dorothea. I said, "I thought you were in New York." "Dr. Braceman thought I should come home again," he answered dryly. And added, "I do, too. And here is your guardian angel." A shape loomed out of the mist.

It was Dr. Braceman—and Dorothea. I thought this time I was really mad. "Were we right?" Jim said to Dr. Braceman, who nodded. "Then we'd better let Julia see."

Dorothea was lying face downward in the wet grass. Her arms were shielding her head, as though she were trying to burrow beneath the earth's surface. Even I could see that she was flesh and blood.

Dr. Braceman smiled at me. "Don't be frightened, Julia. I'm quite real. I didn't go as far on my weekend as I allowed you to imagine. In fact, I never left here."

Between them, Jim, and the doctor had Dorothea pinioned. They forced her—none too gently—to her knees. Jim seized her hair, and his hand came away covered in greyish powder as he forced her to hold up her head.

Looking at me was the face in Aunt Sophie's photograph, a face contorted with hate beneath a chalk-white make-up that no longer concealed the features. Clarissa, for the first time I saw you.

Jim took me away from Combe Tracy. Dr. Braceman said there was no point in my continuing my stay. Now that my "evil sister" (his words) was safely taken care of, he thought I'd recover fast enough. He added that I must try not to hate you, since you'd been unhinged by jealousy ever since Jim had

passed you over in favor of your drab little sister.

Even now, Clarissa, I don't believe you meant murder, though no one else has any doubt. Dr. Braceman says the whole scheme was carefully calculated, even to making sure Jim went to New York. With him out of the way, I'd be at your mercy—as I should have been, if Dr. Braceman hadn't caught on.

Jim says I shan't be called on to give evidence, since Dr. Braceman doesn't think you'll come up for the trial. In the first place because you're unfit to plead at present, and in the second because he doubts if yours is an indictable offence. So we've changed places dramatically, Clarissa, and you're the one behind a window with bars, which is why I said when I began this letter I doubted if it would ever get to you.

## N EVERTHE-

LESS, whatever Jim says, I shall send it. It's strange, but I've never made my own decisions before. But then I haven't been so happy for a long time, certainly not since the day I tripped on the stairs. Because everyone agrees now that I did trip over whatever it was you put in my way. That was your first attempt at murder, wasn't it, only unfortunately for you, I survived.

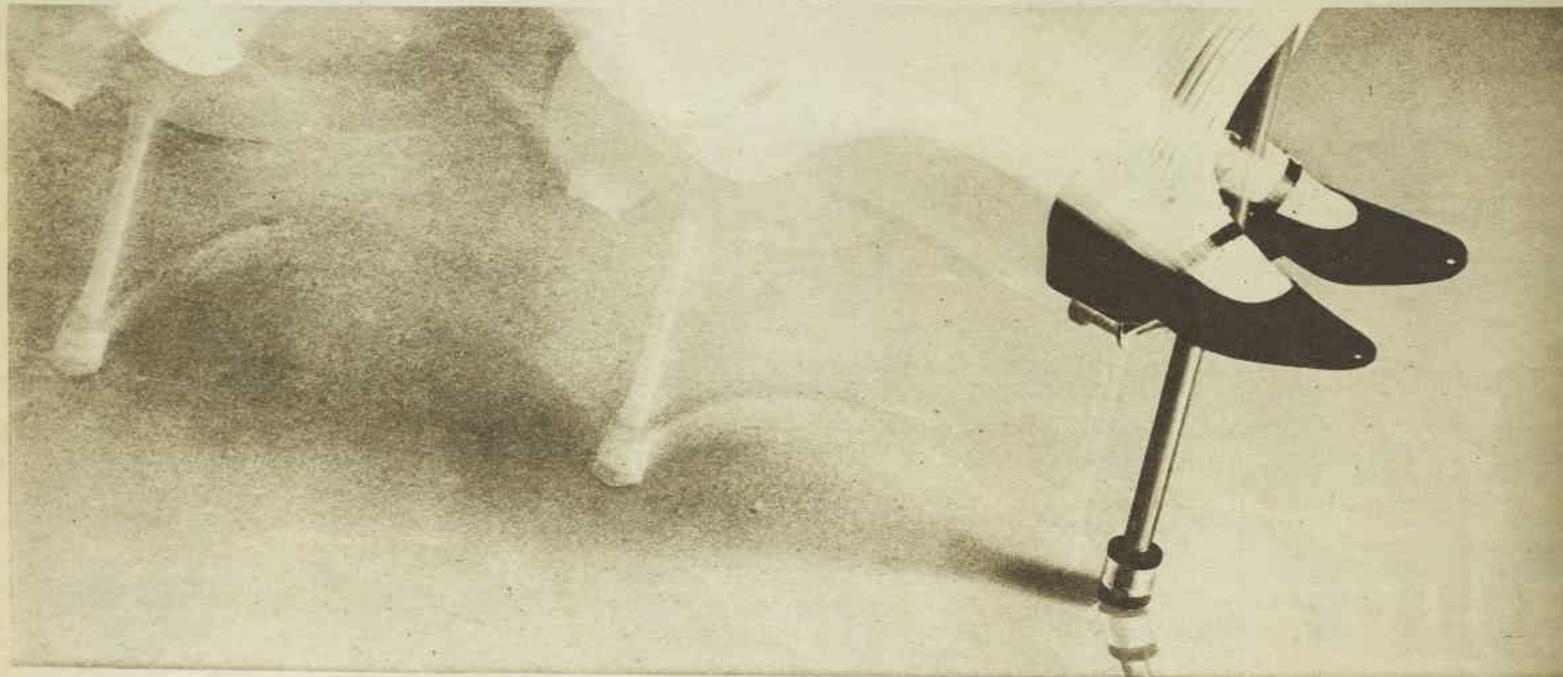
I have kept my best news till last: there's going to be another baby. Jim is as delighted as I am, though he still gets angry when he thinks of how you claimed he made a pass at you.

I can hear him coming. I must end this letter, except that I can't think how. But habit will make me end with the usual subscription.

Your loving sister,  
Julia

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**Johnson WAX**

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 20, 1967

# I am a failure as an Op-shopper!

Where do all those bargains that other people seem to find in second-hand shops go when she starts looking? asks MEG STEVENS. She always ends up with stuff nobody would want.

WE'VE all read them, those articles by gallant ladies with small incomes and lots of ingenuity.

"How I went to the Royal Wedding in an Outfit that Cost \$3.50."

"How I furnished my Penthouse from the Local Tip."

"How I Feed my Family of Nine on \$5.35 a Week."

On and on they go — turning that old egg container into a pretty little curler box for the Chippendale dressing table salvaged from a park bonfire last cracker night, converting that old piece of curtain from their neighbor's rag collection into an expensive-looking caftan which brings envious glances from fellow-diners at the expensive restaurant.

Have you ever tried to follow their advice? I often do, struck by the simplicity of it all.

Why in the name of Paddy's Market should I pay all that money for the little black dress I tried on last time I was in town when all I need is a few shillings and a quick trip to the local Opportunity Shop?

Off I go, smiling distantly and murmuring "Just looking!" to the no doubt unpaid saleslady doing good works by serving the undeserving (me).

A quick look at the rack discloses that for 40 cents I could go to my husband's boss' party dressed in a full-skirted, tight-bodiced, shin-length pink organza like one I used to wear before I was married in 1950.

No? Well how about this blue-grey crepe ensemble with the bugle beading? Perhaps when I'm a little larger.

The charitable saleslady is now looking at me with a distinct lack of charity, so I mutter something about having double-parked my shopping stroller, and I'm back on the footpath wondering where I went wrong.

For a while after this experience I forgot about "bargains," but time works its sneaky miracle, and I decide that being broke is no reason for flinching every time I pass through the lounge-room.

Right, I've read just the article, and I know better than to pay hire purchase for two years when I can solve my problems at the local second-hand shop.

Perhaps it's the area where I live, but somehow the second-hand shop in my suburb doesn't seem to carry a lot of Hepplewhite, Sheraton, or Chippendale.

They're well fixed for massive oak wardrobes with mirrors on the middle panel, uncut moquette

three-piece lounge suites, even shabbier than the one I'm bent on replacing, and have cornered the market in hall-stands with padded seats and umbrella drip-trays.

Oh, well, the hire-pur-

chase finance companies have to keep up their dividends, and I am hoping to keep a lot of people in steady jobs sending out all those overdue notices.

At the school fete I patronise the jumble stall,

where I buy a collection of highly colored china birds with chipped beaks which will never get their picture in "Collectors' Corner," plaster wall plaques of full-rigged schooners fighting their way across a stormy plaster sea, faded-looking butter dishes, pottery vases in depressing shades of red and green, and a stock of old books, most of which prove to have been written

by lady novelists of romantic mind and rampant class prejudice around 1925.

The rest are probably school text books with titles like "New Maths, 1936," £sd Ready Reckoners — a job lot which will find itself back on the jumble stall at the next fete.

Street stalls have yielded me a rich harvest of deformed tea cosies, bedsocks knitted by someone's my-

opic aunt, undernourished-looking pickles, wilting lamingtons, and half-gallon ice-cream cans cunningly disguised as waste-paper baskets for people who probably use their waste paper to make cute little novelties for their children's birthday parties, thus saving . . .

My little boy is having a birthday party next month. I wonder if . . .

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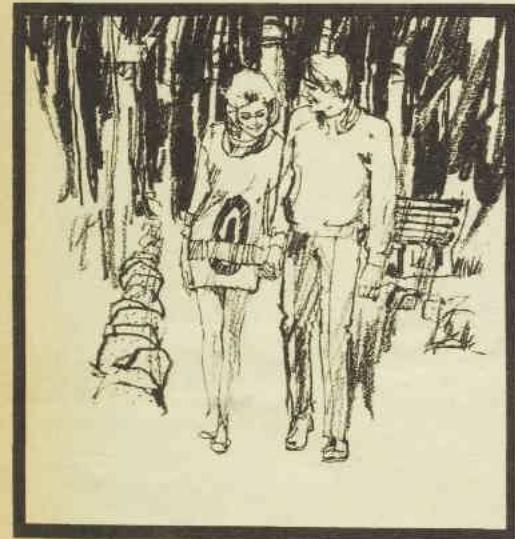
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Page 73



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Page 74

# A SHOCKING ACCIDENT

BY  
GRAHAM  
GREENE

It had always bothered Jerome the way people reacted to the awful news about his father

**J**EROME was called into his housemaster's room in the break between the second and the third class on a Thursday morning. He had no fear of trouble, for he was a warden — the name that the proprietor and headmaster of a rather expensive preparatory school had chosen to give to approved, reliable boys in the lower forms (from a warden one became a guardian, and finally, before leaving, it was hoped for Marlborough or Rugby, a crusader). The housemaster, Mr. Wordsworth, sat behind his desk with an appearance of perplexity and apprehension. Jerome had the odd impression when he entered that he was a cause of fear.

"Sit down, Jerome," Mr. Wordsworth said. "All going well with the trigonometry?"

"Yes, sir."

"I've had a telephone call, Jerome. From your aunt. I'm afraid I have bad news for you."

"Yes, sir?"

"Your father has had an accident."

"Oh."

Mr. Wordsworth looked at him with some surprise. "A serious accident."

"Yes, sir?"

Jerome worshipped his father: the verb is exact. As man re-creates God, so Jerome re-created his father — from a restless widowed author into a mysterious adventurer who travelled in far places — Nice, Beirut, Majorca, even the Canaries. The time had arrived about his eighth birthday when Jerome believed that his father either "ran guns" or was a member of the British Secret Service. Now it occurred to him that his father might have been wounded in "a hail of machine-gun bullets."

Mr. Wordsworth played with the ruler on his desk. He seemed at a loss how to continue. He said, "You knew your father was in Naples?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your aunt heard from the hospital today."

"Oh."

Mr. Wordsworth said with desperation, "It was a street accident."

"Yes, sir?" It seemed quite likely to Jerome that they would call it a street accident. The police, of course, had fired first; his father would not take human life except as a last resort.

"I'm afraid your father was very seriously hurt indeed."

"Oh."

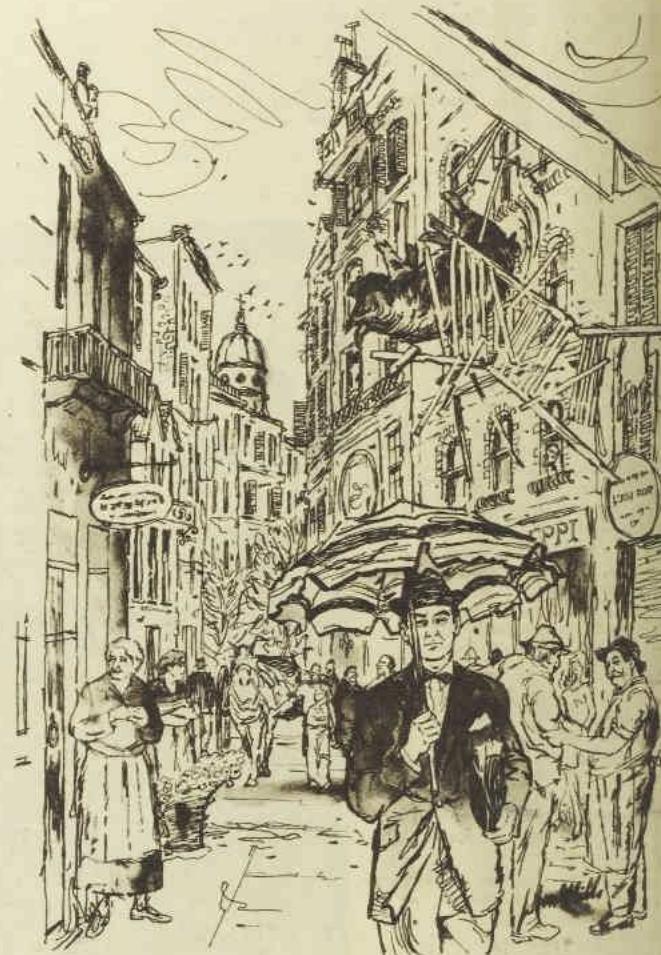
"In fact, Jerome, he died yesterday. Quite without pain."

"Did they shoot him through the heart?"

"I beg your pardon. What did you say, Jerome?"

"Did they shoot him through the heart?"

"Nobody shot him, Jerome. A pig fell on him." An inexplicable



convulsion took place in the nerves of Mr. Wordsworth's face; it really looked for a moment as though he were going to laugh. He closed his eyes, composed his features, and said rapidly, as though it were necessary to expel the story as rapidly as possible, "Your father was walking along a street in Naples when a pig fell on him. A shocking accident. Apparently in the poorer quarters of Naples they keep pigs on their balconies. This one was on the fifth floor. It had grown too fat. The balcony broke. The pig fell on your father."

Mr. Wordsworth left his desk rapidly and went to the window, turning his back on Jerome. He shook a little with emotion.

Jerome said, "What happened to the pig?"

This was not callousness on the part of Jerome as it was interpreted by Mr. Wordsworth to his colleagues (he even discussed with them whether, perhaps, Jerome was not yet fitted to be a warden). Jerome was attempting only to visualise the strange scene and to get the details right. Nor was Jerome a boy who cried; he was a boy who brooded, and it never occurred to him at his preparatory school that the circumstances of his father's death were comic — they were still part of the mystery of life. It was later in his first term at his public school, when he told the story to his best friend, that he began to realise how it affected others. Naturally, after that disclosure he was known, rather unreasonably, as Pig.

"I can't think how such things can be allowed in a civilised country," his aunt would say. "I suppose one has to regard Italy as civilised. One is prepared for all kinds of things abroad, of course, and my brother was a great traveller. He always carried a water-filter with him. It was far less expensive, you know, than buying all those bottles of mineral water. My brother always said that his filter paid for his dinner wine. You can see from that what a careful man he was, but who could possibly have expected when he was walking along the

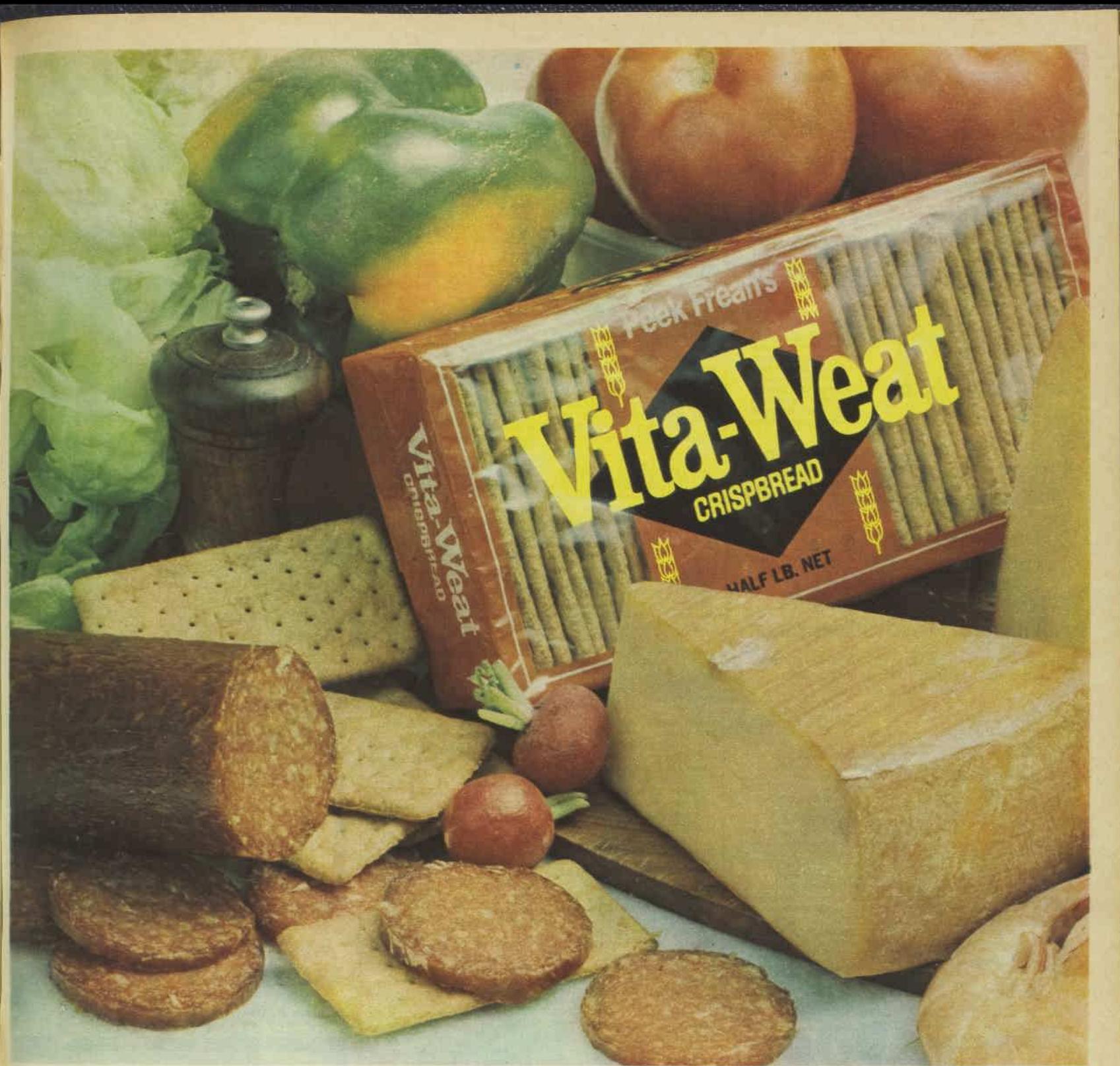
larged snapshot of his father on the piano: a large sad man in an unsuitable dark suit posed in Capri with an umbrella (to guard him against sunstroke), the Faraglioni rocks forming the background. By the age of sixteen Jerome was well aware that the portrait looked more like the author of "Sunshine and Shade" and "Rambles in the Balearics" than an agent of the Secret Service.

All the same, he loved the memory of his father: he still possessed an album filled with picture postcards (the stamps had been soaked off long ago for his other collection), and it pained him when his aunt embarked with strangers on the story of his father's death.

"A shocking accident," she would begin, and the stranger would compose his or her features into the correct shape for interest and commiseration. Both reactions, of course, were false, but it was terrible for Jerome to see how suddenly, midway in her rambling discourse, the interest would become genuine.

"I can't think how such things can be allowed in a civilised country," his aunt would say. "I suppose one has to regard Italy as civilised. One is prepared for all kinds of things abroad, of course, and my brother was a great traveller. He always carried a water-filter with him. It was far less expensive, you know, than buying all those bottles of mineral water. My brother always said that his filter paid for his dinner wine. You can see from that what a careful man he was, but who could possibly have expected when he was walking along the

To page 76



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**THE MAGAZINE OF BRIGHTER READING 15c**

**Everybody's**

Page 76

## A SHOCKING ACCIDENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

Dottore Manuele Panucci on his way to the Hydrographic Museum that a pig would fall on him?" That was the moment when the interest became genuine.

Jerome's father had not been a very distinguished writer, but the time always seems to come, after an author's death, when somebody thinks it worth his while to write a letter to "The Times" Literary Supplement announcing the preparation of a biography and asking to see any letters or documents or receive any anecdotes from friends of the dead man. Most of the biographies, of course, never appear—one wonders whether the whole thing may not be an obscure form of blackmail—and whether many a potential writer of a biography or thesis finds the means in this way to finish his education at Kansas or Nottingham.

One thought worried Jerome, however. Now that within a year he might himself become a father, his love for the dead man increased; he realised what affection had gone into the picture postcards. He felt a longing to protect his memory and uncertain whether this quiet love of his would survive if Sally were so insensitive as to laugh when she heard the story of his father's death. Inevitably she would hear it when Jerome brought her to dinner with his aunt. Several times he tried to tell her himself, as she was naturally anxious to know all she could that concerned him.

"You were very small when your father died?"

"Just nine."

"Poor little boy," she said.

"I was at school. They broke the news to me."

"Did you take it very hard?"

"I can't remember."

"You never told me how it happened."

"It was very sudden. A street accident."

"You'll never drive fast, will you, Jemmy?" It was too late then to try the second method—the one he thought of as the pigsticking one.

They were going to marry quietly at a registry office and have their honeymoon at Torquay. He avoided taking her to see his aunt until a week before the wedding, but then the night came, and he could not have told himself whether his apprehension was more for his father's memory or the security of his own love.

The moment came all to soon. "Is that Jemmy's father?" Sally asked, picking up the portrait of the man with the umbrella. "He has Jemmy's eyes, hasn't he?" "Has Jerome lent you his books?"

"No."

"I will give you a set for your wedding. He wrote so tenderly about his travels. He would have had a great future. It made that shocking accident all the worse."

"Yes?"

How Jerome longed to leave the room and not see that loved face crinkle with irresistible amusement.

"I had so many letters from his readers after the pig fell on him." His aunt had never been so abrupt before.

And then the miracle happened. Sally did not laugh. Sally sat with open eyes of horror while his aunt told her story, and at the end, "How horrible," Sally said. "It makes you think, doesn't it? Happening like that. Out of a clear sky."

Jerome's heart sang with joy. It was as though she had appeared his fear forever. In the taxi going home he kissed her.

"A week today," Jerome said, and she squeezed his hand. "Penny for your thoughts, my darling."

"I was wondering," Sally said, "what happened to the poor pig?"

"They almost certainly had it for dinner," Jerome said happily and kissed the dear child again.

(c) Graham Greene 1967.

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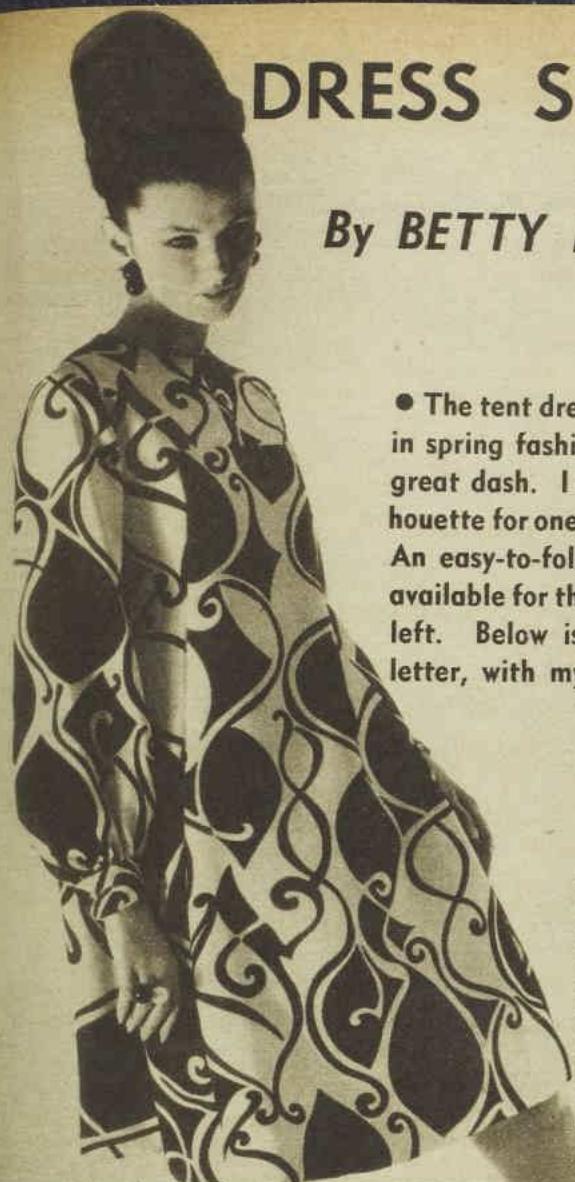
HOME DELIVER

The Australian  
**WOMEN'S WEEKLY**

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 20, 1967

## DRESS SENSE

By BETTY KEEP



• The tent dress is a favorite in spring fashion, and it has great dash. I chose this silhouette for one of my readers. An easy-to-follow pattern is available for the tent dress at left. Below is the reader's letter, with my reply.

7095.— Tent dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Vogue pattern 7095, price 85c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders.

"I am not a very experienced dress-maker but have decided to make a spring frock. I want a with-it style.

Please illustrate something you think is smart and new and not too complicated to sew."

As far as style goes the tent dress is just about the most popular silhouette for spring. It is also comfortable and not difficult to cut and sew. Made in a gay fabric and worn very short, it is a young, amusing fashion. So, you see, it's a dress with lots of merits.

The design I have chosen for you is illustrated above. If you wish to order the pattern full details are given next to the picture.

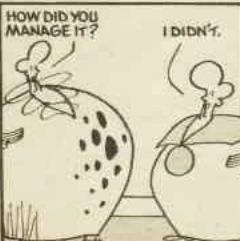
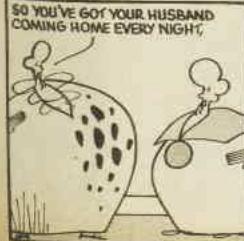
"Could you assist me with a style for a bridesmaid's frock suitable for a midsummer wedding?

The ceremony is at 4.30 p.m. Would a cotton be correct, and what style would be nice? I am having two bridesmaids. They both have nice figures."

A short-sleeved Empire-line dress in flowery organza would be a pretty choice for a summer wedding. The dress could be short or long (if long, shortened later), depending on how formal a wedding you are having.

"In the near future I have to attend a business conference with my husband. This will mean lunches and cocktail functions.

### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By RUDD

# You're looking at the only wringer washer with true push-button simplicity—Pope.

(every home in Australia can afford one)



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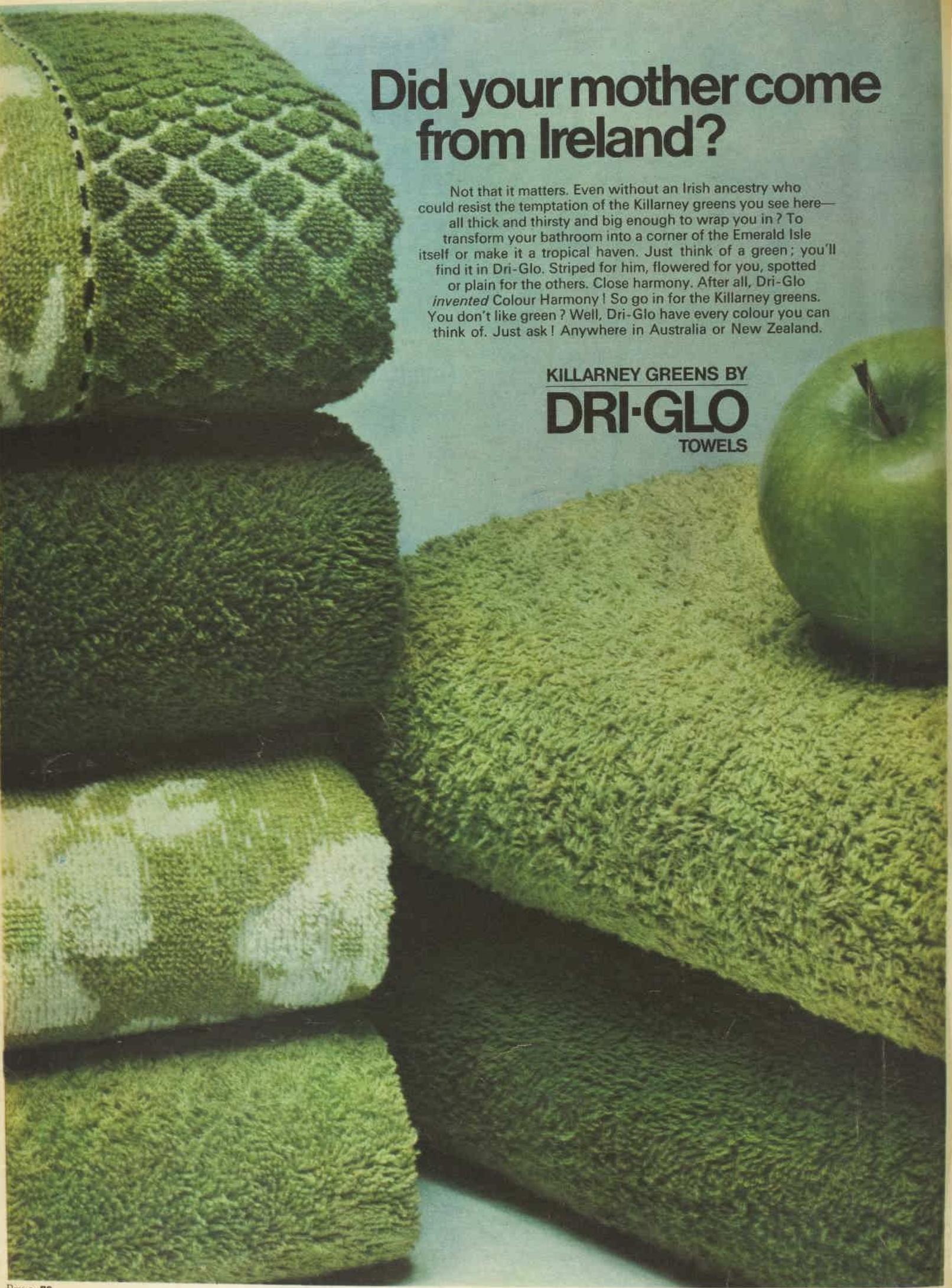
Pope has lots of other things. 2-speed washing action—one for 'heavies'—one for the 'flimsiest lights.' 2-speed wringer also has 8 different positions—and a safety 'touch-bar.' The tub takes 12 lbs. and has a powerful 2-way pump to save precious water. There's no installation problem with a Pope—because it simply rolls into the exact position best suited to your laundry layout.

But the big thing about Pope is, though it performs like an automatic in lots of ways, it's priced down there with other ordinary wringer washers. Go see one soon at a Pope dealer. You'll be surprised how little they cost—after trading in the old 'grinder' you've put up with for years.

**POPE** TOUCH 'N' WASH  
Product of Simpson Pope

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PWW-56 143



# Did your mother come from Ireland?

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KILLARNEY GREENS BY  
**DRI-GLO**  
TOWELS



*Miss Protheroe could scarcely believe her eyes as she gazed with horror over the fence.*

YOU would never have believed it of Miss Protheroe. You would not have thought her capable of anything so decisive as the deed she did upon that Sunday morning before the village was awake.

For she was such a mousy little woman: wouldn't say boo; timid and defensive in her trim thatched cottage with its garden prim as she was, and a notice on the garden-gate, "No Hawkers," because she was afraid of them, whatever they might be hawking.

She was also afraid of big dogs and loud motor-bikes and gypsies and destructive children and men singing on the way home from the pub and of anything in the nature of Goings On. Indeed, the only time she ever ventured to express an opinion at the Women's Institute Meeting, which she went to every Tuesday, was when she whispered, faint and chirrupy as a mouse in the grass, her disapproval of the Goings On in the new bus-shelter that had been put up opposite the Post Office.

The boys and girls went there after dark and played transistor radios and small amorous games, and tickled and squeaked and sometimes got up to mischief which they could have much more discreetly got up to in the woods behind the village or on the springy, bouncy turf of Brensham Hill. But for their own mysterious reasons they preferred the bus-shelter, where they also chalked on the walls such statements as *Billy Bradshaw goes with Sally W.* and drew hearts pierced by Cupid's

arrows. Miss Protheroe was naturally against all this and apprehensive of what it might lead to.

"I think we should nip it in the bud," she said; but so quietly that Madame President had to ask her to say it again.

"I only said . . . er . . . perhaps . . . oughtn't we to nip it in the bud?"

Because some of the women heard it twice, the phrase stuck in their minds; and later, as you shall see, they had apt occasion to recollect it.

Miss Protheroe's garden

like woody nightshade, and once-tame flowers run wild like the boys and girls in the bus-shelter: lax lupins, degenerate delphiniums, and honesty seedling itself everywhere in the shade and scattering its seeds into Miss Protheroe's borders so that she tut-tutted, "Honesty, indeed! More like Dishonesty, if you ask me!"

Mr. Toombes made the excuse that he never had time. He was a funeral furnisher, who worked in Cheltenham, where in those days there was a lot of death because old soldiers went

Then it was Miss Protheroe who urged him to tidy things up; who chirruped and whispered and breathed into his ear, oh so diffidently, her ideas of how Order might come out of Chaos. Spray the nightshade, ruthlessly; uproot the honesty; dig up the dandelions; lop the laurels, grub up those gloomy yews, discipline the box-bushes, trim this, trim that, let in the light at last

But Mr. Toombes was by nature funereal. He liked his evergreens. He clung to them perhaps because their dull green was perpetual. They didn't die away in a sunset blaze like a man's last hopeless passion each October; they didn't, like deciduous trees, remind you how old you were when they renewed themselves with little fresh buds in the spring. The evergreens matched Mr. Toombes; and whatever good advice Miss Protheroe might whisper, he was determined to retain them.

He got rid of the nightshade, dealt with the dandelions, managed even to produce a sort of shaggy semblance of a lawn, which always looked a bit mangy like the tomcats which Miss Protheroe dreaded because the terrible urgency of their caterwauling intruded into her chintzy enclave like a bull into a china shop. But he insisted on keeping the sable cypresses, the box-bushes, and the yews among which a tawny owl hooted every night, giving Miss Protheroe the shudders because of an old superstition that a

## VIVE LA DIFFERENCE

BY JOHN MOORE

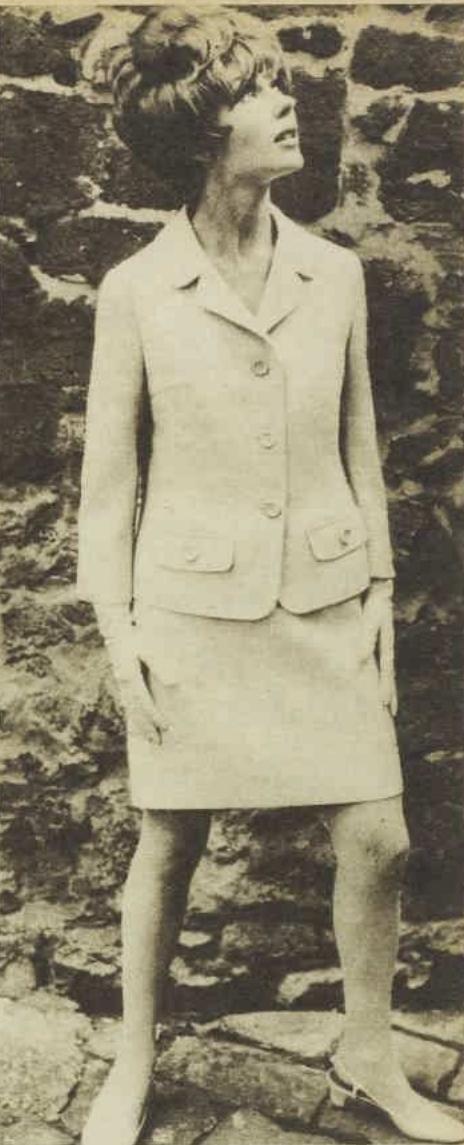
exactly reflected her personality. Nothing ever rambaged in it. The flowers were polite, pastel-colored, faint-scented. The aromatic herbs by the back door were kept in order, snipped and nipped if they showed the least sign of becoming obstreperous. Upon the tiny lawn no daisy or dandelion dared to show its head.

How different from the garden next door, where Mr. Toombes had let things go, so that the place was a wilderness of dark, dank evergreens, and evil weeds,

to die there. The colonels and majors and captains half-kipped by curvy their livers hobnailed by chota-pegs, settled in the salubrious town and came soon into the capable hands of Mr. Toombes and were buried.

He left Brensham Village each day by the earliest train and came back by the latest one. No time for gardening save the weekend, and what could you do with a wilderness in a weekend? So he let Nature have her way in his garden; until the time of his retirement.

To page 80



## The shape of Springs to come

Pacy linen—tailored for action, by Dominex. Crisp slip of a jacket, carved close, to shelter a slender stem of skirt. Goes anywhere for around \$39.00.

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THE ONLY PROTEIN NERVE TONIC



Page 79

### THE BOYFRIEND



"Sure I'd like to help, Honey . . . but you wouldn't want me to disturb the cat!"

### VIVE LA DIFFERENCE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

hoot owl meant someone was going to die.

Mr. Toombes had always insisted that he liked the owl; and well he might, since people dying were more or less his bread-and-butter, as you might say. But Miss Protheroe was almost as frightened of death as she was frightened of life, and she simply hated the sinister owl that dwelt in the sad, dark trees which shaded part of her garden.

"Perhaps . . . now you're retired . . ." she breathed one morning to Mr. Toombes, "you might find time to prune them just a

little? Look at that box-bush over there, all out of shape; I don't know what it reminds me of — a hideous old crow with a long beak and a besom instead of a tail!"

"I've often wondered what it was meant to be," said Mr. Toombes. "Once upon a time somebody must have trimmed it into the shape of something."

"Of course! And the cypresses," said Miss Protheroe. "And some of your nasty old yews. Look at those two on either side of your front door — Grecian urns they must have been, before they were

let grow all tufty and shaggy." "What do they call it?" said Mr. Toombes. "Toxicology or toxophily or something?"

"No, that's poisons and archery," said Miss Protheroe, who spent a lot of her time doing crossword puzzles. "Topiary is what you mean."

"Well, I daresay topiary was all right when you could get a gardener for a shilling an hour."

"You might have a go at it yourself," said Miss Protheroe, with a faint hope that she could persuade him to trim up those trees. "You might make a start on that box-bush: see if you can trim it back into a peacock. I'm sure it was a peacock when my aunty lived where I do and I used to stay with her in the summer holidays."

**M**MR. TOOMBES grizzled and grumbled. Waste of time, he said, and there was nothing like clipping to make your wrists ache, and he'd have to use a step-ladder and heights made him giddy. Nevertheless, four days later, Miss Protheroe, through her parlor windows, heard the comrake noise of steel on a grindstone, and then the sharp snip-snip of the shears. Hurrying out of the house, she was gratified to find that the seed she'd sown in Mr. Toombes' mind had germinated already.

In his waistcoat and shirt-sleeves, three steps up a step-ladder, an old straw hat rather jauntily on the back of his head, he was chopping off the long bits that sprouted from the hinder part of the beaky crow or whatever it was that had grown out of the box-bush.

"Dunno that I'm much of a hand at peacocks," said Mr. Toombes, very red in the face from his exertions but more cheerful than Miss Protheroe had ever seen him before; funeral furnishing already perhaps half forgotten. "But I thought I'd make a start on the cockyolliybird's backside."

Miss Protheroe, hurrying back into the cottage where she always took refuge when rough, raw life threatened to intrude upon her, could hardly believe her ears. Had Mr. Toombes, so grave, so funeral, really used to her that rather coarse expression? There was a rude joviality about "cockyolliybird's backside" that was quite out of keeping with everything she had known or supposed about Mr. Toombes.

Perhaps his whole character was changing in his retirement;

To page 84

# Minced steak and spice and Carnation...nice?

**Delicious!** This Carnation Steak Loaf is a tasty, economical favourite. And it's the easiest thing in the world to make — this recipe is an all-in-one-bowl mixture. Use Carnation Evaporated Milk to bind the ingredients, and to keep the Steak Loaf moist and juicy. Carnation, the milk 'from contented cows'.

1 1/2 lbs minced steak; 1/2 cup of finely chopped onion; 1 cup of soft breadcrumbs; 2 tablespoons chopped parsley; 1 1/2 teaspoons of salt; 1/2 teaspoon pepper; 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce; 1 tablespoon tomato sauce; 1 level tablespoon prepared mustard; 1 egg; 5/8 cup of undiluted Carnation Evaporated Milk.

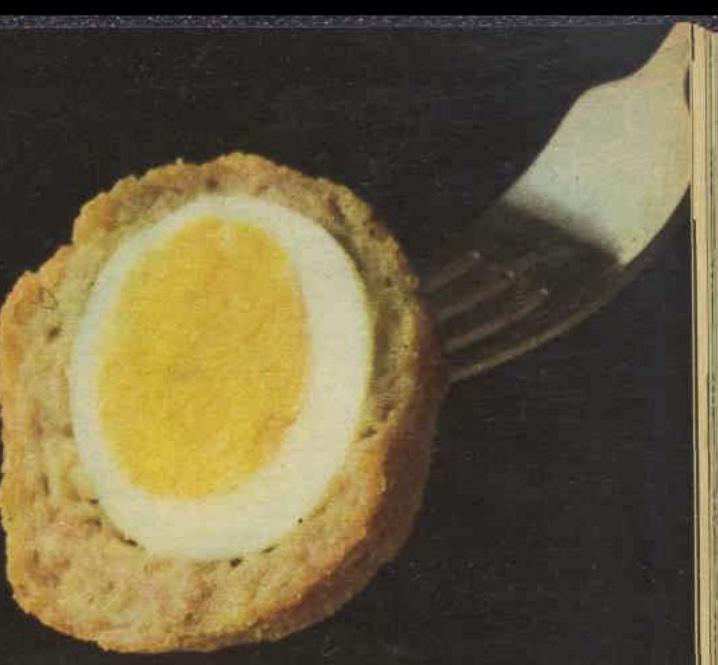
**GLAZE:** 1/4 cup tomato sauce; 1 tablespoon brown sugar; 1/2 teaspoon dry mustard. Combine the tomato sauce, brown sugar, and mustard for glaze. Mix remaining ingredients in a bowl, press into greased loaf tin, and invert onto greased baking tray; or shape mixture into loaf on greased tray. Bake in a moderate oven (375° or Regulo 5 Gas, 425° Electric) for 15 minutes. Gently remove loaf tin (if used) and brush loaf with glaze. Return to oven for a further 45 minutes. Let stand 5 minutes, then remove to serving dish. Garnish as desired. Serve with baked jacket potatoes and hot buttered vegetables. Serves 6.



New! Easy-to-open can  
Now the Carnation can has a raised rim.  
It's easy to open with any can opener.



"Don't take your coat off yet, dear. I want you to see the nice slippery slide that Johnny made on the front path."



*Dinner is eggs!*

**Scotch Eggs-hot or cold,  
a bonny meal.**



**L**ook what a tasty, nourishing meal you can make with just eggs and sausage meat. Hot with vegetables or cold with salad, this recipé serves 4 to 6.

Here's how

1. Hardboil, peel and dry 8 Sunrise eggs. You'll also need:

- 1½ lbs. sausage meat; 1 grated onion; 2 beaten eggs; 1 tbsp. milk; salt, pepper, mixed herbs, seasoned flour, dried breadcrumbs.

2. Combine sausage, onion, 1 tsp. salt, ½ tsp. pepper, pinch herbs, and half the beaten egg.

3. Divide into 8 and wrap 1 portion round each egg.
4. Combine remaining beaten egg with milk, roll coated eggs in flour, then egg and milk, then breadcrumbs.
5. Deep-fry to golden brown (8-10 mins.) and drain.

**SUNRISE  
EGGS**



17.10.67  
Page 81

## New Aid To Beauty

Your skin will become fair and beautiful with a new lemon extract cleanser that gives the complexion a clear youthful loveliness. Ask your chemist for the new Delph cleansing beautifier that beauticians the world over have acknowledged as wonderful for the skin. It clears the skin of all impurities that lead to ageing lines, melts out plugged pores, removes every trace of stale make-up and smooths away wrinkle-dryness to give the complexion soft loveliness. Delph cleansing milk will make you more beautiful the first time you use it.

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It strikes 7 out of every 10 people in all walks of life. Yet many otherwise intelligent people know little of its dangers. Piles (hemorrhoids) are aggravated by many factors—including over-exertion and unsuitable diet. Neglect—and reliance on superficial relief—invites serious medical consequences.

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The oral treatment for  
HEMORRHOIDS

VAR553 (W)

# IDENTITY CRISIS

By CONSTANCE CLARKE GREENE

**H**E let himself in with his key. "Hi," he called. Silence. He could hear the bathroom tap dripping. It had been dripping ever since they moved in. The caretaker was going to fix it the minute he got a chance.

"Hey," he called. "Anybody home? What's for dinner?" Come to think of it, there wasn't even the smell of cooking.

Had she gone home to mother? Actually, that wouldn't be such a bad idea. Mother had a little pad in the Beekman Towers and artichokes for breakfast, if she so desired. She also had a mink comforter for her king-size bed, which both of them thought a bit ostentatious.

"I just won the Irish Sweepstakes," he hollered.

"Still silence. Where were the kids?

"Just sit down, Mr. Sinatra, I'll see if my wife is presentable."

That got her. She was a pushover for celebrities. The door to the bedroom opened and a head, resplendent in pink rollers, popped out. "You look as if you've just had a brain operation," he said admiringly.

The door slammed and he could hear her weeping, theatrically it must be said, but weeping nevertheless.

Eight years ago when they were first married she'd laughed at all his jokes.

"Darling?" He stuck his head in the door. She was prone on the bed, her shoulders heaving.

"What's the matter, pet?" He edged up to her and put a tentative hand on her back.

"Don't touch me," she said.

"Baby, I didn't mean it. The neighbors will hear you and think I'm beating you," he said.

"Let them. Just let them. You look like the kind of man who'd beat his wife. My mother always said . . . I don't know why I didn't listen to her."

"I'll make you a nice cup of hot tea."

"I don't want a nice cup of hot tea," she shouted.

"Well, when you're over your tantrum, I'll be waiting for you." He went out, shutting the door carefully behind him. She wouldn't get him rattled. He was a gentleman, first, last, and always.

He debated about having a beer. Better not. A clear head was called for.

Presently she came out totting the baby on her

hip. He was a nice baby, pink and shiny and smiling. She put him in his highchair and thrashed around noisily in the kitchen. The baby did his level best to destroy his silver cup by hurling it to the floor.

"Nice try." He gave the cup back and narrowly missed being hit between the eyes.

"Where are the girls?" he asked.

"They're playing across the hall."

She set out a plate of mashed carrots and bananas.

"I'm thinking of having my face lifted." She hunched her shoulders around her protectively.

He decided to have the beer after all.

"I won't hear of it," he said. "I love you just as you are, the same slender, adorable, intelligent girl I married."

"Are you telling me we can't afford it?" she asked coldly.

"I thought you said you wanted a new couch." He opened the bottle. "Would you rather have a new face or a new couch? Just think, if you had a new face, it is very possible none of your friends would recognise you. Consider the embarrassment, for instance, if I were to treat you to an egg roll at the Good Earth. We are just starting out on the sweet and sour when along comes Mrs. Dinsmore. 'How are you?' she says to me.

"I do not believe I know your, how shall we say, your lady," she then says. I say: 'But it is my little woman, my helpmate, my bride.' Does Mrs. Dinsmore believe me? No siree. I'm here to tell you she gives me the cold shoulder and goes off to spread the word. It might mean my job."

"All you have to do is say no, I can't have my face lifted. You don't have to go through all that elaborate nonsense. You know the Dinsmores wouldn't be caught dead in the Good Earth."

"How's Timmy's fever?" he asked, by way of diversion.

"He's been absolutely beastly all day long and I'm ready to throw in the towel."

Timmy threw a good spoonful of pale orange gunk at the ceiling.

"I think he's having an identity crisis," he said.

"Who isn't?"  
She had him there.  
"Why don't you see if Mrs. Sully can come

over tonight and we'll go out on the town? I know the big day is tomorrow but . . ."

"What big day?" She took the rollers out, one by one, and managed to look like Shirley Temple in her prime.

"Tomorrow is the 15th? This is the month of May?"

"Please." She gathered herself together. "I prefer to forget about the whole thing."

He decided to risk it. He put his arms around her and nuzzled her.

"I love you," he said. "I love you much more than I did when I married you. You were so young, so untried. I have always been eager to see how you would turn out. And now we have it. I have also always wanted to be married to a 30-year-old woman and here I am, right on the brink."

She bit him. On the ear. Whether from rage or passion, it is not known.

"You don't look a day over 29," he said.



"You look as if you've just had a brain operation," he remarked.

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"You don't look a day over 29," he said.

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# Wrap'n Seal

SUPER-CLING PLASTIC

The super-cling plastic that protects... and seals in freshness

11 1/2 IN. WIDE

50FT ROLL

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WITH LASTING CLING

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WRAP'N SEAL holds its clingability. Lunches wrapped in the morning stay sealed right up to eating time. Economically minded housewives are now putting the seal on freshness best with WRAP'N SEAL. Available in economy 100 feet and 50 feet lengths. WRAP'N SEAL—wraps and it seals.

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Seafarers. Soft like the murmur of a sea shell in your ear. Snuggle, cuddle high bulk Orion, magic knitting from Heathermoor who make each thing like it was for ever. Ooh, ah, Heathermoor!!!!!!



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## Quick relief from HEMORRHOIDS

Pile Sufferers! Dr. Leonhardt's **Vaculoid** gives relief to any form of hemorrhoid (pile) misery. It gives quick action even in old, stubborn cases. **Vaculoid** is a harmless tablet that effectively treats hemorrhoids (piles) at the source of the complaint. It brings joyful relief quickly and safely. Chemists everywhere recommend and sell **Vaculoid**.

**VACULOID**

perhaps his grave respectability had never been more than skin-deep, put on like his frock-coat and top-hat for the benefit of the forever respectable dead? How charming if that should prove to be true. Men, Miss Protheroe whispered to herself darkly, you could never be sure about Men.

You cannot, complained Mr. Toombes, have lessons in topiary, go to evening classes in topiary; you've got to do it by the light of nature. And always it's a matter of trial and error; the artist in you is your only guide.

This was the first time he had ever hinted to Miss Protheroe that he had an artist in him, and it only increased her apprehensions, for she had heard nothing good about artists, and much that was bad. Day after day, snip, snip, snip, Mr. Toombes practised on his peacock. He'd never had a hobby before, and perhaps that was why he took this strange hobby as severely as someone who takes measles late in life.

It was like a fever with him, sweat poured off him during the summer days; snip, snip, up on the step-ladder in shirtsleeves and straw hat, from after breakfast until opening-time . . .

That was another alarming thing. Mr. Toombes never used to touch a drop, Miss Protheroe had always understood. Now he went twice a day to the Horse and Harrow, a thing he would never have dreamt of doing when he had the dead to consider. But for the rest of his new-found leisure time, he busied himself with the shears. He finished his peacock, Opus One the Rector jokingly called it, and it looked less like a live peacock than one that had been stuffed by a bad taxidermist. Nevertheless, you could see the idea, as the Rector charitably said.

Autumn came, and the leaves fell everywhere save in Mr. Toombes' evergreen garden, where you could hardly tell summer from winter unless there was a sprinkle of snow. His topiary improved by leaps and

bounds: the artist coming out in him, as he himself put it. He did a rabbit with lop-ears, which was certainly lifelike, gazing over the boundary-fence right into the upstairs window which was bleared with steam when she had her bath twice a week, Tuesdays and Saturdays regular without fail. Once, as she was getting out of the bath, the real owl hooted triumphantly; scraggy and naked, she hurriedly wrapped herself in a towel.

It was just before Christmas when that happened. Carol-singers were coming round, and Mr. Toombes would ask them into his parlor and pour out big glasses of parsnip wine and slap the young girls playfully; but they didn't complain, because after all it was the festive season. However, there were plenty of gossips to talk about the Goings On after the next meeting of the W.I.: and a voice in Miss Protheroe's mind whispered: "Men, men, men, you can never be sure about them, and they get more like that, not less, as they grow older!"

Sometimes in her nightmares the yew-tree owl took

on the features of Mr. Toombes and hooted at her incontinently.

Spring was in the air at last, and the girls and boys felt the stir of it and were up to goodness knew what in the bus-shelter from which Miss Protheroe had to avert her eyes as she passed it on her way home from the W.I. And as always in April the W.I. held its Annual Dance ("Husbands May Be Brought") to which somebody lacking a husband brought Mr. Toombes, who insisted on dancing with all the younger wives. Miss Protheroe, whose thoughts were very refined, even when they were top-secret whispers in her mind, paraphrased the things which the wives said at the W.I.: "He's got to the Age, you know . . . It's something that happens to Gentlemen at his time of life." But Gentleman or no, it wasn't very nice to think of Mr. Toombes as a next-door neighbor.

Soon spring was everywhere. Ignoring the "No Hawkers" notice on her gate, it soon crept into Miss

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## VIVE LA DIFFERENCE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

**Truly you-ly**

**Natural shapeliness that lasts the life of the bra**

Be delightfully yourself . . . only a little more so. Your Goddess contour bra gives natural support, lasting natural shapeliness, heavenly comfort. It's pretty with lace, the way you like it, dainty, smooth, as feminine as you are. Goddess Fiberfill contouring lasts the life of the bra, perfectly. Your Goddess bra is light, stay-white, cool, easy-washing, quickly-drying. Styles illustrated: 288 foam contour, stretch bra, satin and lace, in white or black; \$3.00. Style 286, Fiberfill contour, stretch lycra, low-scooped back, in white; \$5.00. Style 256, cotton contour, stretch straps, Lycra inserts under bust, in white; \$1.99. See your favourite store. Choose from the complete Summer collection of Goddess bras (girdles to match, too). At last, find your ideal bra . . . naturally contoured, truly you-ly!

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STYLE 286

Protheroe's garden with candy-tuft and mauve aubrietas and little dolly-blue scillas and pale primroses dying unmarried. Next door the usual Dishonesty poked up its pink flowerheads through the clippings, the yew-owl brooded darkly, a cockerel stood on top of a cypress so lively looking you could almost imagine it crowed, and Mr. Toombes' Opus One, the attenuated peacock, was pruned and trimmed and reshaped altogether into a bird of the wildest fancy — a roc or a dodo or a phoenix bursting forth from the box-brush.

"It's the artist coming out in me," said Mr. Toombes, with pride when people congratulated him on it.

**N**OW, as May brought out the naughty girls in their gay, thin dresses, and the boys on their motor-bikes tearing up and down the lane, and the gypsies hawking clothes-pegs and taking no heed of the notice because they couldn't read—at this time of dismay for Miss Protheroe, who didn't like the spring because it was so Disturbing, Mr. Toombes next door sharpened his shears and set to work upon what was clearly intended to be his masterpiece.

He began—very cautious,

very conservative, like a sculptor with a precious lump of marble brought all the way from Carrara—to trim the two yews which stood on either side of his front door.

They were each about ten feet high; straight as soldiers, but big-headed because of the Grecian vases which once upon a time had surrounded them. These, of course, had grown out of shape altogether; and among the tangled twigs which composed them flocks of house-sparrows nested. These chirped forth alarmingly at the first clip-clip of Mr. Toombes' shears.

For two or three days Mr.

Toombes seemed content to whittle away the outgrowing shoots without imparting any particular shape to the yew-trees; indeed, the Rector, jocular as ever, called out, "What have you got there—Epstein's Genesis?" Mr. Toombes took no notice. He went on clipping with immense concentration and did not address a word to Miss Protheroe though she was weeding her flowerbed within thirty yards of him. At noon, as usual, he went up to the Horse and Harrow, from which he didn't return until half-past two.

Immediately he mounted the step-ladder and stood there, his vertigo quite forgotten, clipping furiously throughout the sunny after-

## VIVE LA DIFFERENCE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

noon. Miss Protheroe, as she knelt upon her lawn using an old dinner-fork to prise out some intrusive plantains, heard him talking to himself as he worked, rather incoherently. "The bear wagging his tongue," whispered her secret voice darkly. Not much of it made sense (though she heard with awe the names of Michelangelo and Leonardo da Vinci), but one remark came to her clearly in a silence that fell between the blackbirds' singing. It was one which she would remember later on:

"You got to be very careful in this lark," Mr. Toombes admonished himself. "It's not as if you was a boy playing with plasticine. Snip a bit off, you can't never stick it on again. Easy does it, Mr. Leonardo."

had gone off to the pub—and she stared across her garden fence at the two yew trees, etched black in a sunset shaft, standing tall above the heaps of clippings and the feathered sparrows' nests and the broken eggshells. Seeing them in profile, it suddenly dawned upon Miss Protheroe that the amorphous lumps of yew tree were well on their way to becoming people. Two people.

And already you could discern that the rough-hewn shapes were not identical. There was apparent in the upper half of the nearest figure a—a—Miss Protheroe scarcely dared define it to herself — a swelling. Or rather, two swellings. The figures, Miss Protheroe now realised, were to be of different sexes. A man and a woman were going to stand side by side at Mr. Toombes' front door.

To page 86



### Beautify Your Hair

YOUR hair will reflect a new loveliness and lustre — the delightful translucent glow you see when looking into the depths of amber or precious stones. It is clearer, cleaner and more radiant when beautified with the modern "Peek-In" glow shampoo by Delph.

## AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Sept. 13

### ARIES

MAR. 21-APR. 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.

\* A time of big changes — with thunder in the Zodiac. It's a week for care. Much will happen, and things will never be quite the same. Luckily good stars are round the corner.

### TAURUS

APR. 21-MAY 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, orange, tan. Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

\* "The more it changes, the more it's the same thing" applies to Taurians, but this week planets are going to upset the status quo. Cupid drops his bow and picks up a grenade.

### GEMINI

MAY 21-JUNE 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, rose, navy. Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.

\* Geminians love variety — and here's a week chockful of changes. Many marriage ties could be stretched to breaking-point, so be kind to your soul-mate.

### CANCER

JUNE 22-JULY 21  
\* Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, red, yellow. Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.

\* Although a disturbing period, perhaps one of the most crucial in '67, finances are under good stars and who doesn't love a packed purse, especially Cancer folk? Be careful on the job!

### LEO

JULY 22-AUG. 21  
\* Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green, blue. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

\* Although your personal life is unscathed — there's even a bright aura around romance — other departments could take a pounding. So watch your finances.

### VIRGO

AUG. 22-SEPT. 21  
\* Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

\* Although there should be an easing of tenses, those in the 10th-20th slot are in for upheavals. It's your expansion cycle but postpone plans until next week. A critical time.

### LIBRA

SEPT. 22-OCT. 21  
\* Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, green, brown. Lucky days, Wednesday, Mon.

\* You'll need all that mental gymnastic ability this week which brings upheavals and breaks. Also status and popularity come under a cloud, 16th. However, you recuperate next week.

### SCORPIO

OCT. 22-NOV. 21  
\* Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, green, red. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

\* There could be a landslide in your domestic life — family, possessions and changes. Some could find themselves pulling up stakes. Bad for real estate and legal matters. Things improve later.

### SAGITTARIUS

NOV. 22-DEC. 21  
\* Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, blue, grey. Lucky days, Friday, Tuesday.

\* You could be rearing to go — an energetic planet is in your sign, but it has picked a wrong time — upheaval and tension. Jet off next week; stay in the hanger this week.

### CAPRICORN

DEC. 22-JAN. 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, green, lilac. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

\* Usually a lover of routine and steady growth, you could be catapulted into a welter of new conditions — rather like being in an ejection seat. Plan to be your usual cautious self.

### AQUARIUS

JAN. 21-FEB. 19  
\* Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, green. Lucky days, Saturday, Sun.

\* Are you contemplating losing a friend? Well, it's fine for a break this week, but there's danger of losing genuine friends as well. It's a rampaging time for you. Quieter next week.

### PISCES

FEB. 20-MAR. 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, grey. Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.

\* A wind warning is current. Cyclonic disturbances could damage careers and status. There are big changes about — a sort of jet-propelled de-escalation for some. Much better next week.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.



### KENNETH PIRRIE

If you were a Pirrie—with flair for design,

of slack suit or shift dress distinctive in line,

the textile you'd look to would probably be

a BURLINGTON fabric—and Bradmill you'd see.

But whether designer of note interstate

or housewife, suburban, whose name doesn't rate

a rage in the teenage, schoolgirl, fashion-plate,

one thing is common, if fashion you seek—

which Bradmill fabric will you wear this week?

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BRADMILL

BRADFORD COTTON MILLS LIMITED AUSTRALIA'S GREATEST TEXTILE MANUFACTURERS BUC 4

Page 85

## Mrs. H. WIFE



## VIVE LA DIFFERENCE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

This happened on a Friday. Next morning Mr. Toombes was at it early; she heard his shears going almost as soon as the birds started singing. She went out after breakfast, and emptied the cat box and Mr. Toombes said an awful thing to her over the dividing fence — at least it seemed truly awful to Miss Protheroe:

"It makes you feel wonderful," he said, "making creatures out of nowt."

Miss Protheroe, squinting sideways, was horrified to see the double luminescence now plainly

manifesting itself upon the upper half of the nearest yew. She retreated into her cottage and stayed there until Mr. Toombes took himself off to the pub. Then she ventured out and squinted narrowly at the two figures. There was no doubt about it now: they had heads, shoulders, a suggestion of arms hanging at their sides.

She stole out into the lane to have a peep at them from the front; but at that moment Mr. Toombes came back unexpectedly. The frenzy of creation must have dragged him early out of the

pub. He tore up the steps, cast off his jacket, and took up the shears again. Feeling she ought to say something, since he had caught her peering at the figures, Miss Protheroe dared to say:

"In topiary . . . the . . . er . . . skirts and trousers . . . or perhaps I should say the draperies . . . are going to be rather difficult aren't they?"

With terrible geniality Mr. Toombes leered at her over his shoulder.

"There won't be skirts and trousers; nor no draperies, neither. These 'ere are Adam and Eve."

All the afternoon, as she made the rhubarb jam flavored with ginger which she always made at this time of year, Miss Protheroe listened to him clipping. Toward evening she went upstairs and peeped out of a bedroom window and saw that he had finished the woman and was at work upon the man. It was the man that worried her most. She couldn't see what Mr. Toombes was doing exactly, but she thought he must be putting the finishing touches, for he walked round and round the tree snipping very delicately here and there.

**S**HE pulled her curtain and went to bed; but she couldn't sleep a wink as she tried to imagine, and tried not to imagine, Adam and Eve standing on either side of Mr. Toombes' garden path next door. Now and then she heard the owl hoot derisively. It was some time in the small hours when she remembered that sinister remark of Mr. Toombes': "Snip a bit off, you can't never stick it on again." It was then or thereabout that she formed her terrible resolve.

Johnny Williams the milkman was the only person, other than Miss Protheroe and, of course, its creator, who ever set eyes upon Mr. Toombes' Adam in its original, unbowdlerised state. At about half past seven he went up Mr. Toombes' garden path to leave his milk bottle on the doorstep as usual, and you could have knocked him down with a feather.

There was Mr. Toombes snoring peacefully within the house, sleeping off the beer he'd had last night; and there was the broom propped against the door where he'd been sweeping up the last of the clippings; and there was this Adam—well, who would ever have thought it?

"No, I'm not a-telling you," said Johnny to Mrs. Hanson, the next customer he called on, who happened to be up and making a cup of tea. "Seeing's believing," he said. "Just you go along and have a look!"

So Mrs. Hanson went along; but she had to change her bedroom slippers for walking shoes and put on a warm coat against the dewy chill of the morning; otherwise she might have caught Miss Protheroe in the act. As it was, she met her in the lane, scurrying back to her cottage as if the devil were at her heels. She was white as a ghost and trembling, said Mrs. Hanson, and she was carrying a pair of shears.

As for Mr. Toombes' Adam—well, there was nothing special about it at all. Nothing like what Johnny Williams hinted he saw. Only a little tuft of twigs lying underneath it, on the garden path which Mr. Toombes had swept clean last evening . . .

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**GREAT WELCOME**

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# BUTTERICK PATTERNS



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## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

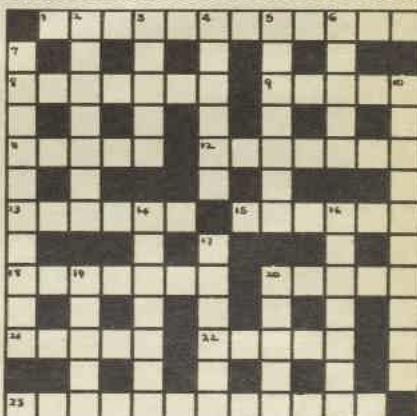
"MAD DOG" Dill escapes from prison by using children as a shield. In his flight, he kills Mandrake's friend Tom. The magician vows vengeance. NOW READ ON . . .



### THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

#### ACROSS

- Host lost a pig when producing these scientists (12).
- Affirms while a donkey takes a broken rest (7).
- When you rinse towels you can find such insertion (5).
- A sailor to employ in order to revile (5).
- To beam (7).
- Admittance to rent in ease (6).
- Draws in air sharply through the nose (6).
- Springy last ice (7).
- Safer turns us for a start (5).
- Distort or just dance in a popular fashion (5).
- One of the twelve true men (5).
- No, he is not the mate of the boat, but the owner's agent (5, 7).



Solution will be published next week.

#### DOWN

- Sudden attack (7).
- Man, get mean to provide administration (10).
- Vaulting-block in a gymnasium (5).
- Introducer of the antiseptic treatment in surgery (6).
- Fabulous creature with eagle's head and wings and lion's body (7).
- Prepared agave fibre, named from a port of Yucatan (5).

FLAGWAGGING  
RAUL LLO  
INNINGS OUTGO  
SCARABAEI  
HUE AND CRY BYE  
TAKE HILL  
A RARE HOSE  
WE'RE ALL T  
RUM APPLEGART  
OBOT PCCE  
NURMI ELECTOR  
GSYAAOS  
DESECRACTING

Solution of last week's crossword.

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